



**THE  
WRITINGS OF MANKIND**

ca 10112





# The Epsilon Sigma Alpha Sorority

**Authorized Level**

THE WRITINGS OF MANAEND

*Selections from the Writings of All Ages with Extensive  
Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the  
Customs, Habits, Characters, the Arts, Philoso-  
phies and Religions of Those Nations  
That Have Contributed Most  
to Civilization.*

**Fig. 2**

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THESE

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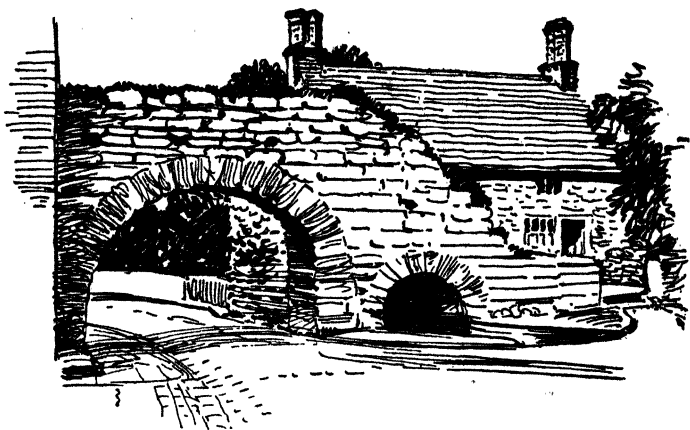
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## CHAPTER XI

### THE ELIZABETHAN AGE (CONTINUED)

#### THE LATER ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

**B**EN JONSON. Following the plan we mentioned at the beginning of our discussion of the Elizabethan Age, we must consider here the later drama, although in so doing we are carried forward to the Restoration and chronicle a change from the romantic plays of Shakespeare to the classical dramas of his successors. We have not space to treat of the many dramatists who wrote during this most remarkable epoch, nor of the plays that, if written at an earlier date, would have attracted close attention, but there are three names at least not to mention which would leave an account of the progress of the English drama far from complete.

The first and foremost of these is Ben Jonson, one of the most striking and picturesque figures of that astonishing period. He was a most learned scholar, a most intense advocate of the dignity of his calling, and at the same time a distinguished and blustering soldier, a ready duelist in the literary arena, equally facile with sword and pen. His influence over talented young people, his fiery wit and arrogant manner, no less than the solidity of his writings, marked him as a leader in an age of competent men.

Of Jonson's parentage we know little, nor is the date of his birth certain, but he was probably born nine years after Shakespeare. He passed his early boyhood in rather straitened circumstances as the son of a local clergyman, and later as step-son to a bricklayer. Fortunately, he secured the friendship of the great William Camden, who gave him an opportunity to attend school and impressed the youth so forcibly that in later years he wrote:

Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe  
All that I am in arts, all that I know.

Before he finished his brief career at St. John's College, Cambridge, he had fought in the Low Countries and distinguished himself for his bravery. It is said that at one time he fought single-handed with an enemy and killed him in sight of both armies. Little more is known of him until at about twenty he was an actor in London, and about this time mar-

ried to a woman whom he called "a shrew, yet honest." On the stage he was a failure, but some early dramatic writing attracted attention, though it has since been lost. He quarreled with a brother actor, fought a duel, killed his opponent, and was himself seriously wounded. For a short time he was imprisoned on a charge of murder, but was released without trial and with only the penalty of a branded mark upon the left thumb and the confiscation of his goods. Thereupon he began his career as an independent writer, and soon produced first the play, by which he is best known, *Every Man in His Humor*, which, in its revised or anglicized form, was produced at the Globe Theater in 1598, with Shakespeare as one of the actors. From that time forward Jonson's position was secure, and until about 1614 he labored to compose a succession of comedies and tragedies, many of which were of remarkable excellence. For ten years or more thereafter Jonson wrote no dramas, and those that were produced afterward were of little consequence.

Jonson's friends were numerous, particularly among the aristocracy, and his humor attracted to him the wits and brilliant men of the day. Sir Walter Raleigh had organized the Mermaid Club, famous forever as the meeting place of Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets and bright lights, who drank, caroused and engaged in sallies of wit that have become famous in English literature. Fuller writes:

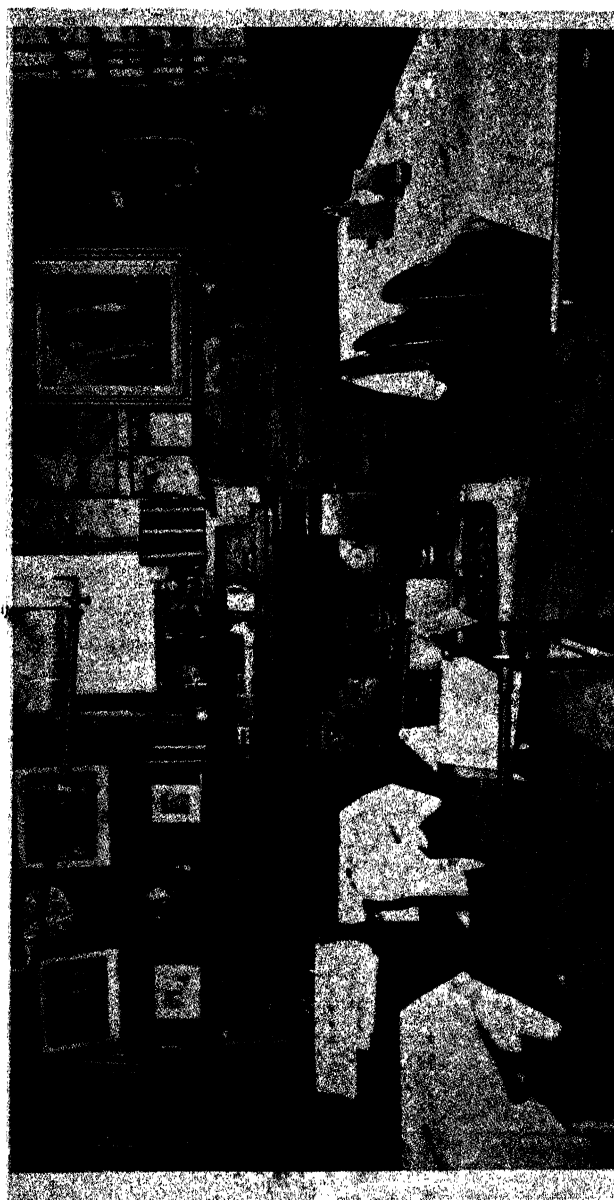
Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

Beaumont, possibly thinking of Jonson, penned the following lines:

What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been  
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life.

Another favorite haunt of these brilliant men was the Falcon Tavern, near the theater in Bankside, Southwark; another club, called the Apollo, at the Old Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, appears to have been a particular favorite with Jonson.

His later years were pitifully dark and unhappy. Suffering from a palsy which confined him to the house, with means insufficient for subsistence and a mind which had grown dulled from overuse and dissipation, he was compelled to beg from the King the paltry pension which gave him a means of existence. However, James was comparatively liberal to him, and it is probable that the man's physical sufferings from want were small indeed. His death occurred in 1637, and his body was buried



BEN JONSON'S ROOM  
CHESHIRE CHEESE, LONDON  
A CELEBRATED RESORT OF THE WRITERS AND WITS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.





vertically in Westminster Abbey, with a square stone to mark the spot. The only inscription thereon is: "Oh Rare Ben Jonson!"

Drummond of Hawthornden, who entertained Jonson for some time, gives the following harsh, but perhaps practically true, judgment on the manner and character of the great dramatist:

He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both; interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets.

II. JONSON'S WORKS. As we have said, Jonson's first extant play is *Every Man in His Humor*. After his release from prison he wrote *Every Man Out of His Humor*, a less worthy production, which at intervals was followed by *Cynthia's Revels* and *The Poetaster*; *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, two tragedies; and his greatest comedies: *Volpone*; *Epicoene, or The Silent Woman*; best of all, *The Alchemist*, and *Bartholomew Fair*. Of his later dramas we need say nothing, but at his death it was found that he had left fragments of a beautiful pas-

toral called *The Sad Shepherd, or A Tale of Robin Hood*, which gave evidence of great power.

After the accession of James, Jonson, possibly to seek the favor of the King, began upon the production of a series of entertainments which he called barriers and masques, most of which contained a speech complimentary to the King, a mock tournament and a masqued dance. The elaborate machinery needed for the production of these works was furnished by the famous architect, Inigo Jones, who was at that time attached to the court of the King. Of the position of the masque in the literature of England we shall have more to say in another place.

Besides his dramatic poetry and his masques, Jonson wrote a number of beautiful lyrics, some of which are included in the plays and others are quite independent. Besides these, he composed a number of charming poetic epigrams, which have survived and are really his chief present-day title to fame.

Jonson's position as a leader in the drama is dependent upon his pictures of the humorous side of English life. Shakespeare's characters were purely imaginary and of the romantic type, while Jonson deliberately intended to depict human beings as he found them. However, his leading idea was to create men and women in whom a particular trait of character had grown or been developed to an excess, so that there is a kind of extravagance about them

which prevents them from appearing as real, living humanity. In this respect he fell infinitely below Shakespeare. Moreover, he was a classic scholar, and his devotion to the form of the classic drama and his slavery to rule place him as a leader in that school, which ultimately became so artificial under Pope and Dryden. The traits of which we have last spoken, the artificiality of his characters and of his style, have prevented his dramas from remaining popular, and they are now little read except by scholars who appreciate the excellence of his workmanship.

III. "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR." In the first version of this play the scene was laid in Italy, and the characters were Italians, with English manners and customs, but in a later revision these characteristics were changed, the scene was laid in England, and the characters became thoroughly English. The plot tells how a letter intercepted by a father, Mr. Knowell, enables him to follow his supposedly studious son to London and observe his gay life with other gallants of his time. The final scene, in Justice Clement's court, is as follows:

*Enter* CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, Dame K., TIB, CASH, COB and Servants.

*Clem.* Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. You, master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

*Know.* Ay, sir.

*Clem.* But who directed you thither?

*Know.* That did mine own man, sir.

*Clem.* Where is he?

*Know.* Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

*Clem.* My clerk! about what time was this?

*Know.* Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

*Clem.* And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kitley?

*Kit.* After two, sir.

*Clem.* Very good: but, mistress Kitley, how chance that you were at Cob's, ha?

*Dame K.* An't please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place—

*Clem.* So it appears, methinks: but on.

*Dame K.* And that my husband used thither daily.

*Clem.* No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

*Dame K.* True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

*Clem.* I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kitley: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

*Kit.* I found her there, sir.

*Clem.* Did you, so! that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

*Kit.* Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

*Clem.* How, Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

*Kit.* Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

*Clem.* Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this?

*Tib.* Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

*Cob.* And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

*Clem.* Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.—

*Enter a Servant*

How now, sir! what's the matter?

*Serv.* Sir, there's a gentleman in the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

*Clem.* A gentleman! what is he?

*Serv.* A soldier, sir, he says.

*Clem.* A soldier! take down my armor, my sword quickly.  
A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on (*arms himself*); hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon.—Let the soldier enter.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Enter BOBADILL, followed by MATHEW.*

Now, sir, what have you to say to me?

*Bob.* By your worship's favor—

*Clem.* Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretense. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here: here be them that have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

*Bob.* Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Down-right, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humor of quarreling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honor, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

*Clem.* O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armor off quickly, 'will make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

*Mat.* An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

*Clem.* Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

*Clem.* My warrant!

*Serv.* Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

*Clem.* Bid him come in. (*Exit Servant.*) Set by this picture.

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, disguised as before.*

What, Master Downright! are you brought in at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

*Dow.* I'faith, sir, and here's another brought at my suit.

*Clem.* What are you, sir?

*Step.* A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

*Clem.* Uncle! who, Master Knowell?

*Know.* Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

*Step.* God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously, he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

*Dow.* O, did you find it now? You said you bought it erewhile.

*Step.* And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

*Clem.* Well, let this breathe a while. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

*Bob.* Ay, an't please your worship.

*Clem.* Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

*Bob.* Of your clerk, sir.

*Clem.* That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at them! Where is the warrant—officer, have you it?

*Brai.* No, sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

*Clem.* Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

*Dow.* Sir, he did not serve it on me.

*Clem.* No! how then?

*Dow.* Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

*Clem.* O, God's pity, was it so, sir? *He must serve it!*  
Give me my long sword there, and help me off. So,  
come on, sir varlet, I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah.  
(*Brainworm kneels.*) Nay, stand up, *I'll use you*  
*kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say.*

[*Flourishes over him with his long sword.*]

*Brai.* O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master  
justice!

*Clem.* I must do it, there is no remedy; I *must* cut off  
your legs, sirrah, I *must* cut off your ears, you rascal,  
I must do it: I *must* cut off your nose, I *must* cut off  
your head.

*Brai.* O, good your worship!

*Clem.* Well, rise; how dost thou do now? dost thou feel  
thyself well? hast thou no harm?

*Brai.* No, I thank your good worship, sir.

*Clem.* Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must  
cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I  
did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentle-  
man with my warrant, but you did not serve him.  
You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you *must*,  
sirrah! away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick  
for your *must*, sir.

*Brai.* Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

*Clem.* Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

*Brai.* Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for com-  
mitting more than this: I will not lose by my travail  
any grain of my fame, certain.

[*Throws off his sergeant's gown.*]

*Clem.* How is this?

*Know.* My man Brainworm!

*Step.* Oh, yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my  
cousin Edward and I all this day.

*Clem.* I told you all there was some device.

*Brai.* Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself  
thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with  
your sword and your balance.

*Clem.* Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of



sack: if he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

*Brai.* That is it I have most need of; Sir, if you'll pardon me, only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

*Know.* Sir, you know I love not to have my favors come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly of being of counsel with my son against me.

*Brai.* Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself: first as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

*Know.* Is it possible? or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

*Brai.* O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, master Kitely, a message too, in the form of master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while master Wellbred might make a conveyance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

*Kit.* How! my sister stolen away?

*Know.* My son is not married, I hope.

*Brai.* Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make them; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite them home.

*Clem.* Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. (*Exit Servant.*) Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

*Brai.* Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine (but all in kindness), and stripping him to his shirt, I left

him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

*Clem.* And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off this my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit of the offense. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for't. How now, what noise is that?

*Enter Servant*

*Serv.* Sir, it is Roger is come home.

*Clem.* Bring him in, bring him in.

*Enter FORMAL, in a suit of armor.*

What! drunk? in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this?

*Form.* I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.

*Clem.* Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him: but what is this to your armor? what may that signify?

*Form.* An't please you, sir, it hung up in the room where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street in my shirt.

*Clem.* Well, stand by a while.

*Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, and BRIDGET*

Who be these? Oh, the young company; welcome, welcome! Give you joy. Nay, mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

*E. Know.* We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

*Clem.* Only these two have so little of man in them, they are no part of my care.

*Wel.* Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister the bride.

*Clem.* In what place, sir?

*Wel.* Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public : her poet, sir.

*Clem.* A poet ! I will challenge him myself presently at extempore,

*Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify,  
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,  
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,  
And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.*

*Wel.* He is not for extempore, sir : he is all for the pocket muse ; please you command a sight of it.

*Clem.* Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

*[They search Mathew's pockets.]*

*Wel.* You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ of rebellion.

*Clem.* What ! all this verse ? body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in his hose : let us see some of his subjects. *[Reads.]*

*Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,  
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of eyes.*

How ! this is stolen.

*E. Know.* A parody ! a parody ! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

*Clem.* Is all the rest of this batch ? bring me a torch ; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. *(Sets the papers on fire.)* Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines ! brighter and brighter ! still it increases ! Oh, now it is at the highest ; and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi !*

*Know.* There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

*Clem.* Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every

year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Master Kitely, you look upon me!—though I live in the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach; they have it with the fact.

*E. Know.* Sir, you have saved me the labor of a defense.

*Clem.* It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o’ the soldier, and picture of the poet (but both so false, I will not have you hanged out at my door till midnight), while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here’s a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

*Step.* And what shall I do?

*Clem.* O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give master Downright his cloak; and I will entreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will entreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavor with your wit to keep them so.

*Step.* I’ll do my best.

*Cob.* Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

*Tib.* And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

*Clem.* Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, master Downright, your anger; you, master Knowell, your cares; Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy.

*For, I must tell you both. while that is fed,  
Horns in the mind are worse than on the head.*

*Kit.* Sir, thus they go from me ; kiss me, sweetheart.

*See what a drove of horns fly in the air,  
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!  
Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.  
See, see! on heads that think they have none at all!  
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!  
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.*

I have learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

*Clem.* 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead ; every one a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm ! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference : whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. [*Exeunt.*

IV. "CATILINE." This tragedy, on a familiar subject, brought out in 1611, is as good an example as any of his classic style. From it we extract a description of the fall of Catiline :

*Petreius.* The straits and needs of Catiline being such

As he must fight with one of the two armies  
That then had near inclosed him, it pleased Fate  
To make us the object of his desperate choice,  
Wherein the danger almost poised the honor :  
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,  
And Fate descended nearer to the earth,  
As if she meant to hide the name of things  
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.  
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay  
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was ;  
And (as we ought) armed in the confidence  
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,  
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face

Of any man, but of a public ruin :  
 His countenance was a civil war itself ;  
 And all his host had, standing in their looks,  
 The paleness of the death that was to come ;  
 Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,  
 As if they would precipitate our fates.  
 Nor stayed we longer for 'em, but himself  
 Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,  
 Which out, it seemed a narrow neck of land  
 Had broke between two mighty seas, and either  
 Flowed into other ; for so did the slaughter ;  
 And whirled about, as when two violent tides  
 Meet and not yield. The Furies stood on hill  
 Circling the place, and trembling to see men  
 Do more than they ; whilst Pity left the field,  
 Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause  
 They knew not what a crime their valor was.  
 The Sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud  
 The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up  
 His frightened horse, whom still the noise drove back-  
 ward :

And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,  
 Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,  
 Had not the fortune of the commonwealth  
 Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought ;  
 Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops  
 Covered the earth they'd fought on with their trunks,  
 Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,  
 Collected all his fury, and ran in—  
 Armed with a glory high as his despair—  
 Into our battle, like a Libyan lion  
 Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,  
 Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,  
 Till he had circled in himself with Death :  
 Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.  
 And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,  
 Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,  
 One of the giant brethren felt himself  
 Grow marble at the killing sight : and now,

Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,  
What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs;  
And, ere he could think more, was that he feared:  
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,  
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain  
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved  
As if he labored yet to grasp the state  
With those rebellious parts.

*Cato.* A brave bad death!

Had this been honest now, and for his country,  
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fallen greater?

V. "VOLPONE" AND "THE SILENT WOMAN."  
These two comedies, produced respectively in 1605 and 1609, are cleverly constructed and in caricature, wit, and brilliancy of dialogue, are, with their successors, *The Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair*, quite alone in English drama. In *Volpone, or The Fox*, the subject is a struggle of chicanery, in which the villainous Fox himself and his rascally servant Mosca, Voltore (the Vulture), Corbaccio and Corvino (the big and little Raven), the chief characters, are all witty, dishonest and practically without virtue. While the plot ends in the discomfiture and imprisonment of the vicious, it has no mortal catastrophe, and so the play remains a disagreeable comedy rather than a tragedy. There is little to admire excepting literary qualities in so repulsive a play.

In *The Silent Woman* the comedy hinges on a huge joke played by a heartless nephew on his misanthropic uncle, who is induced to marry a young, fair and warranted silent wife,

who, after the wedding, turns out to be neither silent nor a woman at all.

VI. “THE ALCHEMIST.” The plot in *The Alchemist* is extremely clever in construction, and climax follows climax, witty, ingenious and plausible. The sharpers of the metropolis, reveling in their shrewdness and rascality, play upon the stupidity and wickedness of their victims, and in the exchange of wit one continually finds new brilliancy. The following extract is from the second act:

SIR EPICURE MAMMON.—SURLY, *his Friend*.

*Mammon*. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore

In *novo orbe*. Here's the rich Peru :

And there within, sir, are the golden mines,

Great Solomon's Ophir ! He was sailing to 't

Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.

This is the day wherein to all my friends

I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.

This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.

You shall no more deal with the hollow die

Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping

The livery punk for the young heir, that must

Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more,

If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is

That brings him the commodity. No more

Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger

Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak

To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make

The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before

The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights

Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets ;

Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign.

No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,

And have your punks and punketees, my Surly :

And unto thee I speak it first, Be rich.—

Where is my Subtle there ? within, ho !



*Face (answers from within).* Sir, he will come to you by and by.

*Mam.* That's his fire-drake,  
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals  
Till he firke Nature up in her own center.  
You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change  
All that is metal in thy house to gold :  
And early in the morning will I send  
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,  
And buy their tin and lead up ; and to Lothbury,  
For all the copper.

*Surly.* What, and turn that too ?

*Mam.* Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,  
And make them perfect Indies ! You admire now ?

*Sur.* No, faith.

*Mam.* But when you see the effects of the great medicine—

Of which one part projected on a hundred  
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,  
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun,  
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*—  
You will believe me.

*Sur.* Yes, when I see 't, I will. . . .

*Mam.* Ha ! why,  
Do you think I fable with you ? I assure you,  
He that has once the flower of the Sun,  
The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,  
Not only can do that, but by its virtue  
Can confer honor, love, respect, long life,  
Give safety, valor, yea, and victory,  
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days  
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

*Sur.* No doubt ; he's that already.

*Mam.* Nay, I mean,  
Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,  
To the fifth age ; make him get sons and daughters,  
Young giants, as our philosophers have done—  
The ancient patriarchs afore the flood—  
By taking, once a week, on a knife's point,

The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,  
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

*Sur.* The decayed vestals of Pickt-hatch would thank  
you,

That keep the fire alive there.

*Mam.* 'Tis the secret.

Of nature naturized 'gainst all infections,  
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;  
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve;  
And of what age soever, in a month:  
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.  
I'll undertake withal to fright the plague  
Out o' the kingdom in three months.

*Sur.* And I'll

Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,  
Without their poets.

*Mam.* Sir, I'll do 't. Meantime,

I'll give away so much unto my man,  
Shall serve the whole city with preservative  
Weekly: each house his dose, and at the rate—

*Sur.* As he that built the water-work does with water!

*Mam.* You are incredulous.

*Sur.* Faith, I have a humor,

I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone  
Cannot transmute me.

*Mam.* Pertinax Surly,

Will you believe antiquity? records?  
I'll show you a book, where Moses, and his sister,  
And Solomon, have written of the art;  
Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam.

*Sur.* How?

*Mam.* Of the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.

*Sur.* Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

*Mam.* He did;

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

*Sur.* What paper?

*Mam.* On cedar-board.

*Sur.* Oh, that, indeed, they say,

Will last 'gainst worms.

*Mam.* 'Tis like your Irish wood

'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,  
Which was no other than a book of Alchemy,  
Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.  
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,  
And all that fable of Medea's charms,  
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,  
Still breathing fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:  
The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate,  
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting:  
And they are gathered into Jason's helm  
(Th' alembic), and then sowed in Mars his field,  
And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed.  
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,  
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,  
Boccace his Demagorgon, thousands more,  
All abstract riddles of our Stone.

VII. "THE SAD SHEPHERD." The following is one of the fragments of *The Sad Shepherd*, to which we alluded in a previous section:

*Alken.* Know ye the witch's dell?

*Scarlet.* No more than I do know the walks of hell.

*Alk.* Within a gloomy dimble she doth dwell

Down in a pit o'ergrown with brakes and briars,  
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,  
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,  
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house,  
Where you shall find her sitting in her form,  
As fearful, and melancholic, as that  
She is about; with caterpillars' kells,  
And knotty cobwebs, rounded in with spells.  
Then she steals forth to relief, in the fogs,  
And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,  
Down to the drowned lands of Lincolnshire;  
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow;  
The housewife's tun not work, nor the milk churn;  
Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath in  
sleep;

Get vials of their blood ; and where the sea  
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed  
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,  
Planted about her, in the wicked seat  
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.

*John.* I wonder such a story could be told  
Of her dire deeds.

*Geo.* I thought, a witch's banks  
Had enclosed nothing but the merry pranks  
Of some old woman.

*Scar.* Yes, her malice more.

*Scath.* As it would quickly appear, had we the store  
Of his collects.

*Geo.* Ay, this good learned man  
Can speak her right.

*Scar.* He knows her shifts and haunts.

*Alk.* And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd plants  
Wherewith she kills ; where the sad mandrake grows,  
Whose groans are deathful ; the dead numbing night-  
shade ;

The stupefying hemlock ; adder's tongue,  
And martagan ; the shrieks of luckless owls,  
We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air ;  
Green-bellied snakes ; blue fire-drakes in the sky ;  
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings ;  
The scaly beetles, with their habergeons  
That make a humming murmur as they fly ;  
There, in the stocks of trees, white fays do dwell,  
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,  
With each a little changeling in their arms :  
The airy spirits play with falling stars.  
And mount the sphere of fire, to kiss the moon ;  
While she sits reading by the glow-worm's light,  
Or rotten wood, o'er which the worm hath crept,  
The baneful schedule of her nocent charms,  
And binding characters, through which she wounds  
Her puppets, the *sigilla* of her witchcraft.  
All this I know, and I will find her for you ;  
And show you her sitting in her form ; I'll lay

My hand upon her; make her throw her scut  
 Along her back, when she doth start before us.  
 But you must give her law; and you shall see her  
 Make twenty leaps and doubles, cross the paths,  
 And then squat down beside us.

*John.* Crafty crone,

I long to be at the sport, and to report it.

*Scar.* We'll make this hunting of the witch as famous  
 As any other blast of venery.

*Geo.* If we could come to see her, cry *so ho* once—

*Alk.* That I do promise, or I'm no good hag-finder.

VIII. JONSON'S LYRICS. One of the most beautiful of Jonson's early songs is *To Celia*, which has become famous everywhere:

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
 Doth ask a drink divine;  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope, that there  
 It could not withered be.  
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me;  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

In one of his masques occurs the charming song, *On the Triumph of Charis*:

See the chariot at hand here of Love,  
 Wherein my lady rideth!  
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,  
 And well the car Love guideth.

As she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty;  
And enamor'd, do wish, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side,  
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that Love's world compriseth!  
Do but look on her hair, it is bright  
As Love's star when it riseth!  
Do but mark, her forehead smoother  
Than words that soothe her;  
And from her arched brows, such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face  
As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow  
Before the soil hath smutched it?  
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?  
Or the nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
Oh, so white! Oh, so soft! Oh, so sweet is she!

Jonson penned the following, *On Elizabeth L. H.*, which is one of the finest of his epitaphs:

Wouldst thou hear what man can say  
In a little? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die:  
Which in life did harbor give  
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,  
 Leave it buried in this vault.  
 One name was Elizabeth,  
 The other, let it sleep with death :  
 Fitter, when it died, to tell,  
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell !

The *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke* is almost too well known to bear repetition :

Underneath this sable hearse  
 Lies the subject of all verse,  
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;  
 Death ! ere thou hast slain another,  
 Learned and fair, and good as she,  
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

IX. JONSON ON SHAKESPEARE. After the death of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson wrote *To the Memory of My Beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and What He Hath Left Us*. Jonson's idea is that Shakespeare is infinitely superior to his English predecessors and contemporaries, and can be compared to none but the great writers of antiquity :

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;  
 While I confess thy writings to be such,  
 As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much.  
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;  
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,  
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;  
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;  
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
 And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.

But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,  
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.

I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!  
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further off, to make thee room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give,  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,  
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:  
For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence to honor thee, I will not seek  
For names: but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time!  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;  
But antiquated and deserted lie,



As they were not of nature's family.

Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion: and, that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat  
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat  
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,  
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;  
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;  
For a good poet's made as well as born.  
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face  
Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well turned, and true filed lines;  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our water yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
That so did take Eliza, and our James!  
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanced, and made a constellation there!  
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,  
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like  
night,  
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

X. COURT MASQUES. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, one of the most popular forms of court entertainment was the masque, doubtless a development of the revels and shows, and not unlike in many respects the Moralities, though the object of the later spectacle was purely to amuse, and in place of the religious teachings there was wit, humor, railery and not a little licentiousness. The scen-

ery was elaborate, and contrived with difficulty and at great expense. It is said that during the first six years of the reign of King James nearly £5,000 were spent in this manner. As we have said, Inigo Jones furnished this feature of Jonson's masques and exerted his genius to the utmost to make brilliant and startling displays. The action of the masque was usually short and simple, and authors relied for entertaining features upon architecture, music and dancing, with outbursts of lyrical poetry. In the preparation of these pageants Ben Jonson excelled all other writers, though Campion, Daniel and others contributed some excellent pieces.

The masque was usually performed on some special occasion to celebrate weddings and anniversaries of various kinds. The music was furnished by an orchestra containing a variety of instruments and by singers who were trained for that purpose. In Jonson's masques there is a great deal of fine poetry, and some of the descriptive parts are graceful and delicate. When Lord Haddington was married to Lady Ratcliff, the scene presented a steep red cliff reaching to the clouds, in allusion to the *red cliff* from which the lady's name was said to be derived. In the foreground were two pillars, decorated with the spoils of love, "amongst which were old and young persons bound with roses, wedding garments, rocks and spindles, hearts transfix'd with arrows, others flaming, girdles, garlands and worlds of such like." Ve-

nus, attended by the Graces, entered in her chariot and expressed her anxiety to recover her son, Cupid, who had run away from her. The Graces made proclamation:

## FIRST GRACE

Beauties, have you seen this toy,  
Called Love, a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blind;  
Cruel now, and then as kind?  
If he be amongst ye, say;  
He is Venus' runaway.

## SECOND GRACE

She that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kiss,  
How or where herself would wish;  
But who brings him to his mother,  
Shall have that kiss, and another.

## THIRD GRACE

He hath marks about him plenty;  
You shall know him among twenty.  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire,  
That, being shot like lightning in,  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

## FIRST GRACE

At his sight the sun hath turned,  
Neptune in the waters burned;  
Hell hath felt a greater heat;  
Jove himself forsook his seat;  
From the center to the sky  
Are his trophies reared high.

## SECOND GRACE

Wings he hath, which, though ye clip,  
He will leap from lip to lip,

Over liver, lights, and heart,  
But not stay in any part;  
And if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himself in kisses.

## THIRD GRACE

He doth bear a golden bow,  
And a quiver hanging low,  
Full of arrows, that outbrave  
Dian's shafts; where, if he have  
Any head more sharp than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

## FIRST GRACE

Still the fairest are his fuel.  
When his days are to be cruel,  
Lovers' hearts are all his food,  
And his baths their warmest blood;  
Nought but wounds his hands doth season,  
And he hates none like to Reason.

## SECOND GRACE

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,  
Seldom with his heart do meet.  
All his practice is deceit;  
Every gift it is a bait;  
Not a kiss but poison bears;  
And most treason in his tears.

## THIRD GRACE

Idle minutes are his reign;  
Then the straggler makes his gain,  
By presenting maids with toys,  
And would have ye think them joys;  
'Tis the ambition of the elf  
To have all childish as himself.

## FIRST GRACE

If by these ye please to know him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him

## SECOND GRACE.

Though ye had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

## THIRD GRACE

Since you hear his falser play  
And that he's Venus' runaway.

Cupid enters with twelve dancing boys, and then Venus discovers her son and converses with him. Afterward Vulcan enters, and, claiming the pillars as his own workmanship, strikes the red cliff, which opens and shows a large, luminous sphere, which in a quaint speech he presents to Venus, on the triumph of her son. The piece ends with the singing of an epithalamium, interspersed with dancing by masqued characters:

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise  
The god, whose nights outshine his days;  
Hymen, whose hallowed rites  
Could never boast of brighter lights;  
Whose bands pass liberty.

Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,  
Are now waged to his war:  
And what they are,  
If you'll perfection see,  
Yourselves must be.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

What joy, what honors can compare  
With holy nuptials, when they are  
Made out of equal parts  
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts!  
When in the happy choice  
The spouse and spoused have foremost voice!

Such, glad of Hymen's war,  
Live what they are,  
And long perfections see;  
And such ours be.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

XI. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. Two writers usually classified with those of the Puritan Age are so strongly Elizabethan in their characteristics that they have more title to be included in this chapter even than Ben Jonson. When they began to write, Shakespeare was in the height of his glory, and their devotion to him and his method is shown in all their writings. Of this characteristic they were by no means ashamed, but rather gloried in their imitations, and it is known that the great dramatist collaborated more or less with them in many plays. However, the two were not devoid of originality, and their work is still meritorious in the rapidity of its action, the wit and humor of its characters, the liveliness of the scenes and the beautiful imagery in many of the lines. Nevertheless, the characters lack convincing reality, and the plots are easily forgotten, while those of Shakespeare are always remembered.

John Fletcher was five years older than Francis Beaumont, and he lived nine years after the death of his friend. The volume of his writings is much the greater, and though there has been a world of unceasing effort to separate the work of one from that of the other, yet no very satisfactory conclusions have

been made. However, it is generally conceded that Beaumont contributed the more tragic element to the combination and a greater stateliness of measure, while to Fletcher should be attributed the minor graces. In spite of attempts to separate, their names are linked indissolubly, and their plays are spoken of as by Beaumont and Fletcher.

The friendliness of these two dramatists was as complete as their works would indicate. For about ten years they labored together, living in the same apartment and even holding their wardrobe in common. Of their independent lives very little is known, except that Beaumont was married and had two daughters, and died before he completed his thirtieth year; that Fletcher died of the great plague in 1625, and was buried in Southwark.

XII. THE DRAMAS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. There are fifty-two dramas which were written either in whole or in part by the two friends, but most of them were not printed until 1647, and it is impossible to give their respective dates. If we take Dryden as authority, *Philaster* brought them into public notice for the first time, though they had previously written two or three other plays. The plot of *Philaster* is improbable, but the play contains interesting characters and situations. The character of Euphrasia, disguised as Bellario, the page, is borrowed from Shakespeare's Viola. *Philaster* found the disguised maiden in the manner which he relates as follows:

I have a boy

Sent by the gods, I hope to this intent,  
 Not yet seen in the court; hunting the buck,  
 I found him sitting by a fountain side,  
 Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,  
 And paid the nymph again as much in tears;  
 A garland lay him by, made by himself,  
 Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,  
 Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness  
 Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd  
 His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,  
 As if he meant to make 'em grow again.  
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;  
 He told me that his parents gentle died,  
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,  
 Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,  
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.  
 Then took he up his garland, and did show  
 What every flower, as country people hold,  
 Did signify; and how all order'd thus,  
 Express'd his grief: and to my thoughts did read  
 The prettiest lecture of his country art  
 That could be wish'd, so that, methought, I could  
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,  
 Who was as glad to follow, and have got  
 The trustiest, loving'st and the gentlest boy,  
 That ever master kept; him will I send  
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

The jealousy of Philaster seems unnatural and forced, but the hopeless attachment of Euphrasia for him is delicately described:

My father oft would speak  
 Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow  
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
 To see the man so praised; but yet all this



Was but a maiden longing, to be lost  
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,  
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,  
I thought—but it was you—enter our gates.  
My blood flew out, and back again as fast  
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in  
Like breath. Then was I called away in haste  
To entertain you. Never was a man  
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a scepter raised  
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,  
Far above singing! After you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched  
What stirred it so. Alas! I found it love;  
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived  
In presence of you, I had had my end.  
For this I did delude my noble father  
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself  
In habit of a boy; and for I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
Of having you. And, understanding well  
That when I made discovery of my sex,  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
By all the most religious things a maid  
Could call together, never to be known,  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,  
For other than I seemed, that I might ever  
Abide with you: then sat I by the fount  
Where first you took me up.

*The Maid's Tragedy* exhibits considerable power, but is peculiarly unpleasant and is more licentious than the other plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, bad as they are. Most of the evil can be discarded from Beaumont and Fletcher and still leave enough that can be called noble and tender, as well as other por-

tions which are sufficiently comic and witty, to attract the modern reader. The following extract is taken from the second act:

EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, *and other Ladies.*

*Evadne.* Would thou couldst instil

Some of thy mirth into Aspatia.

*Aspatia.* It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek;

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,

When at the altar the religious priest

Were pacifying the offended powers

With sacrifice, than now. This should have been

My night, and all your hands have been employed

In giving me a spotless offering

To young Amintor's bed, as we are now

For you: pardon, Evadne, would my worth

Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,

Or both thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless;

But till he did so, in these ears of mine—

These credulous ears—he poured the sweetest words

That art or love could frame.

*Evad.* Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

*Asp.* Would I could, then should I leave the cause.

*Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew.*

*Evad.* That's one of your sad songs, madam.

*Asp.* Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

*Evad.* How is it, madam?

SONG

*Aspatia.* Lay a garland on my hearse

Of the dismal yew;

Maidens, willow branches bear;

Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm,

From my hour of birth:

Upon my buried body, lie

Lightly, gentle earth!

Madam, good-night; may no discontent  
 Grow 'twixt your love and you; but if there do,  
 Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;  
 Teach you an artificial way to grieve,  
 To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord  
 Nor worse than I; but if you love so well,  
 Alas! you may displease him; so did I.  
 This is the last time you shall look on me:  
 Ladies, farewell; as soon as I am dead,  
 Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;  
 Bring each a mournful story and a tear  
 To offer at it when I go to earth:  
 With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round,  
 Write on my brow my fortune, let my bier  
 Be borne by virgins that shall sing by course  
 The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

*Evad.* Alas! I pity thee.

[*Amintor enters.*

*Asp.* Go, and be happy in your lady's love;

[*To Amintor.*

May all the wrongs that you have done to me  
 Be utterly forgotten in my death.  
 I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take  
 A parting kiss, and will not be denied.  
 You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep  
 When I am laid in earth, though you yourself  
 Can know no pity: thus I wind myself  
 Into this willow garland, and am prouder  
 That I was once your love—though now refused—  
 Than to have had another true to me.

Besides the two plays mentioned, they produced before Beaumont's death three tragedies, *King and No King*, *Bonduca* and *The Laws of Candy*, and five comedies, namely, *The Woman Hater*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *The Honest Man's Fortune*, *The Coxcomb* and *The Captain*.

The following extract is taken from the pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, one of the earlier plays:

CLOPIN and a SATYR, with basket of fruit.

*Satyr.* Through yon same bending plain  
That flings his arms down to the main,  
And through these thick woods, have I run,  
Whose bottom never kissed the sun,  
Since the lusty spring began.  
All to please my master Pan,  
Have I trotted without rest,  
To get him fruit; for at a feast  
He entertains, this coming night,  
His paramour the Syrinx bright:  
But behold a fairer sight! [Seeing CLOPIN.  
By that heavenly form of thine,  
Brightest fair, thou art divine,  
Sprung from great immortal race  
Of the gods: for in thy face  
Shines more awful majesty  
Than dull weak mortality  
Dare with misty eyes behold,  
And live: therefore, on this mold  
Lowly do I bend my knee,  
In worship of thy deity.  
Deign it, goddess, from my hand  
To receive whate'er this land  
From her fertile womb doth send  
Of her choice fruits; and but lend  
Belief to that the Satyr tells,  
Fairer by the famous wells,  
To this present day ne'er grew,  
Never better, nor more true. .  
Here be grapes whose lusty blood,  
Is the learned poets' good,  
Sweeter yet did never crown  
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown  
Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them;

Deign, O fairest fair, to take them:

For these, black-eyed Driope

Hath oftentimes commanded me

With my clasped knee to climb:

See how well the lusty time

Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,

Such as on your lips is spread.

Here be berries for a queen,

Some be red, some be green:

These are of that luscious meat

The great god Pan himself doth eat:

All these, and what the woods can yield,

The hanging mountain or the field,

I freely offer, and ere long

Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;

Till when, humbly leave I take,

Lest the great Pan do awake,

That sleeping lies in a deep glade,

Under a broad beech's shade.

I must go, I must run,

Swifter than the fiery sun.

[*Exit.*

*Clorin.* And all my fears go with thee.

What greatness, or what private hidden power,

Is there in me to draw submission

From this rude man and beast?—sure I am mortal;

The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,

And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand

And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and

The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink

Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal:

Yet I have heard—my mother told it me—

And now I do believe it, if I keep

My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,

No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf or fiend,

Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,

Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion

Draw me to wander after idle fires,

Or voices calling me in dead of night

To make me follow, and so tole me on

Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.  
 Else why should this rough thing, who never knew  
 Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats  
 Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,  
 Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power  
 In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast  
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites  
 That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,  
 Be thou my strongest guard; for here I'll dwell  
 In opposition against fate and hell!

PERIGOT and AMORET appoint to meet at the *Virtuous Well*.

*Perigot.* Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid.  
 Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,  
 Equal with his soul's good.

*Amoret.* Speak, I give  
 Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still  
 The same it ever was, as free from ill  
 As he whose conversation never knew  
 The court or city: be thou ever true.

*Peri.* When I fall off from my affection,  
 Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires,  
 First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,  
 That being left alone without a guard,  
 The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,  
 And want of water, rots, or what to us  
 Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,  
 And in their general ruin let me go.

*Amo.* I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:  
 I do believe thee, 'tis as hard for me  
 To think thee false, and harder than for thee  
 To hold me foul.

*Peri.* Oh, you are fairer far  
 Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star  
 That guides the wandering seamen through the deep,  
 Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep  
 Head of an aged mountain, and more white  
 Than the new milk we strip before daylight

From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks.  
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks  
Of young Apollo.

*Amo.* Shepherd, be not lost,  
Y' are sailed too far already from the coast  
Of our discourse.

*Peri.* Did you not tell me once  
I should not love alone, I should not lose  
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,  
I've sent to heaven? Did you not give your hand,  
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then  
Give back again those sweets to other men  
You yourself vowed were mine.

*Amo.* Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty  
May give assurance, I am once more thine.  
Once more I give my hand; be ever free  
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.

*Peri.* I take it as my best good; and desire,  
For stronger confirmation of our love,  
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,  
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been  
For their long service. Say, sweet, shall it hold?

*Amo.* Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make  
A doubt of what the silent night may do—  
Maids must be fearful.

*Peri.* Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth;  
Myself and my affections are as pure  
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine  
Of the great Dian: only my intent  
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,  
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,  
And ceremonious tying of ourselves,  
For to that holy wood is consecrate  
A Virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks  
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds  
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes  
Their stolen children, so to make them free  
From dying flesh and dull mortality.  
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn

And given away his freedom, many a troth  
 Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time  
 Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given  
 In hope of coming happiness: by this  
 Fresh fountain many a blushing maid  
 Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd  
 With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung  
 Lays of his love and dear captivity.

At the conclusion of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is the following song to Pan:

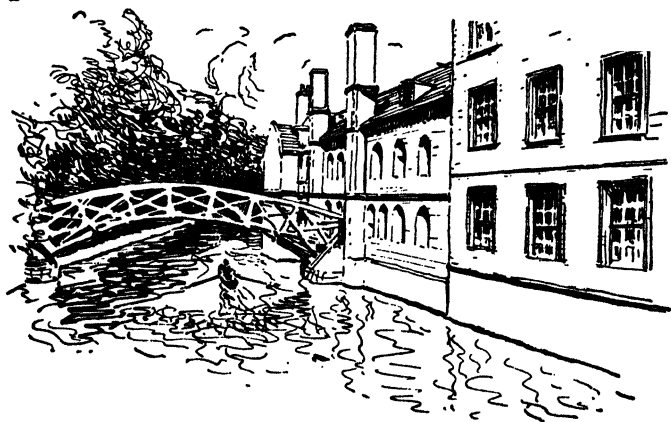
All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
 All ye virtues and ye powers  
 That inhabit in the lakes,  
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
     Move your feet  
 ..    To our sound,  
     Whilst we greet  
     All this ground,  
 With his honor and his name  
 That defends our flocks from blame.

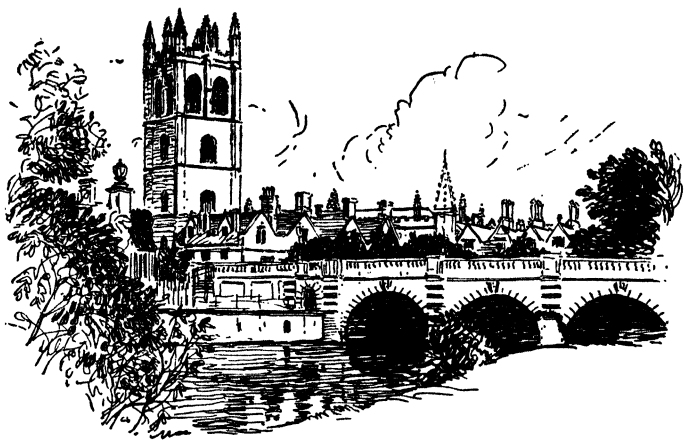
He is great and he is just,  
 He is ever good, and must  
 Thus be honored. Daffodilies,  
 Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,  
     Let us fling,  
     Whilst we sing,  
     Ever holy,  
     Ever holy,  
 Ever honored, ever young!  
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.

Scattered through Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are graceful lyrical pieces in the same fanciful style as those which we have just quoted from *The Faithful Shepherdess*.



XIII. EXTINCTION OF THE DRAMA. With the breaking out of the Civil War the drama suffered a complete extinction, and in September, 1642, Parliament declared that all performances of plays must cease. The Puritans carried out the law with great severity, and five months later a further enactment was made, declaring that all theaters should be dismantled and that actors appearing on the stage, even in private, should be publicly whipped, while members of the audiences should be fined. It appears that this law was actually carried out, for while some players were performing one of Fletcher's dramas, soldiers broke up the meeting and carried the actors off to punishment. For fifteen years this complete eclipse persisted. After the Restoration, as we shall see, the drama was revived, and some writers grew famous, but when Elizabethan influences had completely passed away it ceased to be an important factor in our literature.





## CHAPTER XII

### THE ELIZABETHAN AGE (CONCLUDED)

#### LYRICAL POETRY

**L**YRICS IN THE DRAMAS. Had it not been for the marvelous dramatic richness of the Elizabethan Age, it would more generally be known as the golden age in English lyrics. As we have been studying the dramatists, we have, in the work of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, from time to time called attention to the beautiful lyrics which they interspersed in the scenes of their plays. The minor dramatists were no less skillful in this respect, and in many of the trashy plays of the period there is no further title to existence than the songs which gleam like diamonds in a miserable setting. It would be easy to enumerate a score of Elizabethan

dramatists whose names we have not even mentioned and to most of them to attribute some charming poem that would still be admired by all lovers of lyric verse. For instance, in one of the plays of Thomas Nash appears the charming *Spring Song*:

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-we, to-wilta-woo!

The palm and may, make country houses gay;  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And hear we aye birds tune their pretty lay,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-we, to-wilta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit;  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-we, to-wilta-woo!

Space forbids further attention to songs of this character, but the reader will have no difficulty in finding an almost unlimited number, each of which will have some peculiar attraction. Besides the songs which appeared in the plays of various sorts, there are an infinitely greater number written by those whose genius was purely lyrical or who wrote both prose and poetry. No study of the Elizabethan Age would be complete without considering them, but it must be understood that once again the great difficulty is not in finding beautiful illustrations, but in determining what to reject. After all, it is largely a matter of personal



*From Painting by Paul Delaroche, Louvre, Paris*

## DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH



taste, and the person with an inclination to poetry of this kind should read more widely concerning the authors whom we must dismiss with merely a casual reference, and extend his studies among twice as many poets whose names space forbids us to mention.

II. **DONNE.** John Donne is perhaps one of the most noteworthy characters of the age, though his influence upon poetry has come to be considered in some degree harmful, in spite of the many excellent things he did. With every ambition to reform poetry and to retrieve it from the trivialities into which it seemed to be falling, he lacked the genius to accomplish his purpose and frittered away his energies in changes of meter and sentiment and in the introduction of metaphysical unrealities, which, because of his long continued influence, created wrong ideals in a host of successors. Born in 1573, he was the associate of many of the purely Elizabethan poets, and yet his genius was much more in keeping with that of Jonson and his school. While still young he became secretary to an earl, soon fell in love with the latter's niece and married her clandestinely, an act which brought the hatred of the earl and his family upon the young man, and even led him to the Tower. Later the earl repented, and Donne was released, became a distinguished preacher, and in time the dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, while his wife was a devoted helpmeet until her death, which occurred while the poet was in the height of his

fame. All his remaining life, Donne grieved for his faithful spouse, and perhaps the sweetest of his lyrics was a *Farewell* addressed to her:

Sweetest love, I do not go  
For weariness of thee,  
Nor in hope the world can show  
A fitter love for me,  
But since that I  
At the last must part, 'tis best,  
Thus to use myself in jest  
By feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,  
And yet is here to-day;  
He hath no desire nor sense,  
Nor half so short a way;  
Then fear not me,  
But believe that I shall make  
Speedier journeys, since I take  
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,  
That if good fortune fall,  
Cannot add another hour,  
Nor a lost hour recall;  
But come bad chance,  
And we join to it our strength,  
And we teach it art and length,  
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,  
But sigh'st my soul away;  
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,  
My life's blood doth decay.  
It cannot be  
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,  
If in thine my life thou waste,  
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart ,  
Forethink me any ill ;  
Destiny may take thy part,  
And may thy fears fulfill.  
But think that we  
Are but turn'd aside to sleep ;  
They who one another keep  
Alive, ne'er parted be.

III. WOTTON. Famous rather as a politician than as a poet, Sir Henry Wotton, born in 1568 and highly educated by university training and travel, wrote some clever lyrics characterized by deep feeling and fine expression. The following, on *The Character of a Happy Life*, is a good example :

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
United unto the world by care  
Of public fame, or private breath :

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice ; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumors freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great :

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of His grace than gifts to lend



And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend :

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

IV. WITHER. George Wither was a voluminous writer of both prose and poetry. During the reign of Charles I he took the Puritan side and satirized his opponents so vigorously that he was in danger of his life, but, it is related, was saved by a witticism of Sir John Denham, who asked for the release of his friend on the ground that the latter was a worse poet than himself. It was not in this period, however, that he wrote the poems which give him a title to fame. Rather were they composed in early life, before his character had been affected by the sectarian gloom of his religion. We may use as an illustration of one phase of his work his spirited lines on *Christmas*, which give a vivid picture of a happy England :

Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast,  
Let every man be jolly ;  
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,  
And every part with holly.  
Though some churls at our mirth repine,  
Around your foreheads garlands twine,  
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning,

Their ovens they with baked meats choke  
And all their spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if for cold it hap to die  
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,  
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,  
And no man minds his labor;  
Our lasses have provided them  
A bagpipe and a tabor;  
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,  
Give life to one another's joys,  
And you anon shall by their noise  
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,  
..Their hall of music soundeth,  
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,  
So all things there aboundeth.  
The country folks themselves advance  
With crowdy-muttons out of France,  
And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,  
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,  
And all his best apparel;  
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn  
With droppings of the barrel.  
And those that hardly all the year  
Have bread to eat, or rags to wear,  
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,  
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices  
With capons make their errants,  
And if they hap to fail in these  
They plague them with their warrants.  
But now they feed them with good cheer,

And what they want they take in beer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year,  
And then they shall be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,  
The prisoner's heart is eased,  
The debtor drinks away his cares,  
And for the time is pleased;  
Though others' purses be more fat,  
Why should he pine or grieve at that?  
Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat;  
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! how the wags abroad do call  
Each other forth to rambling;  
Anon you'll see them in the hall  
For nuts and apples scrambling.  
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,  
Anon they'll think the house goes round,  
For they the cellar's depth have found,  
And there they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days  
Should we, I pray, be duller?  
No, let us sing some roundelays  
To make our mirth the fuller;  
And while we, thus inspired, sing  
Let all the streets with echoes ring,  
Woods and hills, and everything,  
Bear witness, we are merry.

The *Sonnet on a Stolen Kiss* shows his skill  
in handling a difficult meter:

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes  
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;  
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,  
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.  
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal

From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;  
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,  
Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss:  
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,  
There would be little sign I would do so;  
Why, then, should I this robbery delay?  
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!  
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,  
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

V. HERBERT. George Herbert, a clergyman and poet of the reigns of James I and Charles I, was a saintly character, who produced poetry which was nearly all devotional and filled with a spirit of real piety. Always in delicate health, happily married to a charming wife, and living as he did, a spotless life, Herbert is one of the remarkable figures of that prolific age.

He was but seventeen years of age when he wrote, as a New Year's gift to his mother, the following lines, in which he dedicated his genius to the glory of God:

My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,  
Wherewith whole shoals of Martyrs once did burn,  
Besides their other flames? Doth Poetry  
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?  
Why are not Sonnets made of thee? and lays  
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love  
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise  
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove  
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?  
Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,  
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?  
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might  
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose

Than that, which one day, worms may chance refuse?  
 Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry  
 Oceans of ink; for as the Deluge did  
 Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty;  
 Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid  
 Poets to turn it to another use.  
 Roses and lilies speak thee; and to make  
 A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.  
 Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?  
 Such poor invention burns in their low mind  
 Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go  
 To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.  
 Open the bones, and you shall nothing find  
 In the best face but filth; when Lord, in thee  
 The beauty lies in the discovery.

Izaak Walton, in his biography of Herbert, gives the following anecdote, which shows the man's devout spirit:

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell—as the law requires him—he stayed so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that stayed expecting him at the church door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time and place . . . he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labor to keep them.

One more beautiful stanza to show the depth of his sweet humility:

How sweetly does *My Master* sound! *My Master!*  
 As Amber-greese leaves a rich sent  
     Unto the taster:  
 So do these words a sweet content,  
 An orientall fragrancie, *My Master.*

With these all day I do perfume my minde,  
My minde ev'n thrust into them both:  
That I might finde

What cordials make this curious broth,  
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my minde.

To his volume of poems, published under the name of *The Temple*, he prefixes the following dedication:

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee;  
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came  
And must return. Accept of them and me,  
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy name.  
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain:  
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

A familiar hymn is in line with his best work, though the modern reader will be disturbed by the last stanza, which shows a trace of the artificiality of the age in which the poet lived:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in the grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
Thy music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber never gives;  
But tho' the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

What seems to us a fault is the effort he made to be striking and peculiar in fanciful meters, and we are led to regret that in striving to invent unique measures he should have failed to give utterance to the real poetry that was in him. Stanzas written in the form of angels' wings and others in which words are laboriously mutilated to make showy endings do not appeal to us now as true poetry, but in spite of all this he wrote many beautiful little lyrics, of which, however, we can give but one, *The Dawning*:

Awake, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;  
     Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;  
 Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:  
     Thy Savior comes, and with him mirth:  
                                     Awake, awake;  
 And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.  
     But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie;  
     And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arise, sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,  
     Christ's resurrection thine may be:  
 Do not by hanging down break from the hand,  
     Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:  
                                     Arise, arise;  
 And with his buriall-linen drie thine eyes:  
     Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when  
         grief  
     Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

VI. HERRICK. A contemporaneous clergyman, but one almost the opposite in every respect from Herbert, was Robert Herrick, many of whose musical lyrics, both in sentiment and subject, are not such as we would expect from

the pen of a clergyman. Much more musical than Herbert, he was an imaginative love poet, whose best work, however, was inspired by birds, flowers, brooks and natural objects. His own state of mind is illustrated by some lines which he wrote while holding a vicarage in Devonshire:

More discontent I never had,  
Since I was born, than here,  
Where I have been, and still am sad,  
In this dull Devonshire.

One of the most delicate of his lyrics and really one of the finest in the language is his *Ode to Primroses Filled with Morning Dew*:

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
Speak grief in you,  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teemed her refreshing dew?  
Alas! you have not known that shower  
That mars a flower,  
Nor felt the unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind,  
Nor are ye worn with years,  
Or warped as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known  
The reason why  
Ye droop and weep.  
Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish lullaby?



Or that ye have not seen yet  
The violet?  
Or brought a kiss  
From that sweetheart to this?

No, no; this sorrow shown  
By your tears shed  
Would have this lecture read,  
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

During the wars of the Puritans, Herrick was driven from his parish and went to London, where he became intimate with Ben Jonson; but the city proved a detriment to his genius, and after a time he returned to his vicarage, where he must have repented of some of his work, if we may judge from the following lines:

Forgive me, God, and blot each line  
Out of my book, that is not thine.

*To Daffodils* is an exquisite lyric:

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon;  
Stay, Stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you:  
We have as short a spring;

As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you or anything ;  
    We die,  
As your hours do ; and dry  
    Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

One of his better love lyrics is *Cherry Ripe*:

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones—come and buy !  
If so be you ask me where  
They do grow ?—I answer : There,

Where my Julia's lips do smile—  
There's the land, or cherry-isle ;  
Whose plantations fully show  
All the year where cherries grow.

*To Blossoms* shows again his love for nature :

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do you fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here a while,  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night ?  
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave ;

And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you a while, they glide  
Into the grave.

Two epitaphs, each upon a child, show a human sentiment that is appealing:

Here she lies, a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood,  
Who as soon fell fast asleep,  
As her little eyes did peep.  
Give her strewings, but not stir  
The earth that lightly covers her!

Virgins promised, when I died,  
That they would each primrose-tide,  
Duly morn and evening come,  
And with flowers dress my tomb:  
Having promised, pay your debts,  
Maids, and here strew violets.

VII. CAREW. A numerous group of courtiers who sang before the Reformation were gay and gallant in their manners, and sang of youth, beauty, happy faces and the tenderness of the lover for his mistress. Some of their poems reflect the licentiousness of the age, but others are pure and sweet as any that are written to-day. Selecting four of these as representative writers, we may class Thomas Carew with Waller as among the very best. Like his companions, Carew did not look seriously upon life, and was content to live the happy existence of an attendant on that dissipated court, but it is related that at the close of his life he died "with the greatest remorse . . . and with the greatest manifestation of

Christianity that his best friends could desire." His short love songs were immensely popular, for all their indelicateness, and many of the best are to be found in all collections of lyric poetry. The following *Song* is characteristic:

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose,  
For in your beauty's orient deep  
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
The golden atoms of the day,  
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

.. Ask me no more whither doth haste  
The nightingale when May is past,  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light  
That downwards fall in dead of night,  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
The phoenix builds her spicy nest,  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

When spring approaches, Carew writes thus of his love:

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost  
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost  
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream  
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;

But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth  
And makes it tender, gives a second birth  
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree  
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee.

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring  
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring.  
The valleys, hills and woods, in rich array,  
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May;  
Now all things smile, only my love doth lower,  
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the power  
To melt that marble ice, that still doth hold  
Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold. . . .  
All things keep time with the season; only she doth carry  
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

*The Compliment* is cleverly turned:

I do not love thee for that fair  
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;  
Though the wires thereof be drawn  
Finer than the threads of lawn,  
And are softer than the leaves  
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers  
Growing on thy cheeks—Love's bowers—  
Though such cunning them hath spread,  
None can paint them white and red;  
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,  
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft  
Red coral lips I've kissed so oft;  
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard  
To speech, whence music still is heard;  
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,  
Might tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,  
For that richest, for that rarest  
Silver pillar, which stands under  
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;  
Though that neck be whiter far  
Than towers of polished ivory are.

The following stanza makes use of the common fiction among poets of that epoch that their lady-loves outshone the sun in brilliancy:

If, when the sun at noon displays  
His brighter rays,  
Thou but appear,  
He, then, all pale with shame and fear,  
Quencheth his light;  
Hides his dark brow, flies from thy sight,  
And grows more dim,  
Compared to thee, than stars to him.  
If thou but show thy face again  
When darkness doth at midnight reign,  
The darkness flies, and light is hurled  
Round about the silent world  
So, as alike thou drivest away  
Both light and darkness, night and day.

VIII. SUCKLING. Sir John Suckling was one of the liveliest of the gallants of his epoch, a human butterfly, who lived for pleasure alone and found it everywhere, yet he was distinguished as a soldier as well as for his wit and munificence. When Charles I took up arms against Parliament, Suckling richly equipped a regiment of one hundred horsemen and gave it to the King, but it is said that when the gorgeous company came within sight of the Scotch army at Dunse, they turned and fled. Among the lampoons and satires which followed was

one written by Sir John Mennes, a rival wit and poet, which we quote as an example of political ballads. It is called *Sir John Suckling's Campaign*:

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to ride-a,  
With a hundred horse more, all his own, he swore,  
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight  
With half so gay a bravado,  
Had you seen but his look, you d have sworn on a book  
He'd have conquered a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see  
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,  
And as he passed by, they began to cry  
"Sir John, why will you go fight-a?"

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on,  
His heart would not relent-a,  
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?  
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes  
Of him and all his troop-a;  
The Borderers they, as they met him on the way,  
For joy did hollo and whoop-a.

None liked him so well as his own colonell,  
Who took him for John de Weart-a;  
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,  
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,  
And all prepared to fight-a,  
He ran to his tent; they asked what he meant;  
He swore he could not go right-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,  
To quarter him in the van-a,  
But Sir John did swear he would not come there,  
To be killed the very first man-a. . . .

But now there is peace, he's returned to increase  
His money, which lately he spent-a :  
But his honor lost must lie still in the dust ;  
At Berwick away it went-a.

Suckling felt the disgrace keenly, and it is probable that he retired to the continent and committed suicide by taking poison, yet a more romantic end has been attributed to him, for it is said that a valet who robbed him placed an open razor in his master's boot, and as it was drawn hastily on the razor severed an artery and Suckling bled to death.

Most popular of his poems is *A Ballad Upon a Wedding*, in which the description of the bride is worth noticing :

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,  
Where I the rarest things have seen ;  
Oh, things without compare !  
Such sights again cannot be found  
In any place on English ground,  
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way  
Where we, thou know'st, do sell our hay,  
There is a house with stairs ;  
And there did I see coming down  
Such folk as are not in our town,  
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine—  
His beard no bigger, though, than thine—  
Walked on before the rest :



Our landlord looks like nothing to him :  
The King, God bless him ! 'twould undo him,  
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,  
He should have first been taken out  
By all the maids o' the town :  
Though lusty Roger there had been,  
Or little George upon the Green,  
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was going  
To make an end of all his wooing ;  
The parson for him staid :  
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,  
He did not so much wish all past,  
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,  
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale  
Could ever yet produce :  
No grape that's kindly ripe could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on which they did bring ;  
It was too wide a peck :  
And, to say truth—for out it must—  
It looked like the great collar—just—  
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice, stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light :  
But oh ! she dances such a way !  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight. . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison;  
    Who sees them is undone;  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,  
    The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,  
Compared to that was next her chin,  
    Some bee had stung it newly;  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
    Than on the sun in July.

Her month so small, when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,  
    That they might passage get:  
But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours, or better,  
    And are not spent a whit. . . .

Passion o' me! how I run on!  
There's that that would be thought upon,  
    I trow, besides the bride:  
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,  
For it is fit that men should eat;  
    Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,  
And all the waiters in a trice  
    His summons did obey;  
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,  
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,  
    Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,  
What man of knife, or teeth, was able  
    To stay to be entreated?  
And this the very reason was,

Before the parson could say grace,  
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;  
Healts first go round, and then the house,  
The bride's came thick and thick;  
And when 'twas named another's health,  
Perhaps he made it hers, by stealth,  
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;  
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:  
Then dance again, and kiss.  
Thus several ways the time did pass,  
Till every woman wished her place,  
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside  
To counsel and undress the bride:  
But that he must not know:  
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,  
And did not mean to stay behind  
Above an hour or so.

IX. LOVELACE. The career of Richard Lovelace, another devoted adherent to King Charles, possessed likewise all the gayety of that lively court, but ended, none the less surely, in misery and misfortune. At the age of sixteen he is described as "the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired by the female sex." Nevertheless, his own attachment for Miss Lucy Sacheverell was peculiarly unfortunate, for

she, hearing incorrectly that Lovelace had died of his wounds, married another person. If we may judge by the downward career of the poet from that time, he never recovered from his loss, but it is doubtful whether he really descended to such depths of physical misery, occasioned by the loss of fortune, as biographers have told us.

One of the lyrics, which he addressed to Lucasta, the fanciful name which he gave to Lady Lucy, is in a peculiarly noble vein:

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

.. True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

While in prison he wrote another beautiful lyric, which contains some lines that are very frequently quoted:

When Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free—  
Fishes that tinkle in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

The following *Song* contains many elements of beauty:

Why should you swear I am forsworn,  
Since thine I vowed to be?  
Lady, it is already morn,  
And 'twas last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve hours' space?  
I must all other beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new embrace,  
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair  
By others may be found ;  
But I must search the black and fair,  
Like skillful mineralists that sound  
For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then, if when I have loved my round,  
Thou prov'st the pleasant she ;  
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,  
I laden will return to thee,  
Even sated with variety.

X. WALLER. The poems of Edmund Waller, the last we shall mention of the amatory seventeenth century poets, have all the polish of modern verse, and have attained an enviable position in literature because of that fact. Like the others, he was a courtier of Charles I, but his easy-going nature enabled him to change his adherence to Cromwell as easily as he changed back again to Charles of the Restoration. It is said that after the poet had written a panegyric on Cromwell and another on Charles II, the latter reminded Waller that he had written a better poem on the Puritan than on the King. Waller very wittily responded: "Poets succeed better in fiction than in truth, your Majesty." The subject of Waller's verse was a lady to whom he gave the sweet name of Sacharissa, and so successful were his lyrics in her praise that her name has been famous in verse ever since.

Usually his poems are short and trifling, but one beautiful little lyric has in it a touch of sadness:

Go, lovely Rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee;  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

One of the more airy and trifling type is  
given the name *On a Girdle*:

That which her slender waist confined,  
Shall now my joyful temples bind;  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely dear.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;  
Give me but what this ribband bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Reverting again to the minor key, we have the following on *Old Age and Death*:

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :  
So calm are we when passions are no more :  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made :  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home.  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view.  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.



A FISHING VILLAGE





## CHAPTER XIII

### THE PURITAN PERIOD

#### MINOR WRITERS

**I**NTRODUCTION. A reference to the political history of England during the period which we have now reached will show the extraordinary changes which took place, and refresh the mind of the reader for what is to follow. As a matter of fact, we have carried some of the writers nominally in the Elizabethan period over the whole of the Puritan revolution and far into the Restoration, but, as we have intimated, these writers partook more of the nature of the earlier epoch, and except for Waller, whose facile pen was always at the call of the ruling party, the writers were generally Royalists, and their productions were unaffected by Puritan ideas.

However, there was a distinct Puritan literature, of which some account is necessary, for besides including a number of brilliant writers among those who produced it, there was also one who stands preëminent in the domain of letters. Puritanism was set against the theaters, and it abolished them, but it was also equally determined against any other form of amusement. Green says: "The very pastimes of the world had to conform themselves to the law of God; there were no more races, no more bull baitings, no more cock fighting, no more dances under the May-pole; Christmas had to pass without its junketings or mummers or mince pies."

During this period there was one great poet, but the other writers were ruled by the same narrow and artificial spirit which prevailed in political and social life. Herbert, Herrick, Carew, Suckling and Lovelace, though of the Royalist party, partook to a certain extent of the spirit of mysticism or metaphysical trifling which was probably the outgrowth of Puritanic ideals viewed from the standpoint of devoted royalism. Dr. Johnson says of this group of so called metaphysical poets:

Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and labored particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects the sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon. What they wanted, however, of the sublime, they endeavored to supply by

hyperbole; their amplification had no limits; they left not only reason but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

But in a preceding chapter we have considered all of them excepting Cowley, who, during his lifetime, was more popular even than Milton, but whose voluminous poems have fallen into forgetfulness, in spite of many beautiful passages. Such a complete lapse into oblivion is unusual, even in letters. After Cowley's pompous funeral and subsequent burial in Westminster Abbey, the King declared, "Cowley has not left a better man behind him in England."

It is never possible to draw hard and fast lines between the different epochs in the development of a literature, and if we have allowed the literary period to run over Elizabeth's reign, we must go back of the rule of Puritanism and beyond it to find the writers who seem to us most appropriately classified in this group. The years covered by the Puritan period are only thirty-five, but for our purpose many more must be added.

II. "THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY." Robert Burton (1577-1640) was one of several seventeenth-century writers who produced one remarkable work which had a considerable influence upon the development of our literature. In this particular instance the comprehensive learning displayed by the author and his complete devotion to the classics undoubt-

edly hindered rather than advanced the development of English letters. Nevertheless, his *Anatomy of Melancholy* is an extraordinary work that cannot be passed over without some mention.

Burton was educated at Oxford, and appears to have resided there, for his great work was written in rooms at the college. He was a hypochondriac, and though at times his fellow-students were charmed and delighted by his wit and brilliance, yet he was subject to fits of melancholy, which, as he remarked, he could only dispel by going down to the Thames and hearing the bargemen swear. Burton was somewhat of a devotee to astrology; he predicted from his horoscope the date of his death, and exactly at the time he had foretold he died in his rooms at Oxford, but there is reason to think that he fulfilled his prediction by his own hand.

*The Anatomy of Melancholy, by Democritus Jr.* was first published in 1621. Every page abounds with quotations from Latin and Greek authors, which show a profundity of learning in that direction which no modern authors have possessed. In fact, it has been the treasure-house of many a later writer, as, for instance, Sterne, who borrowed freely from the quotations without making any suitable acknowledgment. Originally Burton intended to write a medical treatise on melancholy, its causes, the progress of the complaint and its cure, but what he accomplished was to make an ex-

haustive collection of classic authorities on all phases of the subject. Dr. Johnson said it was "the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise," and Warton remarks, "The author's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry, sparkling with rude wit and shapeless elegance, miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and, perhaps above all, the singularities of his feelings, clothed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information."

One brief extract is all we can afford to give, for the work has little in common with modern thought and is interesting only to the scholarly and introspective:

Amongst exercises or recreations of the mind within-doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of study. What so full of content as to read, walk, and see maps, pictures, statues, jewels, marbles, which some so much magnify as those what Phidias made of old, so exquisite and pleasing to be beheld, that, as Chrysostom thinketh, "if any man be sickly, troubled in mind, or that cannot sleep for grief, and shall but stand over against one of Phidias' images, he will forget all care, or whatsoever else may molest him, in an instant." There be those as much taken with Michael Angelo's, Raphael de Urbino's, Francesco Francia's pieces, and many of those Italian and Dutch painters, which were excellent in their age; and esteem of it as a most pleasing sight to view those neat architectures, devices, scutcheons, coats of arms, read such

books, to peruse old coins of several sorts in a fair gallery, artificial works, perspective glasses, old reliques, Roman antiquities, variety of colors. A good picture is *falsa veritas, et muta poesis*, and though (as Vives saith), *artificialia delectant, sed mox fastidimus*, artificial toys please but for a time; yet who is he that will not be moved with them for the present? When Achilles was tormented and sad for the loss of his dear friend Patroclus, his mother Thetis brought him a most elaborate and curious buckler made by Vulcan, in which were engraven sun, moon, stars, planets, sea, land, men fighting, running, riding, women scolding, hills, dales, towns, castles, brooks, rivers, trees, etc.; with many pretty landskips and perspective pieces; with sight of which he was infinitely delighted. . . .

King James (1605), when he came to see our university at Oxford, and amongst other edifices, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure, brake out into that noble speech: “If I were not a king, I would be an university man; and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors, *et mortuis magistris*.” So sweet is the delight of study, the more learning they have—as he that hath a dropsy, the more he drinks, the thirstier he is—the more they covet to learn, and the last day is *prioris discipulus*; harsh at first, learning is *radices amaroe*, but *fructus dulces*, according to that of Isocrates, pleasant at last; the longer they live, the more they are enamored with the Muses. Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that which, to thy thinking, should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. “I no sooner,” saith he, “come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, their mother Ignorance, and Melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many

divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness. I am not ignorant in the meantime, notwithstanding this which I have said, how barbarously and basely our ruder gentry esteem of libraries and books, how they neglect and contemn so great a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as Aesop's cock did the jewel he found in the dunghill; and all through error, ignorance, and want of education. And 'tis a wonder withal to observe how much they will vainly cast away in unnecessary expenses, what in hawks, hounds, lawsuits, vain building, gormandizing, drinking, sports, plays, pastimes, etc.

III. IZAAK WALTON. The long life of Izaak Walton (1593–1683) was passed in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, under the Commonwealth and in the reign of Charles II. During all this stormy and changeful period, the quiet, peaceful man lived his gentle life and enjoyed his tranquil pursuits, unaffected by what was occurring around him. Always a Royalist, he was never so violent a one as to have suffered from the grim power of the Puritans, but until he was about fifty he pursued a successful business career as a linen draper, and then for nearly forty years lived in quiet retirement. Of his early education very little is known, and his life, like that of such retiring spirits generally, was devoid of exciting events. Apparently he lived happily with his first wife, but survived her and their seven children. A second time he married a charming woman, who also passed away before his death. Her first child died in infancy,

but the old angler had the delight of seeing his son Izaak grow to manhood.

As a writer, he is distinguished by his interesting biographies, but more particularly by the ever delightful book, *The Compleat Angler*, published in its first edition when the author was sixty years old. He speaks of his "mild pen not used to upbraid the world," and writers and readers since that time invariably have been charmed by the quietness, gentleness and love for nature, which the old fisherman so vividly portrays in his writings. Charles Lamb, speaking of the book to Coleridge, says: "It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity and simplicity of art; . . . it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianize every angry, discordant passion."

Andrew Lang says: "Walton is really an Elizabethan: he has the quaint freshness, the apparently artless music and the language of the great age. He is a friend of 'country contents': no lover of the town, no keen student of urban ways and mundane men."

Walton had many noted friends, but among them he selected Donne and Wotton for the subjects of his best biographies. There was a time when Izaak himself was a writer of love ditties, but that mood changed and he, speaking of Donne, says:

Love is a flattering mischief, . . . a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers.



The tears of lovers, or beauty dressed in sadness, are observed to have in them a charming sadness, and to become very often too strong to be resisted.

It is not improbable that Walton partook of some of the superstitious spirit of the age, and critics have often charged him with it on the strength of passages in his writings. No extract from his biographies will give a better idea of his style than that in which he relates the famous vision of Dr. Donne in Paris. The divine had left his wife, expecting her confinement:

Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour, and as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him: insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms; this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was, "I cannot be surer that I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you: and I am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished. . . ." And upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

. . . And though it is most certain that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will (like an echo to a trumpet) warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls, and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. . . .

Walton explains the vision as the result of "sympathy of souls," a telepathic communication of which many instances have been related, but is content that every man should form his own opinion of it.

Interesting as his biographies are, however, it is *The Compleat Angler* which is most deserving of literary immortality. The work is not altogether original, and the sources upon which Walton drew have often been brought to public notice, but in spirit it is wholly Waltonian and autobiographical to a marked degree. Izaak was not a naturalist, and his comments upon the life history of the fishes now seem absurd, but he was an ardent disciple of the sport and knew the art of taking, each in the most approved way, the finny denizens from the brooks. *The Compleat Angler* is composed of conversations principally between Piscator (Walton, the fisherman), Venator (the hunter) and other personages who are introduced from time to time. The conversations run over a period of five days and describe in a charming literary manner the habits of the different kinds of fish to be found in the English waters, and the best way of capturing each.

At the beginning, on a fine morning, Piscator, on his way to his favorite stream, meets two men, one going to indulge in his favorite pastime of hawking and the other of following the hounds to capture an otter. An argument as to the superiority of each sport follows, and at the end Piscator has succeeded in convincing the others that his sport is really the finest. But the best way to show what Walton is really like in this delightful book is to let him speak for himself. The extract is taken from *the third day* and is *On the Nature and Breeding of the Trout and How to Fish for Him*:

*Piscator.* The Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the Trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the Pearch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death*.

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the Crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death; but 'tis not so with the Trout; for

after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness, or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will, about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the stream; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the Trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month: and so you may observe, That most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, That till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick, and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and, then, to be lank and thin and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them Sugs, or Trout-lice; which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him, and sucks his moisture; those, I think, the Trout breeds himself: and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and, then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and, there, rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed, that usually the best Trouts are either red or yellow; though some, as the Fordidge Trout, be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female Trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hog back and a little head, to either Trout, Salmon or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season: and as some hollies, or oaks, are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trouts, in rivers, longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of Trouts: but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts; just as pigeons do, in most places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and coppers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trouts especially; which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and color. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens: and, doubtless, there is a kind of small Trout, which will never thrive to be big; that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size: which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when, usually, the noble hawk, or the musical thrassel or blackbird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

*Venator.* Trust me; master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

*Piscator.* Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net. So, Sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labor and your patience?

*Venator.* On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

*Piscator.* Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offense to God or man.

*Venator.* A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

*Piscator.* Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last Trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and, so, walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir: o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming

earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

“I was for that time lifted above earth;  
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.”

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder, they both be a-milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing; and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed; and having

caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

*Milk-woman.* Marry! God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice, in a new-made hay-cock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

*Piscator.* No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

*Milk-woman.* What song was it, I pray? Was it, "Come, Shepherds, deck your herds"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or, "Phillida flouts me"? or, "Chevy Chase"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or, "Troy Town"?

*Piscator.* No, it is none of those; it is a Song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

*Milk-woman.* Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both; and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second when you have done.

#### THE MILK-MAID'S SONG

Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,  
Or woods, and steepy mountains yields;



Where we will sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses ;  
And, then, a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers, lin'd choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs.  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,  
As precious as the gods do eat,  
Shall, on an ivory table, be  
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight, each May morning.  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

*Venator.* Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milk-maid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night : and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, "that she may die in the Spring ; and, being



*From Drawing by Sullivan*

IZAACK WALTON

1593-1683



dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet.”

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;  
Then Philomel becometh dumb;  
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields.  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten:  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,  
Of better meat than's fit for men?  
These are but vain: that's only good  
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed;  
Had joys no date, nor age no need;  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

*Mother.* Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin sing you one short song more. Maudlin! sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

*Maudlin.* I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,  
The more's my unhappy fate:  
I married her for love,  
As my fancy did me move,  
And not for a worldly estate:

But oh! the green sickness  
Soon changed her likeness;  
And all her beauty did fail.

But 'tis not so  
With those that go  
Thro' frost and snow,  
As all men know,  
And carry the milking-pail.

*Piscator.* Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days; and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look! yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

*Hostess.* Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts; and long to see you; and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

IV. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. A demonstration of the fact that an illustrious writer may be beloved, happy and quiet, even in strenuous times, is the life of Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682), an eminent philosophical physician of Norwich. Born in London, he was given an excellent education, which he perfected in

European travel, after which he settled at Norwich as a physician, then married, raised a family of ten children, and gave to his neighbors the example of a delightful domestic life. Although a Royalist, he does not seem to have been disturbed by the political upheavals of his day, but continued writing his books, which, however, gained for him among both Protestants and Catholics the reputation of an atheist.

Three of his works are particularly famous; these are the *Religio Medici* (*The Religion of a Physician*), the treatise on *Vulgar Errors* and the *Urn Burial*. All show his great learning, and are written in his peculiar, stilted, ornate and classical style, marked by a superabundance of words of Latin and Greek origin. The immense popularity of the *Religio Medici* extended throughout Europe, as the book appeared in numerous translations, and brought the author friends and correspondents innumerable. It not only contains his views upon religion, but upon a great variety of philosophical subjects and fanciful questions, besides which it throws quite a light on his own eccentricities. The following extract illustrates the latter point:

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a History, but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common ears like a Fable. For the World, I count it not an Inn, but an Hospital; and a place not to live, but to dye in. The world that I regard is my self; it is the Microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my

Globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and Fortunes, do err in my Altitude; for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us; that mass of Flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind: that surface that tells the Heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any: I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the Ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind: whilst I study to find how I am a Microcosm, or little World, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun. Nature tells me I am the Image of God, as well as Scripture: he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any: *Ruat caelum, fiat voluntas Tua*, salveth all; so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content; and what should Providence add more? Surely this is it we call Happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and realty. There is surely a neerer apprehension of any thing that delights us in our dreams, than in our waked senses: without this I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness: and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this World, and that the conceits of this life are as meer dreams to those of the next; as the Phantasms of the night, to the conceits of

the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the embleme or picture of the other: we are somewhat more than our selves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the Fancies of our sleeps. At my Nativity my Ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius; I was born in the Planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that Leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh my self awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I chuse for my devotions: but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls, a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular Tract *Of Sleep*, hath not, methinks, thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen, though he seem to have corrected it; for those Noctambuloes and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet injoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatick souls do walk about in their own corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the Organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body begins to reason like her self, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for



every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles, therefore, that slew his Soldier in his sleep, was a merciful Executioner: 'tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented: I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to dye daily; a death which Adam dyed before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death: in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the World, and take my farewell in a Colloquy with God.

The treatise on *Vulgar Errors* is even more philosophical than its predecessor. It showed the result of his investigations of a great variety of topics and illustrates very vividly many of the notions which prevailed in the seventeenth century. Among the errors that he proposed to combat are:

That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them; that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder; that an elephant hath no joints; that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him; that moles are blind; that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg; that men weigh heavier dead than alive; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that there was no rainbow before the Flood; that John the Baptist should not die.

He has this to say on the glow-worm:

Wondrous things are promised from the glow-worm; thereof perpetual lights are pretended, and waters said

to be distilled which afford a luster in the night; and this is asserted by Cardan, Albertus, Gaudentinus, Mizaldus, and many more. But hereto we cannot with reason assent; for the light made by this animal, depends upon a living spirit, and seems by some vital irradiation to be actuated into this luster. For when they are dead, they shine not, nor always while they live, but are obscure, or light, according to the diffusion of this spirit, and the protrusion of their luminous parts, as observation will instruct us. For this flammeous light is not over all the body, but only visible on the inward side; in a small white part near the tail. When this is full and seemeth protruded there ariseth a flame of a circular figure, and emerald-green color; which is more discernible in any dark place than by day; but when it falleth and seemeth contracted, the light disappeareth, and the color of that part only remaineth. Now this light, as it appeareth and disappeareth in their life, so doth it go quite out at their death. As we have observed in some, which, preserved in fresh grass, have lived and shined eighteen days; but as they declined, their light grew languid, and at last went out with their lives.

The suggestion for his *Urn Burial* was the discovery at Walsingham of nearly fifty burial urns containing human bones, small brass instruments and fragmentary relics of various kinds. In this theme he found something altogether to his liking:

Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us. Though, if Adam were made out of an extract

of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.

Of oblivion and immortality, he says:

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall

like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable, in such variety of beings and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end.

(all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction) ; which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself ; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration ; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal luster, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus ; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb, than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world, we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves ; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and

Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world, than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination, and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimaeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is

nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocents' church-yard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

V. "HUDIBRAS." It is not often that a satirical poem written on living people will survive, but *Hudibras*, by Samuel Butler (1612-1680), is an example of that rare work. The author, probably the son of a farmer, received a good education under the patronage of friends, and for a number of years served probably in the capacity of tutor in the family of Sir Samuel Luke of Bedford, one of Cromwell's officers, who, it is assumed, possessed all the peculiarities of the Puritans. It has been asserted that in *Hudibras*, Butler personifies the master in whose service he was continually irritated by the narrowness and rigidity of Puritan existence. As a matter of fact, very little is known about Butler or his life, for he was so shy, retiring and embarrassed in the presence of people that he was unable to make his way in public. It is said that he was brought to the attention of Charles II, but so awkward was he, so silent and ill at ease, that the King was disgusted. On the other hand, in the presence of a few intimate friends and perhaps when under the influence of wine, Butler's conversation was sparkling and witty, and he was considered a highly entertaining "good fellow." Some one has described him as

short, thick-set, with high color and a shock of lion-colored hair, but he still remains one of the mysterious figures of literature.

Though he wrote excellent prose, his fame rests entirely upon *Hudibras*, a satire in lively rhyme, with a character not unlike in some respects Don Quixote. Hudibras is a Puritan squire, who with his clerk sets out to reform all the abuses in the world and meets with the most ridiculous adventures, always coming out second best, but never realizing that he has been beaten or losing sight of his hobby.

The poem itself is one of the most quoted in the language and perhaps one of the best of our satires, but it is so full of wit, so monotonous in style, and so crammed with humorous lines filled with rude philosophy that the reader soon tires of its very richness. It is a poem to be tasted, as Bacon says, and so delightful has been the taste to thousands of readers that many of its lines are imbedded in our language and are often used by people who have no idea of the source from which they come. Some of Butler's brief burlesque descriptions are inimitable. For instance, he says of morning:

The sun had long since, in the lap  
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,  
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.

And again of night:

The sun grew low and left the skies,  
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;



The moon pulled off her veil of light,  
That hides her face by day from sight—  
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
That's both her luster and her shade—  
And in the lantern of the night,  
With shining horns hung out her light;  
For darkness is the proper sphere,  
Where all false glories use t' appear.  
The twinkling stars began to muster,  
And glitter with their borrowed luster;  
While sleep the wearied world relieved,  
By counterfeiting death revived.

His object was to cast ridicule on the whole body of English Puritans and disgust the people with them by low and vulgar associations, and in this respect he succeeded admirably, for there was enough basis for sarcasm in their peculiarities to make their intolerance amusing.

The first part of the poem was published in 1663, and its author, then about fifty years of age, was raised at once to the height of popularity. A year later the second part appeared, and fourteen years after that a third part, but even then the poem was not completed, and the verdict of time is that a continuation would not have been received with favor.

Hudibras in love is as funny as Falstaff, and his moralizing on the subject is amusing enough:

For women first were made for men,  
Not men for them: It follows, then,  
That men have right to every one,  
And they no freedom of their own;

And therefore men have power to choose,  
But they no charter to refuse.  
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course  
Soe'er we take to your amours,  
Though by the indirectest way,  
'Tis no injustice nor foul play;  
And that you ought to take that course  
As we take you, for better or worse,  
And gratefully submit to those  
Who you, before another, chose.

It is difficult to make a satisfactory extract from *Hudibras*, but the following description of the hero's personal appearance will probably answer well:

His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
Both of his wisdom and his face;  
In cut and dye so like a tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile;  
The upper part thereof was whey,  
The nether, orange, mixed with gray.  
This hairy meteor did denounce  
The fall of scepters and of crowns;  
With grisly type did represent  
Declining age of government;  
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,  
Its own grave and the state's were made.  
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew  
In time to make a nation rue;  
Though it contributed its own fall,  
To wait upon the public downfall;  
It was monastic, and did grow  
In holy orders by strict vow;  
Of rule as sullen and severe,  
As that of rigid Cordelier;  
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,  
And martyrdom with resolution;  
To oppose itself against the hate

And vengeance of th' incensed state  
In whose defiance it was worn,  
Still ready to be pulled and torn;  
With red-hot irons to be tortured,  
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyred;  
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast  
As long as monarchy should last;  
But when the state should hap to reel,  
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
And fall, as it was consecrate,  
A sacrifice to fall of state;  
Whose thread of life the fatal Sisters  
Did twist together with its whiskers,  
And twine so close, that Time should never,  
In life or death, their fortunes sever;  
But with his rusty sickle mow  
Both down together at a blow. . . .

His doublet was of sturdy buff,  
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;  
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
And had been at the siege of Bullen;  
To old King Harry so well known,  
Some writers held they were his own;  
Though they were lined with many a piece  
Of ammunition, bread and cheese,  
And fat black-puddings, proper food  
For warriors that delight in blood;  
For, as we said, he always chose  
To carry victual in his hose,  
That often tempted rats and mice  
The ammunition to surprise;  
And when he put a hand but in  
The one or t' other magazine,  
They stoutly on defense on 't stood,  
And from the wounded foe drew blood;  
And till th' were stormed and beaten out,  
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt;

And though knights-errant, as some think,  
 Of old, did neither eat nor drink,  
 Because when thorough deserts vast,  
 And regions desolate they passed,  
 Where belly-timber above ground,  
 Or under, was not to be found,  
 Unless they grazed, there's not one word  
 Of their provision on record;  
 Which made some confidently write  
 They had no stomachs but to fight.  
 'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall  
 Round table like a farthingal;  
 On which, with shirt pulled out behind,  
 And eke before, his good knights dined;  
 Though 'twas no table some suppose,  
 But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,  
 In which he carried as much meat  
 As he and all the knights could eat;  
 When laying by their swords and truncheons,  
 They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.  
 But let that pass at present, lest  
 We should forget where we disgressed,  
 As learned authors use, to whom  
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.  
 His puissant sword unto his side,  
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,  
 With basket-hilt that would hold broth,  
 And serve for fight and dinner both;  
 In it he melted lead for bullets  
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,  
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,  
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.  
 The tranchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
 For want of fighting, was grown rusty,  
 And ate into itself, for lack  
 Of somebody to hew and hack:  
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,  
 The rancor of its edge had felt;  
 For of the lower end two handful

It had devoured, 'twas so manful,  
And so much scorned to lurk in case,  
As if it durst not show its face.  
In many desperate attempts  
Of warrants, exponents, contempts,  
It had appeared with courage bolder  
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder:  
Oft had it ta'en possession,  
And prisoners too, or made them run.

    This sword a dagger had, his page,  
That was but little for his age;  
And therefore waited on him so  
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:  
It was a serviceable dudgeon,  
Either for fighting, or for drudging:  
When it had stabbed or broke a head,  
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;  
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were  
To bait a mouse-trap, would not care:  
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth  
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:  
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure,  
But left the trade, as many more  
Have lately done on the same score.

VI. JEREMY TAYLOR. One of the most delightful figures in history is that of Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), the private chaplain of Charles I, who endured the vicissitudes of the Puritan wars and returned to position and influence after the Restoration. He was born of a good family in indigent circumstances, and made his way in life solely by the piety and beauty of his character and the charm of his preaching and writing. "This great prelate," says George Rust, "had the good humor

of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a chancellor, the reason of an angel and the piety of a saint. He had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for a university and wit enough for a college of virtuosi."

Those who knew Taylor well speak of his great humility, his remarkable gifts and unrivaled learning, and tell us that although raised to an eminent position, for he died Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin and a member of the Irish Privy Council, he preserved throughout a courteous and affable demeanor and was ever easy of access. To us, Taylor's style seems over-burdened with figures and abounding too much in the niceties of construction, but through it all the play of his fancy is so brilliant and his thoughts so clean, wholesome and inspiring, that to-day his writings are considered among the finest of the purely religious. Though a controversialist at times, he was one of the most liberal men of his age; he extended to every creed a reasonable consideration and an appreciation that was then unrivaled. At one time, speaking of religious toleration, he uses the following apologue, which he says he found in the books of the Jews:

When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred

years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshiped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

The best among his numerous productions are, perhaps, *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, for which he is most widely known by the general public. Upon the subject of *Marriage* he writes:

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness,

yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys and the pedlers, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the chords of a man's or woman's peevishness. . . .

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation, they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretense can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. . . .

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune,



or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the Hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. . . . It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast; I will only show it, and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

Taylor had an abounding love for nature in all its forms, and his descriptions are full of poetic eloquence. In fact, it is difficult to find any one at that age with whom to compare him, for he had no rivals in prose, and his poetic diction places him nearer to Herbert than to any one else. He has this to say of the *Skylark*:

For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below.

An entirely different example of his writings is found in what he has to say on *The Day of Judgment*:

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehensions of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it

being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened—that, I mean, of the universal deluge of water upon the old world—the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbors of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honor of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall hereafter be born, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptized with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbor's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing-bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow; and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communica-

tion and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Caesar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Nuna's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates: all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude! . . . The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. St. Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder; any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about

them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions; then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents; rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theater of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

VII. RICHARD BAXTER. An account of this epoch would be incomplete without some mention of Richard Baxter (1615–1691), the most

eminent of the Non-Conformist divines. During his life he passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, of which he speaks with perfect freedom: "My faults are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none; I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live." Although he sympathized with many phases of the Puritan Revolution, yet he vigorously opposed Cromwell's assumption of supreme power. Under the Restoration he was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but in the subsequent persecution of the Non-Conformists he was imprisoned and tried by the celebrated and infamous Judge Jeffreys, though it is possible that the accounts of the cruelty with which he was treated have been much exaggerated. When he had been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, it is said that he attempted to speak, when Judge Jeffreys ejaculated: "Richard! Richard! dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy." It was near the close of 1686 when he was liberated from prison, and thereafter his life was peaceful and retired; at his death the popular respect paid his memory was more notable than had ever been seen at a private funeral.

He was a most voluminous writer, about one hundred seventy different treatises having been traced directly to his pen. He is now known chiefly by *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, a book which is still read. We have space only for a brief quotation from Baxter, and have chosen his description of the observance of the Sabbath in his youth:

I cannot forget that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labors of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town-piper, hired by the year, for many years together, and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savor of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen and scarfs, and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

VIII. JOHN BUNYAN. That the profane and dissolute son of a country tinker, with little education and no taste for books, should

become a great preacher is remarkable; that he should have the courage to fight with Cromwell against the King and then possess the endurance to live for twelve years in jail; and that under such surveillance he should be able to write a book more widely read than any other excepting the Bible, is enough to make the man one of the few great characters of a nation.

John Bunyan (1628–1688) was born near Bedford, the son of a tinker or brazier. Of his own boyhood, he says in his autobiography:

For my descent, then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, and of any high-born state, according to the flesh, though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel. But, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame, I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, Eph. ii, 2, 3. It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, 2 Tim. ii, 26, being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, both in my heart and life, that I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and



blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. Also I should, at these years, be greatly troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports, and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, but I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself.

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lusts, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts of the flesh on my poor soul, that, had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but also laid myself open to the stroke

of those days which bring some to disgrace and shame before the face of the world.

From the same source we take this account of his conversion:

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said: "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices. . . .

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion; wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading. . . . Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbors did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners; and, indeed, so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been

most fearful. But, I say, my neighbors were amazed at this my great conversion—from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

Now you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, “How, if one of the bells should fall?” Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if the bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding. So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any further than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, “How, if the steeple itself should fall?” And this thought—it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on—did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing; I was a full year before I could quite leave that.<sup>1</sup> But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in his mercy showed me more of my state by nature.

Bunyan was a soldier in the civil war, and it is probable that he fought on the side of the Parliamentarians. His wife was an excellent woman, who aided in bringing about the conversion of which we have just spoken. Soon thereafter Bunyan began to preach as a Baptist minister, principally in the open air, and quickly became noted for his stirring and convincing eloquence. After the Restoration he fell into disfavor, was arrested, and though his trial was exceedingly liberal for the time, Bunyan was so obstinate in insisting that he would accept of no freedom that did not give him the right of thinking and speaking in perfect independence, that he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the Bedford jail. For twelve years he was nominally imprisoned, but great freedom was allowed him, and he was an elder in the Bedford Baptist church and appointed its pastor in 1672, the date when he was formally pardoned. His trade was that of a brazier, and he practiced it so successfullv

that he always managed to live in comparative comfort.

While in prison he wrote a number of tracts, bearing such names as *Sighs from Hell*, *The Holy City* and *Grace Abounding*; but his great work, written during this time, was *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the greatest allegory in the English language. In 1684 appeared the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, but four years before *The Death of Mr. Badman*, an allegorical novel, had been given to the public.

Bunyan is described as follows: "He was tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip; his hair reddish, but in his later days time had sprinkled it with gray; his nose well-set, but not declining or bending; his mouth moderate large, his forehead something high, his habit always plain and modest." Although his constitution was naturally robust, his health was injured by his confinement in jail, and his death came about as the result of a charitable visit intended to reconcile a son with his father. While on his way, he was drenched to the skin, and, after an illness of ten days, died uttering as his last words: "Take me, for I come to Thee."

From his lack of early education and his disinclination to read, Bunyan's writings are naturally devoid of the classicism of his age and were merely the natural expression of virile thought dressed figuratively and fancifully.

Though subject to criticism from a purely literary standpoint, it is probable that no single book, with the exception of the Bible, has ever done more to preserve among the people the purity of the English language than has *The Pilgrim’s Progress*. Of Bunyan as a writer, H. A. Taine has said:

Bunyan has the freedom, the tone, the ease, and the clearness of Homer. He is as close to Homer as an Anabaptist tinker could be to an heroic singer, a creator of gods. I err; he is nearer: before the sentiment of the sublime, inequalities are leveled. The depth of emotion raises peasant and poet to the same eminence; and here, also, allegory stands the peasant instead. It alone, in the absence of ecstasy, can paint heaven; for it does not pretend to paint it. Expressing it by a figure, it declares it invisible as a glowing sun at which we cannot look full, and whose image we observe in a mirror or a stream. The ineffable world thus retains all its mystery. Warned by the allegory, we imagine splendors beyond all which it presents to us.

IX. “THE PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.” The allegorical characters of *Pilgrim’s Progress* are painted so truly by Bunyan’s vivid imagination that they become real flesh and blood. It is evident from the vitality of these characters and the nervous vigor of his style that the great preacher’s message came from his heart, that he was writing of the terrible anxiety and the awful soul crises through which he had passed in his own stormy career.

The man Christian, the chief character, is Bunyan himself, who finds himself burdened with the pack of his sins. In the fields he

meets a man named Evangelist, who advises him to flee from the City of Destruction and points to a far-off light, which will guide him to the Wicket Gate whence his journey must begin. His neighbors consider him mad when he turns his back on the world and sets off. Obstinate and Pliable endeavor to persuade him to return, but the practical common-sense of the former produces no effect, and Pliable offers to go with Christian. On the way to the Wicket Gate they fall into a miry slough, from which with difficulty they escape. Pliable, already discouraged, scrambles out on the side nearest to his own house and goes home, while Christian, struggling manfully, is lifted out by Help and continues his journey, bowed down by the weight of the burden on his back.

Mr. Worldly Wiseman, who lives in the town of Carnal Policy, advises him to forget his sin, alter his life and try to do better. In a neighboring village called Morality will be found Mr. Legality, who will either take off his burden or direct his pretty young son, Mr. Civility, to do so. Christian escapes these temptations, is admitted through the Wicket Gate and directed forward, but is warned that there are many crooked and devious ways, and only the right one is straight and narrow. The longer Pilgrim walks, the sorer grow his feet and the more temptation, the offspring of his lower nature, in ever new disguise, seeks to trip him up. At intervals, however, there are

quiet resting places, where his mind can get strength and encouragement from a sense of the progress which it has made. The first of these is *The Interpreter’s House*:

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his Journey. So the other told him, That by that he was gone some distance from the Gate, he would come at the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock, and he would show him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his Friend, and he again bid him God speed.

Then he went on till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over; at last one came to the door, and asked Who was there?

*Chr.* Sir, here is a Traveler, who was bid by an acquaintance of the good man of this house to call here for my profit; I would therefore speak with the Master of the house. So he called for the Master of the house, who after a little time came to Christian, and asked him what he would have?

*Chr.* Sir, said Christian, I am a man that am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to the Mount Zion; and I was told by the Man that stands at the Gate, at the head of this way, that if I called here, you would show me excellent things, such as would be a help to me in my Journey.

*Inter.* Then said the Interpreter, Come in, I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the Candle, and bid Christian follow him: so he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door; the which when he had done, Christian saw the Picture of a very grave Person hang up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lifted up to Heaven, the best of Books in his hand, the Law of Truth was written upon his lips, the World was behind his back. It stood as if it pleaded with men, and a Crown of Gold did hang over his head.

*Chr.* Then said Christian, What means this?



*Inter.* The Man whose Picture this is, is one of a thousand; he can beget children, travel in birth with children, and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lift up to Heaven, the best of Books in his hand, and the Law of Truth writ on his lips, it is to show thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men; and whereas thou seest the World as cast behind him, and that a Crown hangs over his head, that is to show thee that slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have Glory for his reward. Now, said the Interpreter, I have showed thee this Picture first, because the Man whose Picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going hath authorized to be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way: wherefore take good heed to what I have showed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen, lest in thy Journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large Parlor that was full of dust, because never swept; the which after he had reviewed a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that Christian had almost therewith been choaked. Then said the Interpreter to a Damsel that stood by, Bring hither the Water, and sprinkle the Room; the which when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

*Chr.* Then said Christian, What means this?

*Inter.* The Interpreter answered, This parlor is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet Grace of the Gospel: the dust is his Original Sin and inward Corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the Law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now,

whereas thou sawest that so soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did so fly about; that the Room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choaked therewith; this is to show thee, that the Law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, even as it doth discover and forbid it, for it doth not give power to subdue.

Again, as thou sawest the Damsel sprinkle the room with Water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the Gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then I say, even as thou sawest the Damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with Water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it, and consequently fit for the King of Glory to inhabit.

I saw moreover in my Dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little Children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontent; but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, What is the reason of the discontent of Passion? The Interpreter answered, The Governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year; but he will have all now; but Patience is willing to wait.

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of Treasure, and poured it down at his feet, the which he took up and rejoiced therein; and withal, laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but Rags.

*Chr.* Then said Christian to the Interpreter, Expound this matter more fully to me.

*Inter.* So he said, These two Lads are figures: Passion, of the men of this world; and Patience, of the men of that which is to come; for as here thou seest, Passion

will have all now this year, that is to say, in this world; so are the men of this world: they must have all their good things now, they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, *A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*, is of more authority with them than are all the Divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but Rags; so will it be with all such men at the end of this world.

*Chr.* Then said Christian, Now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts. 1. Because he stays for the best things. 2. And also because he will have the Glory of his, when the other has nothing but Rags.

*Inter.* Nay, you may add another, to wit, the glory of the next world will never wear out; but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience, because he had his good things first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion, because he had his best things last; for first must give place to last, because last must have his time to come: but last gives place to nothing; for there is not another to succeed. He therefore that hath his portion first, must needs have a time to spend it; but he that hath his portion last, must have it lastingly; therefore it is said of Dives, In thy Lifetime thou receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented.

*Chr.* Then I perceive 'tis not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

*Inter.* You say truth: For the things which are seen are Temporal; but the things that are not seen are Eternal. But though this be so, yet since things present and our fleshly appetite are such near neighbors one to another; and, again, because things to come and carnal sense are such strangers one to another; therefore it is that the first of these so suddenly fall into amity, and that distance is so continued between the second.

Then I saw in my dream that the *Interpreter* took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a Fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much Water upon it, to quench it; yet did the Fire burn higher and hotter.

Then said Christian, What means this?

The *Interpreter* answered, This Fire is the work of Grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts Water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the Devil; but in that thou seest the Fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that. So he had him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a Vessel of Oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the Fire.

Then said Christian, What means this?

The *Interpreter* answered, This is Christ, who continually, with the Oil of his Grace, maintains the work already begun in the heart: by the means of which, notwithstanding what the Devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still. And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the Fire, that is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of Grace is maintained in the soul.

I saw also that the *Interpreter* took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was builded a stately Palace, beautiful to behold: at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted: He saw also upon the top thereof, certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, May we go in thither?

Then the *Interpreter* took him, and led him up toward the door of the Palace; and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a Book and his Inkhorn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein; He saw also, that in the door-way stood many men in armor to keep it, being resolved to do the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could.

Now was Christian somewhat in a maze. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, Set down my name, Sir: the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his Sword, and put an Helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the Palace, at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the Palace, saying,

Come in, Come in;  
Eternal Glory thou shalt win.

So he went in, and was cloathed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled, and said, I think verily I know the meaning of this.

But the long journey must be continued with fear and trembling. Simple, Sloth and Presumption attempt to divert him: the Hill of Difficulty opposes him, and Formalist and Hypocrisy choose easy ways and disappear. However, Pilgrim reaches the Palace Beautiful on the top of the Hill of Difficulty, and there the ladies, Discretion, Prudence, Piety and Charity, having heard his story, take him to the roof, where he sees far off the outlines of the Delectable Mountains. Then they equip him for the dangers which lie next before him, and he goes into the Valley of Humiliation and passes thence through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

We have not space to trace his whole career, and it is so familiar to modern readers that even extracts seem unnecessary. However, we will close with one more long quotation called *The Land of Beulah—The Fords of the River—At Home:*

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims got over the Enchanted Ground; and, entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually “the singing of birds,” and saw every day “the flowers” appear in the earth, and heard “the voice of the turtle” in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the Bride and the Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, “as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them.” Here they had no want of corn and wine: for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices, saying, “Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!” (Isaiah 62:11–12). Here all the inhabitants of the country called them “the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,” etc.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the City they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was built

of pearls and precious stones; also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the City, and the reflection of the sun-beams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick. Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease. Wherefore here they lay by it awhile, crying out because of their pangs, "If ye see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love."

But, being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens; and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way: to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's and are planted here for his own delights, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties: he also showed them there the King's walks and the arbors, where he delighted to be: and here they tarried and slept.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time, than ever they did in all their journey: and being in a muse thereabouts, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards "to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak."

So I saw that when they awoke they addressed themselves to go up to the City. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the City (for the City was pure gold), was so extremely glorious that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw, that as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, and what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met in the way; and they

told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the City.

Christian then and his companion asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would; but, said they, You must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream, that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw that between them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them, said, You must go through or you cannot come at the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate. To which they answered, Yes; but there hath not any, save two—to wit, Enoch and Elijah—been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world; nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then (especially Christian) began to despond, and looked this way and that, but could find no way by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of the same depth? They said no; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, “I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all the waves go over me. Selah.”

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon him. Also here he in a great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of



any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spoke still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heartfears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for, ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had so much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavor to comfort him saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us. But Christian would answer, It is you, it is you they wait for; for you have been hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah, brother (said he) surely if I was right He would now arise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." These troubles and distresses that you go through are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added these words, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh, I see him again! and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as

a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; thus they got over.

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river they saluted them, saying, “We are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.” Thus they went along towards the gate.

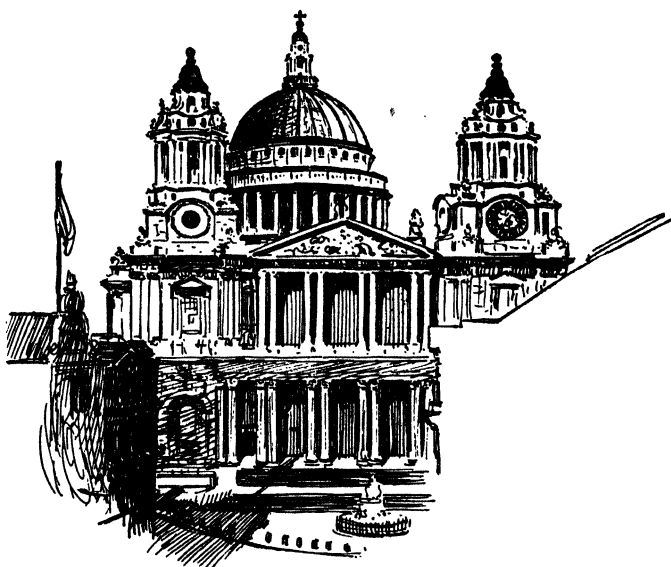
Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is “Mount Zion the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, the spirits of just men made perfect.” You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower regions of the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, and death; for the former things are passed away. You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac and Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath “taken away from the evil to come,” and that are now “resting upon their beds, each one

walking in his uprightness." The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One: for there you "shall see him as he is." There also you shall serve him constantly with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you: and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with the sound of trumpet, in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you shall also have a voice in that judgment, because they are his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him.



BUDE CLIFFS



## CHAPTER XIV

### THE PURITAN PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

JOHN MILTON

**H**IS LIFE. Macaulay speaks of "John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and martyr of English liberty."

Milton was a man of medium size, well proportioned, with features perfectly regular and symmetrical, and in early life had an abundant growth of light brown hair. Skillful and courageous when the demand was made upon him, he was nevertheless so refined and delicate in manner that without implying any un-

due effeminacy his college mates knew him as the "Lady of Christ's College" (Cambridge).

John Milton, the son of John and Sara Milton, was born in The Shop of the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, Cheapside, London, December 9, 1608. He had an older sister Anne and a younger brother Christopher, and the family lived in comfortable circumstances, for the elder John was a scrivener and money-lender and had amassed a comfortable fortune. His son John was so promising that he was given in charge of an excellent private tutor, and later attended one of the best preparatory schools. At the university Milton disagreed with the authorities, and it is said that for a time he was rusticated, but his offense, whatever it was, did not impeach his morality or his studiousness. Of himself he says, "From my twelfth year I scarcely ever went to bed before midnight, which was the first cause of injury to my eyes." He remained at Christ's College for seven years, after which he retired to Horton, a small village in Buckinghamshire, where his father was then living. Intended for the Church, Milton early showed so remarkable a talent for poetry that he decided to give himself up entirely to literature, and during the five years of his residence at Horton he produced three of his matchless lyrics and his famous masque.

In 1638 he went to the continent, pursued his studies in Italy, made the acquaintance of Galileo, then an aged prisoner of the Inquisi-

tion, examined the treasures of the Vatican Library, and was entertained by many of the distinguished personages of Italy. A year later he returned to England, and for nine years taught his two nephews and the sons of some of his intimate friends.

Milton was an ardent Puritan, and found himself embroiled in the turmoil of the Revolution. Realizing that his cause needed a writer to defend it, he threw himself into the "troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," and one after another in rapid succession he produced strong political pamphlets answering the arguments of the Royalists and defending vigorously the Puritan doctrines. *Church Government*, *Divorce and Defense of the English People* were some of his score of notable treatises, though *Education* and the *Areopagitica*, or *A Defense of Unlicensed Printing*, alone have survived and retained to the present time their position in English prose.

When Milton was thirty-four years of age he married Mary Powell, a girl of eighteen, and his unhappy existence with this wife brought about his pamphlet on *Divorce*, which gained him the enmity of the Presbyterians. Bearing in mind that Milton spent twenty of the most vigorous years of his life in this political pamphleteering will aid in forming an idea of the magnitude of the man's genius. Though long since forgotten by the public, his writings during this strenuous epoch are filled with inflammatory zeal, calculated to

stir the passions of his readers; pregnant with the spirit of liberty but too partisan to be of genuine assistance even to his own cause.

After the death of Charles I, Milton was appointed to a minor public office, in which his chief labors consisted of the translation of the dispatches of foreign governments, though he still continued to answer the pamphlets which from time to time appeared from Royalist pens. His too strenuous labors caused him the loss of sight in one of his eyes, and although the doctors warned him that to continue such excessive labor meant total blindness, Milton persisted in his work, and in 1652 he lost his sight completely; from that time on he was in reality "the blind poet." The same year his wife died, leaving him three young daughters. Four years later Milton married Katherine Woodcock, who bore him one child that died in infancy and who herself passed away fifteen months after the marriage. To her memory he wrote one of his most touching sonnets:

Methought I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
Mine, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint  
Purification in the old law did save,  
And such as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;  
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,  
Love, goodness, sweetness, in her person shined  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.







But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

In 1663 he was married for the third time, and this time very happily.

With the fall of the Commonwealth, Milton's very life was imperiled, and he concealed himself until the Act of Indemnity made it safe for him again to appear in public. His books had been burned by the public hangman, and after his appearance he was subjected to arrest, though soon released without a trial.

In 1658, in his fiftieth year, he finally settled down in earnest on the wondrous epic, which was published nine years later. It is a striking commentary on the times to say that for this most famous of English productions the author received the magnificent sum of fifty dollars.

For many years Milton had been a sufferer from the gout, and in 1674 he died in his house in Artillery Walk, leaving a wife and three daughters to inherit his small fortune of about five thousand dollars. At the time of his death, his children, whom he had called "undutiful and unkind," were living apart from their father, and their signatures upon the documents which acknowledged the gifts made to them by Milton's wife show that Ann, the oldest, could not write, Mary, the second, was able to trace the letters of her name only in the rudest manner and misspelled her name Milton, and that only the youngest, Deborah, could write distinctly.

Milton's character was pure and lofty, thoroughly in keeping with the high ideals he had of the profession to which he devoted himself, and in this he was merely carrying out the devout spirit of his life, which said to him that only the perfect man could write perfect poetry. In Milton's darkest days he made the following pathetic defense of himself:

They charge me with poverty, because I have never desired to become rich dishonestly; they accuse me of blindness, because I have lost my eyes in the service of liberty; they tax me with cowardice, and while I had the use of my eyes and my sword I never feared the boldest among them; finally, I am upbraided with deformity, while none was more handsome in the age of beauty. I do not even complain of my want of sight; in the night with which I am surrounded the light of the Divine Presence shines with a more brilliant luster.

His position in literature has long been fixed and unassailable. His own contemporaries appreciated his genius, and succeeding critics have merely confirmed his rank. Dryden, in his oft-quoted lines, placed the blind poet in the niche which he seems destined to fill for all time:

Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,  
The next in majesty, in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she joined the other two.

Ralph Waldo Emerson speaks of the profound influence exerted by Milton and his writings as follows:

Leaving out of view the pretensions of our contemporaries (always an incalculable influence), we think no man can be named whose mind still acts on the cultivated intellect of England and America with an energy comparable to that of Milton. Shakespeare is a voice merely; who he was that sang, that sings, we know not. Milton stands erect, commanding, still visible as a man among men, and reads the laws of the moral sentiment to the newborn race.

II. HIS WORKS. Milton's position in the world and in literature is unique. Under Charles I he wrote his great lyrics, which are not only the best that were written in a time when lyric poets flourished, but which are matchless in English; during the Commonwealth he was the greatest pamphleteer and prose writer of the Puritan sect; and lastly, after the Restoration, when infirm, blind and unpopular, he composed the great epic which still stands without a rival in the English tongue. In any one of the epochs which we have mentioned, he accomplished enough to give his name a permanent place in literature. In the year in which Oliver Cromwell made his first speech in Parliament, Milton obtained his bachelor's degree at Cambridge and wrote his exquisite *Ode on the Nativity*. During the five years of his residence at Horton he composed *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus* and *Lycidas*, sufficient to have made him famous for all time. It may be interesting in this connection to reproduce his beautiful sonnet on his twenty-third birthday in the form in which it appears in the original manuscript:

How soone hath Time the suttile theefe of Youth  
 Stolne on his wing my three & twentieth yeere  
 my hasting days fly on w<sup>th</sup> full careere  
 but my late spring no bud or blossome shew'th  
 Perhapps my semblance might deceave y<sup>e</sup> truth  
 that I to manhood am arriv'd so neere  
 & inward ripenesse doth much lesse appeare  
 that some more tymely-happie spirits indu'th  
 Yet be it lesse or more, or soone or slow  
 it shall be still in strictest measure even  
 to that same lot however meane or high  
 toward w<sup>th</sup> Tyme leads me, & the will of heaven  
 all is if I have grace to use it so  
 as ever in my great task-maisters eye

While Milton's blindness did not interfere with the development of his poetic genius, he was, nevertheless, affected by it, as we may see from the exquisite sonnet written on that subject:

When I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, less he returning, chide;  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur soon replies "God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

Although Milton had long cherished the idea of a great epic, it was only after his retirement during the Restoration that he was able to give

it the thought and attention so vast a subject needed. When he chose *Paradise Lost* as his theme, he took the most sublime topic which the mind of man can conceive, for its theme is the fall of man and his redemption through Christ. Begun in the year that Cromwell died, it was not finished until the year of the great plague in London and not published until two years later—the same year in which Dryden published his *Annus Mirabilis*. *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, his latest work, were published in 1671, three years before the poet's death. Such important and so varied works cannot be considered successfully together or in the brief space allowed us in this section. A much better method and one fully justified by their high rank in English is to study each by itself.

III. “ODE ON THE NATIVITY.” Milton was just twenty-one years of age when he wrote the *Hymn on the Nativity*, which has been variously criticized because of its affected conceits and incongruous and muddy style in places. These, however, seem like youthful peculiarities of a great writer and do not ruin what Hallam calls “perhaps the finest poem in the English language.” Of Stanzas IV to VII Landor says: “They are the noblest piece of lyric poetry in any modern language,” but he adds, “The remainder is here and there marred by the fetid mood of the Italian.” In its learning it foreshadows the future work of Milton. As one critic has said: “We have the same

learning, full, for the classical scholar, of far-reaching suggestion; the same elevation and inspired enthusiasm of tone; above all, the same absolute grandeur of style." It is a melodious lyric full of fire and beauty, but lacking in that extreme purity of style which characterized Milton's later writings.

There are four introductory seven-line stanzas such as Chaucer used in *The Canterbury Tales*. Then follows the hymn proper, consisting of twenty-seven stanzas. The first seven are as follows:

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child  
    All meanly wrapp'd in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in awe to him  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
    With her great Master so to sympathize:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
    To hide her guilty front with innocent snow  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
    The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;  
    She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
    With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;

And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high uphung,  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began.  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence,  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow  
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need :  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.



Among those that remain, the faultless nineteenth stanza produces the most harmonious and imposing effect:

The oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

IV. "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENNEROSO." The two poems are so closely related that to be fully appreciated they must be studied together. They are in Milton's best lyrical style, are finished and polished to the highest degree of excellence, and their remarkable parallelism can be traced with exactitude. The form of each, the adaptation of rhythm to sense, and, more than all else, the elegant diction, leave no room for criticism. Clear-cut, sparkling gems of expression are to be found in almost every line. "Fresh-blown roses washed in dew," "dappled dawn," "meadow trim with daisies pied," "arched walks of twilight groves" are but a few of the perfect expressions that show how close he was to nature and how sensitive to every variation of her moods. Scores of such phrases, fashioned in the very refinement of art, charm the reader with their perfection. Macaulay has written:

It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of

perfection. These poems differ from others as ottar of roses differs from ordinary rose water—the close-packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are, indeed, not so much poems as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a canto.

T. B. Shaw says:

The tone of each is admirably sustained; the personality of the poet appears in the calm cheerfulness of the one as well as in the tranquil meditateness of the other. His joy is without frivolity; his pensive thoughtfulness without gloom. But no analysis can do justice to the bold yet delicate lines in which these two great lyrics present various aspects of nature—beautiful, sublime, smiling, or terrible. They are inexhaustibly suggestive to the thoughtful reader, and they have been justly pronounced not so much poems as stores of imagery, from which volumes of picturesque description might be drawn. Written in the seclusion of his home in Horton, they are fancies about mirth and melancholy; they are poems of theory, not of observation. They show us how a man who knew neither mirth nor melancholy would personify them. They are intellectual studies of emotion—not the irrepressible utterances of emotion.

While the two idyls breathe the very spirit of nature, it is evident that Milton was not a shrewd or accurate observer, and that he never had the widest view of natural phenomena. He was a poet, and he idealized everything that he touched, but both lyrics are instinct with the very life of the field and convey to the reader the joy of country life.

In Italian *L’Allegro* means *the cheerful man*, and *Il Penneroso*, *the thoughtful, the pensive, man*, but in construing the poems we should

consider them to typify not two individuals, but the different moods of the same person. The two poems follow:

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus<sup>1</sup> and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian<sup>2</sup> cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings:  
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian<sup>3</sup> desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven yclep'd<sup>4</sup> Euphrosyne,<sup>5</sup>  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;  
Whom lovely Venus,<sup>6</sup> at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:  
Or whether, as some sager sing,  
The frolick wind, that breathes the spring

<sup>1</sup>At the entrance to the lower world the Greeks placed Cerberus, a fierce dog with three heads and with the tail of a serpent. He was friendly to spirits entering but hostile to any trying to pass from the realms of Pluto.

<sup>2</sup>Styx, one of the rivers that bounded Hades. The gods sealed their oaths by it.

<sup>3</sup>The Cimmerian country was the home of the Celts in northern Europe, supposed by the ancients to be a land of eternal mists and darkness. The god of sleep dwelt in a cave near this country.

<sup>4</sup>Yclep'd—Named.

<sup>5</sup>Euphrosyne.—One of the three Graces. Spenser describes their office thus:

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow  
Which deck the body or adorn the mind,  
To make them lovely or well-favored show;  
As comely carriage, entertainment kind,  
Sweet semblance, friendly offices that bind,  
And all the compliments of courtesy;  
They teach us how to each degree and kind  
We should ourselves demean, to low, to high,  
To friends, to foes; which skill men call civility.

<sup>6</sup>Goddess of love and beauty. The Graces were her attendants.

Zephyr,<sup>7</sup> with Aurora<sup>8</sup> playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying;  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash’d in dew,  
 Fill’d her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful jollity,  
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe’s<sup>9</sup> cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it, as you go,  
 On the light fantastick toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And; if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreproved pleasures free;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing, startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine:  
 While the cock, with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin;  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before:  
 Oft list’ning how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumb’ring morn,

<sup>7</sup> Zephyrus was the west wind.

<sup>8</sup> Aurora, the beautiful goddess of the dawn.

<sup>9</sup> Hebe, daughter of Jupiter and Juno, goddess of youth, and cup-bearer to the gods.

From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
Some time walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
While the plowman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his sithe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landskip round it measures ;  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure<sup>10</sup> of neighboring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon<sup>11</sup> and Thyrsis, met,  
Are at their savory dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

<sup>10</sup> A star in the constellation of the Little Bear. A pole star, an object of attraction.

<sup>11</sup> Corydon, Thyrsis and Thestylis are shepherd lads, and Phillis a lass in Vergil's pastoral poems.

Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks<sup>12</sup> sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holyday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail:  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How faery Mab the junkets ate:  
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she sed;  
 And he, by frair's lantern<sup>13</sup> led,  
 Tells how the drudging goblin swet,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flae had thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-laborers could not end:  
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen<sup>14</sup> oft appear

<sup>12</sup> Rebecks are rude fiddles.

<sup>13</sup> The will-o'-the-wisp, a dancing ball of fire often seen over marshes, was called the friar's lantern.

<sup>14</sup> Hymen, god of marriage, represented in primitive plays in the costume Milton mentions.

In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask,<sup>15</sup> and antique pageantry;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's<sup>16</sup> learned sock be on;  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,<sup>17</sup>  
Married to immortal verse;  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;  
That Orpheus<sup>18</sup> self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian<sup>19</sup> flowers, and hear  
Such strains, as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto,<sup>20</sup> to have quite set free  
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

<sup>15</sup> A mask was a play where the characters wore masks—an early form of the drama.

<sup>16</sup> Ben Jonson was then alive. This was a delicate compliment to the successful dramatist. The sock was a low-heeled shoe worn by ancient comedians.

<sup>17</sup> Sensuous music.

<sup>18</sup> Orpheus, the famous musician of Grecian mythology. His wife Eurydice was bitten by a snake and died. Orpheus, grieving at his loss, went to the lower world and by his music charmed Pluto, who consented to the return of the woman, providing Orpheus would not look back till she had reached the upper world. He was unable to keep his promise and she was snatched from him.

<sup>19</sup> Elysium, the fabled abode of the souls of virtuous mortals, a happy land, not tried by sun, nor cold, nor rain, but filled with flowers and numberless beauties.

<sup>20</sup> Pluto, sovereign of the lower world and the shades of the dead. Mortals calling on him beat the ground with their hands and averting their faces, sacrificed black sheep to him.

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys, \*  
 The brood of Folly without father bred !  
 How little you bested,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams ;  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus’<sup>2</sup> train.  
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O’erlaid with black, staid Wisdom’s hue ;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon’s<sup>3</sup> sister might beseem,  
 Or that starr’d Ethiop<sup>4</sup> queen that strove  
 To set her beauty’s praise above  
 The sea-nymphs’, and their powers offended :  
 Yet thou art higher far descended :  
 Thee bright-hair’d Vesta,<sup>5</sup> long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn<sup>6</sup> bore ;  
 His daughter she ; in Saturn’s reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain :  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida’s<sup>7</sup> inmost grove,  
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bested, are of use.

<sup>2</sup> Morpheus, the Greek god of dreams.

<sup>3</sup> Memnon, the handsome King of Ethiopia, killed by Achilles in the Trojan War.

<sup>4</sup> Cassiopeia, wife of a king of Ethiopia, was changed into the constellation that still bears her name.

<sup>5</sup> Vesta, the goddess of home and the fireside.

<sup>6</sup> Saturn, an Italian diety. Dethroned by Jupiter, he fled to Italy, where he ruled during the golden age.

<sup>7</sup> The wooded mountains near Troy. Birthplace of Jove.

<sup>8</sup> Jove or Jupiter, chief of Grecian deities.



Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait;  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:  
But first and chiefest with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel<sup>9</sup> will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia<sup>10</sup> checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon

<sup>9</sup> The nightingale.

<sup>10</sup> Cynthia is the moon; Diana, the huntress.

Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way;  
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-water'd shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar:  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,<sup>11</sup>  
 With thrice-great Hermes,<sup>12</sup> or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato,<sup>13</sup> to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd pall<sup>14</sup> come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine;<sup>15</sup>

<sup>11</sup> A constellation that in this latitude is never below the horizon during the night.

<sup>12</sup> Hermes, an ancient Egyptian philosopher. Little is known of him but his almost mythical doctrines.

<sup>13</sup> Plato (429-347 B. C.), Greek philosopher, whose works are the grandest record left by the ancients. They compose a system of philosophy as high in its conception as any known.

<sup>14</sup> In kingly robe.

<sup>15</sup> An allusion to the plays of the Greek dramatists.

Or what, though rare, of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.<sup>16</sup>

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musaeus<sup>17</sup> from his bower!  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what love did seek!  
Or call up him<sup>18</sup> that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;<sup>19</sup>  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,<sup>20</sup>  
On which the Tartar king did ride:  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys, and of trophies hung;  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.<sup>21</sup>

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not trick'd and frowned as she was wont  
With the Attic boy<sup>22</sup> to hunt,  
But kercheft in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.

<sup>16</sup> Ennobled by the art of Shakespeare.

<sup>17</sup> Musaeus, a fabled poet, the son of Orpheus.

<sup>18</sup> Chaucer. He left unfinished "The Squire's Tale" in which these characters figure.

<sup>19</sup> The ring enabled her to understand the language of birds and to know the medical value of all herbs. The glass, or mirror, told whether the people on whom she set her affections would prove true or false.

<sup>20</sup> A wonderful horse which would in a day transport the rider wherever he wished to go.

<sup>21</sup> Spenser in his "Faerie Queene" makes his characters represent the virtues.

<sup>22</sup> Cephalus, the Greek hunter beloved by Aurora.

And, when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan<sup>23</sup> loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,  
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their lallow’d haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day’s garish eye,  
 While the bee with honied thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feather’d sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious Dream  
 Wave at his wings in aery stream  
 Of lively portraiture display’d,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid:  
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
 And love the high-embowed roof,  
 With antic pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light:  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced quire below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,

<sup>23</sup> Sylvan, god of the woods.

The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

V. "LYCIDAS." Edward King, a promising young man with some talent for versification, was a fellow-student of Milton. In 1637, while crossing to Ireland, King, then a tutor and fellow in the college, was lost in shipwreck. The same year a small volume of memorial verse was published at Cambridge, and among other elegies was included the *Lycidas* of Milton, though there is nothing to indicate that the poet had been particularly intimate with King. Adopting the pastoral style then common in poetry, Milton bewailed the loss of his friend in what may appear a somewhat artificial manner, yet the exquisite poem remains one of the most perfect elegies in our language. Mark Pattison says: "This piece, unmatched in the whole range of English poetry and never again to be equaled by Milton himself, leaves criticism behind. Indeed, so high is the poetic note here reached that the common ear fails to catch it." Gilfillan is equally enthusiastic: "To say that *Lycidas* is beautiful is to say that a star or a rose is beautiful. Conceive the finest and purest graces of the pagan mythology, culled and mingled with modest yet daring hand among the roses of Sharon and the

lilies of the valley—conceive the waters of Castalia sprinkled on the flowers which grow in the garden of God—and you have a faint conception of what *Lycidas* means to do.”

This monody, written near the end of the first period of Milton's work, when he was still a cavalier and adherent of the King, shows some premonition of the coming change. Though the poet still retains some of the freedom and picturesqueness of his early style, yet already the fanaticism of the Covenanter begins to appear. In versification and rhyme scheme there is a remarkable variety, but everything is handled with such skill that a unique charm is given to the whole. Writing of this peculiarity, Masson says:

Then the interlinking and intertwining of the rhymes, sometimes in pairs, sometimes in threes, or even in fives, and at all varieties of intervals, from that of the contiguous couplet to that of an unobserved chime or stanza of some length, are positive perfection. Occasionally, too, there is a line that does not rhyme; and in every such case, though the rhyme is not missed by the reader's ear, in so much music is the line embedded, yet a delicate artistic reason may be detected or fancied for its formal absence.

LYCIDAS<sup>1</sup>

Yet once more,<sup>2</sup> O ye Laurels,<sup>3</sup> and once more,  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,

<sup>1</sup>Lycidas is a name originally meaning purity. It is borne by a shepherd in one of Bion's idyls and in an eclogue by Vergil.

<sup>2</sup>Milton had decided to await the maturity of his powers before writing more, but the death of his friend urges him to take up the pen.

<sup>3</sup>The laurel was the meed for poetic victory; the myrtle symbolized peace and was held by each singer in turn at a Greek banquet; the ivy, significant of friendship, was twined about the brow of the poet. Milton, seizing these, would sing once more.

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,<sup>4</sup>  
 And with forc'd fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear<sup>5</sup>  
 Compels<sup>6</sup> me to disturb your season due;  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,<sup>7</sup>  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.<sup>8</sup>  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter<sup>9</sup> to the parching wind  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.<sup>10</sup>

Begin then, Sisters of the Sacred Well,<sup>11</sup>  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence<sup>12</sup> with denial vain and coy excuse;  
 So may some gentle Muse<sup>13</sup>  
 With lucky words favor my destin'd urn,<sup>14</sup>  
 And, as he passes, turn  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.<sup>15</sup>

For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,<sup>16</sup>  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,  
 We drove afield, and both together heard

<sup>4</sup>His own poetic powers are not of the highest, in his own estimation.

<sup>5</sup>The death of his friend is dear to him, that is, touches him closely.

<sup>6</sup>Singular form of the verb, to show close union of subjects.

<sup>7</sup>King was twenty-five years old. Note also the expression, "young swain," used later.

<sup>8</sup>King had written a few verses.

<sup>9</sup>To be tossed about by the wind.

<sup>10</sup>Mournful songs have been called the tears of the Muses.

<sup>11</sup>The Nine Muses had their birth near the Pierian spring in a grove near the foot of Mount Olympus. There were other wells sacred to the Muses. "Begin then," is in imitation of the classic laments.

<sup>12</sup>Away with.

<sup>13</sup>Poet, inspired by Muse.

<sup>14</sup>My grave.

<sup>15</sup>Black coffin. Milton hopes some poet may favor him with an elegy.

<sup>16</sup>Attended the same college, Christ's College, Cambridge. None of this is to be considered literally.

What time the gray-fly<sup>17</sup> winds her sultry horn,  
 Batt'ning<sup>18</sup> our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright<sup>19</sup>  
 Towards Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering<sup>20</sup>  
     wheel,  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute,<sup>21</sup>  
 Rough Satyrs<sup>22</sup> danc'd and Fauns<sup>23</sup> with clov'n heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
 And old Damoetas<sup>24</sup> lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding<sup>25</sup> vine o'er-grown  
 And all their echoes mourn.  
 The willows and the hazel copses green  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker<sup>26</sup> to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm<sup>27</sup> to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear  
 When first the white thorn<sup>28</sup> blows:  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>17</sup> The trumpet-fly hums loudly during midday.

<sup>18</sup> Feeding.

<sup>19</sup> Possibly Hesperus, the evening star.

<sup>20</sup> Westward-going.

<sup>21</sup> In pastoral poetry the shepherds always pipe on an oaten flute.

<sup>22</sup> Greek deities of woods and fields whose hoofs and horns and short, bristling hair did not improve their appearance. Pan was the chief of these and he it was who invented the shepherd's pipe and played upon it in masterly manner.

<sup>23</sup> Male divinities of Latin mythology like the satyrs. It has been thought that the allusion is to the Cambridge students.

<sup>24</sup> A common name in pastoral poetry. The allusion is probably to a tutor in Christ's College.

<sup>25</sup> Straggling.

<sup>26</sup> A worm that destroys the leaves and blossoms.

<sup>27</sup> A parasite especially destructive to sheep, or a small red spider erroneously believed by the country folk to be a deadly poison to horses and cattle.

<sup>28</sup> Hawthorn, a shrub allied to our thornapple.

<sup>29</sup> This stanza is the most personal expression of loss in the entire poem.



Where were ye, Nymphs,<sup>30</sup> when the remorseless deep  
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep<sup>31</sup>  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids,<sup>32</sup> lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona<sup>33</sup> high,  
 Nor yet where Deva<sup>34</sup> spreads her wizard stream.

Ay me! I fondly dream!  
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,<sup>35</sup>  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal Nature did lament,  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?<sup>36</sup>

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted shepherds' trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?<sup>37</sup>  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's<sup>38</sup> hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear<sup>39</sup> spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

<sup>30</sup>The female companions of Pan and his partners in the dance. The allusion to them is in conformity to the classic models Milton is following.

<sup>31</sup>Probably the high hills in Denbighshire which are known as burial places of the Druids.

<sup>32</sup>Priests of an early English faith, the ruins of whose rustic temples still exist.

<sup>33</sup>The isle of Anglesea was a fastness of the Druids.

<sup>34</sup>The river Dee. On its banks is Chester, the place from which King sailed. Many legends connected with it give it the right to the title "wizard stream."

<sup>35</sup>This was Calliope, the mother of Orpheus.

<sup>36</sup>In their orgies the Thracian women tore Orpheus in pieces. His head was thrown into the Hebrus River, down which it floated singing and was finally cast ashore on the island of Lesbos.

<sup>37</sup>Of what use is it to ply the poet's art? The great English poets have passed away and Milton with his high ideals is discouraged.

<sup>38</sup>Were it not better to spend one's life in pleasure and idleness than to try to accomplish fame in poetry? Amaryllis and Neaera are names in the Greek idyls.

<sup>39</sup>Noble.

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind fury<sup>40</sup> with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. “But not the praise,<sup>41</sup>”  
Phoebus<sup>42</sup> repli’d, and touch’d my trembling ears;<sup>43</sup>  
“Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil<sup>44</sup>  
Set off to th’ world, nor in broad Rumor lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;<sup>45</sup>  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in Heav’n expect thy meed.”

O fountain Arethuse,<sup>46</sup> and thou honor’d flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius,<sup>47</sup> crown’d with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;  
But now my oat proceeds,<sup>48</sup>  
And listens to the herald of the sea<sup>49</sup>  
That come in Neptune’s plea.<sup>50</sup>  
He ask’d the waves, and ask’d the felon winds  
What hard mishap hath doom’d this gentle swain?  
And question’d every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked promontory;  
They knew not of his story,  
And sage Hippotades<sup>51</sup> their answer brings:

<sup>40</sup>The three Fates presided over human destiny. One spun the thread of life in which the dark and the light were mingled; another twisted the thread and made it now strong, now weak; the third, Atropos, armed with shears, cut the thread and closed the life. The Furies were avenging deities whom Milton seems to have confused with the Fates.

<sup>41</sup>But Fate can not destroy the praise that is due a man.

<sup>42</sup>Apollo, most glorious of the gods, who presided over music, poetry and the fine arts.

<sup>43</sup>To touch the ears was to prompt the memory. The allusion is to classic lines, for Vergil says: “When I thought to sing of kings and battles, Apollo touched my ear.”

<sup>44</sup>Nor in the tinsel by which the world sets off her jewels.

<sup>45</sup>The chief divinity of the Latins.

<sup>46</sup>The poet returns to his pastoral model. Arethuse, a fountain near Syracuse, sacred to the pastoral muse, is here personified.

<sup>47</sup>A river tributary to the Po, honored in being the birthplace of Vergil.

<sup>48</sup>I resume my song.

<sup>49</sup>Triton, the son of Neptune, half man and half fish.

<sup>50</sup>Neptune, the god of the sea. Triton came in defense of Neptune who was not responsible for the death of King and catechised his witnesses.

<sup>51</sup>Aeolus, the god of the winds.

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters<sup>52</sup> play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
 Built in th' eclipse,<sup>53</sup> and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.<sup>54</sup>

Next Camus,<sup>55</sup> reverend sire, went footing slow,<sup>56</sup>  
 His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge<sup>57</sup>  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.<sup>58</sup>  
 "Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"  
 Last come, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;<sup>59</sup>  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);  
 He shook his miter'd locks,<sup>60</sup> and stern bespake:  
 "How well could I have spar'd for thee, young Swain,  
 Enow<sup>61</sup> of such as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?<sup>62</sup>  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

<sup>52</sup> The Nereids, nymphs of the sea.

<sup>53</sup> Proverbially an unlucky time.

<sup>54</sup> Triton concludes that the ship sank in calm waters through no fault of the gods.

<sup>55</sup> Personification of the river Cam on which the college was located; hence the University.

<sup>56</sup> The Cam is a very slow river.

<sup>57</sup> Masson says: "The mantle is as if made of 'river sponge,' which floats copiously in the Cam; the bonnet of the 'river sedge,' distinguished by vague marks traced somehow over the middle of the leaves, and serrated at the edge of the leaves."

<sup>58</sup> The hyacinth. Hyacinth was slain and from his blood sprang the flower.

<sup>59</sup> St. Peter. He is represented in art as carrying two keys and the crossed keys are still the Pope's insignia. King was educated for the Church, hence the grief of St. Peter.

<sup>60</sup> St. Peter was the first bishop of the Church and so wore the miter. Here follows another digression in which Milton rails against the Established Church as it then was governed. This is his first expression of sympathy with the Puritan Church.

<sup>61</sup> Enough.

<sup>62</sup> Those ministers who enter the Church for the living to be obtained. Notice Biblical allusion in "climb into the fold." John 10:1.

Blind mouths!<sup>68</sup> that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A sheep-hook,<sup>64</sup> or have learn'd ought else the least  
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
What recks it them?<sup>65</sup> What need they? they are sped;<sup>66</sup>  
And when they list<sup>67</sup> their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel<sup>68</sup> pipes of wretched straw;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly,<sup>69</sup> and foul contagion spread;  
Besides what the grim wolf<sup>70</sup> with privy<sup>71</sup> paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;  
But that two-handed engine<sup>72</sup> at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,<sup>73</sup>  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain<sup>74</sup> to th' oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
He touch'd the tender stops<sup>75</sup> of various quills,<sup>76</sup>  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;<sup>77</sup>  
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,<sup>78</sup>  
And now was dropt into the western bay;

<sup>68</sup> These men are mouths and nothing else.

<sup>64</sup> They are ignorant men scarce knowing how to hold a shepherd's crook. The metaphor is a little mixed.

<sup>65</sup> What do they care?

<sup>66</sup> They are provided for.

<sup>67</sup> Wish.

<sup>68</sup> Screechy. Thin. Milton's own word.

<sup>69</sup> Their souls decay.

<sup>70</sup> Possibly the Catholic Church to which many were returning at that time.

<sup>71</sup> Secret.

<sup>72</sup> This is not clear. Milton may have meant the sword of justice, but the general idea of the two lines is that retribution is at hand for this corruption of the Church. The prophecy proved a true one.

<sup>73</sup> The presiding deity of the shore, caring for all that navigate the ocean.

<sup>74</sup> Rude or uncultivated or, as some commentators think, unknown.

<sup>75</sup> Of his instrument.

<sup>76</sup> Used in playing the lyre.

<sup>77</sup> Many pastorals were written in the Doric dialect.

<sup>78</sup> The evening sun had lengthened the shadows.

At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;<sup>79</sup>  
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.<sup>80</sup>

VI. "COMUS." *Comus* was written about three years before *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and like most of the masques, was composed to celebrate a special occasion, in this instance the appointment of John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, to be Lord President of Wales. Henry Lawes, a distinguished musician of that time, had been engaged by Egerton to furnish the entertainment, and he applied to Milton to furnish the lines, for which Lawes proposed to compose music. The resultant masque was performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634. Mr. Lawes, the Earl of Bridgewater, and his three children took part. We have no account of the success or failure of the performance, but there was such a demand for Milton's work that in 1634 Lawes published it, though not then under the title *Comus* and without Milton's name as author. In fact, it was not until eight years after that Milton admitted the authorship.

The material of *Comus* was not original with Milton. We have already pointed out that in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* the story appears, and we know that the character of Comus was borrowed from an old Latin extravaganza and that Sabrina came from *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher. However, Milton's work was in no sense a plagiarism, but stands for

<sup>79</sup>Drew about him his blue mantle such as shepherds wear.

<sup>80</sup>The last eight lines form an epilogue and of course the allusion is to Milton himself.

itself in originality of execution, in beauty, in music of the lyrics, in majesty and dignity of thought and in the moral application. The theme is the triumph of a virtuous mind over sensual indulgence, and Milton presents it with a grandeur rarely equaled. It is too long to give in this connection, but the epilogue of the masque, spoken by the Spirit, who in the prologue gave some account of the purpose of the story, is worth quoting by itself:

*Spirit.* To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where Day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky.  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree.  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;  
 The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours  
 Thither all their bounties bring.  
 There eternal summer dwells,  
 And west winds with musky wing  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew—  
 List, mortals, if your ears be true!—  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground

Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd  
 Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranc'd  
 After her wandering labors long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue ; she alone is free.  
 She can teach ye how to climb  
 Higher than the sphery chime ;  
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

.VII. MILTON'S PROSE. Milton's prose, though clear and vigorous, is rather ornate for modern taste and lacks something of smoothness, but he was a devout student of Latin and the very things which appear to us as faults were considered by him and his followers as most excellent traits. Lord Macaulay has said: "It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read . . . . They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. Their style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery."

Besides *The Tractate of Education*, which still has its interest for teachers, very little of Milton's prose reaches the public. Passages from his *Areopagitica*, the unsuccessful plea for freedom of the press, still have a historic interest, and it is from that source that we take an extract to illustrate Milton's prose style:

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal



and sift essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness: which was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser—whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus and Aquinas—describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of

human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason? . . .

I lastly proceed, from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church-revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity, to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferulaz to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions,

his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. . . .

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; when I have sat among their learned men—for that honor I had—and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy

otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means. . . .

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do, injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise men to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures," early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out

his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

VIII. "SAMSON AGONISTES." In the same year that *Paradise Regained* was published appeared *Samson Agonistes*, Milton's last great poem and one that ranks well with his others in sublimity and beauty. Its theme is the old Bible story of Samson, who, a captive, blind and imprisoned at Gaza, laboring as in a common work-house, on a festival day comes out into the open air, where in a retired spot he may sit and bemoan his condition:

A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,  
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw  
The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends—  
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works. Unwillingly this rest

Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave  
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
 This unfrequented place, to find some ease—  
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm  
 Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone  
 But rush upon me thronging, and present  
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
 Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
 Twice by an Angel, who at last, in sight  
 Of both my parents, all in flames ascended  
 From off the altar where an offering burned,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His godlike presence, and from some great act  
 Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?  
 Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Designed for great exploits, if I must die  
 Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,  
 To grind in brazen fetters under task  
 With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,  
 Put to the labor of a beast, debased  
 Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver!  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
 Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.  
 Yet stay; let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine prediction. What if all foretold  
 Had been fulfilled but through mine own default?  
 Whom have I to complain of but myself,  
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
 In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
 O'ercome with importunity and tears?  
 O impotence of mind in body strong!  
 But what is strength without a double share

Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace! I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know.  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries—  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail. But, chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I must complain!  
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me:  
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own—  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day!  
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,  
“Let there be light, and light was over all,”  
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?  
The Sun to me is dark  
And silent as the Moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,

She all in every part, why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quenched,  
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
 That she might look at will through every pore?  
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death,  
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable!  
 Myself my sepulcher, a moving grave;  
 Buried, yet not exempt,  
 By privilege of death and burial,  
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
 The tread of many feet steering this way;  
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult—  
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Certain friends and equals of his tribe, composing the chorus, visit him and seek to comfort him. His old father, Manoa, joins his sympathy to that of the others and explains that he intends to procure Samson's liberty by ransom. That this day should be celebrated by the Philistines because of their victory over Samson is another source of trouble to him, but after Manoa has gone to seek his son's freedom from the Philistine rulers, other friends visit the blind Hebrew. At last a public officer requires Samson to come before the lords and people and entertain them by feats of strength. At first he refuses absolutely, but finally, per-



suaded that the invitation comes, in fact, from God, he goes along with the officer on the latter's second appearance. The chorus remains unseen, and Manoa enters, filled with hope that he shall soon secure the freedom of his son. The conclusion of the dramatic poem is as follows:

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love;  
In both which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds, and . . . O, what noise!

Mercy of Heaven! what hideous noise was that?  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

*Chor.* Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
As if the whole inhabitation perished?  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,  
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.  
O! it continues; they have slain my son.

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry  
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be.  
What shall we do—stay here, or run and see?

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest, running thither,  
We unawares run into danger's mouth.  
This evil on the Philistines is fallen:  
From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way?

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible

For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

*Man.* He can, I know, but doubt to think he will ;  
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding—  
An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

*Messenger.* O, whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason, though disturbed and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concerned.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee  
With rueful cry ; yet what it was we hear not.  
No preface needs ; thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth ; but I recover breath,  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum ; the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands ; but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

*Man.* Sad ! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess.* Feed on that first ; there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah ! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon,  
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture ; speak them out.

*Mess.* Then take the worst in brief : Samson is dead.

*Man.* The worst indeed ! O, all my hopes defeated

To free him hence ! but Death, who sets all free,  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceived,  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost !  
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first  
How died he ; death to life is crown or shame.  
All by him fell, thou say'st ; by whom fell he ?

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound ?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter, then, or how ? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence ! What cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes ?

*Mess.* Inevitable cause—

At once both to destroy and be destroyed.  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself !

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know ; but, while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city ;  
And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,  
When all abroad was rumored that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.  
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious theater,  
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,

With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and  
wine,

When to their sports they turned. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad: before him pipes  
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards;  
Both horse and foot before him and behind,  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
Came to the place; and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be essayed,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed  
All with incredible, stupendous force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length, for intermission sake, they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),  
As over-tired, to let him lean a while  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,  
And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—  
“Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed  
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld;  
Now, of my own accord, such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength yet greater

As with amaze shall strike all who behold.''  
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed;  
As with the force of winds and waters pent  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder  
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably  
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;  
The vulgar only scaped, who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!  
Living or dying thou hast fulfilled  
The work for which thou wast foretold  
To Israel, and now liest victorious  
Among thy slain self-killed;  
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
Of dire Necessity, whose law in death conjoined  
Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more  
Than all thy life had slain before.

*Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sublime.  
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine  
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
Before our living Dread, who dwells  
In Silo, his bright sanctuary,  
Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,  
Who hurt their minds,  
And urged them on with mad desire  
To call in haste for their destroyer.  
They, only set on sport and play,  
Unweetingly importuned  
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
So fond are mortal men,  
Fallen into wrath divine,

As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

*Semichor.* But he, though blind of sight,  
 Despised, and thought extinguished quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl, but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
 So Virtue, given for lost,  
 Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,  
 Like that self-begotten bird,  
 In the Arabian woods embost,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb how teemed,  
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deemed;  
 And, though her body die, her fame survives,  
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

*Man.* Come, come; no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finished  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully revenged—hath left them years of mourning  
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel  
 Honor hath left and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;  
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was feared,  
 But favoring and assisting to the end.  
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,

Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Soaked in his enemies' blood, and from the stream  
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off  
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,  
With silent obsequy and funeral train,  
Home to his father's house. There will I build him  
A monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valor and adventures high;  
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,  
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent.  
His servants he, with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event,  
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,  
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

IX. "PARADISE LOST" AND "PARADISE RE-  
GAINED." There is something inexpressibly

pathetic in the thought of Milton, blind and friendless, after having watched the passing away of his beloved Commonwealth, dictating that great epic which placed him “third among the sons of light.” There is little apparent affinity between the Milton of the Restoration and the lyric poet of the times of Charles I. Now his genius is wholly epical, his thoughts all turned to the one great theme, and his style virile and perfected. Milton’s theology and the dogmatic teachings with which his great epic abound, his heavy style, with its wealth of classical allusion, all combine to make *Paradise Lost* difficult reading for even educated people of the present day. Yet, there is something about the epic which keeps it alive and retains for it an interest even in those who are unable to appreciate or even understand it in full. Like the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid* and the *Divine Comedy*, its reputation is secure and enduring, but its popularity is decidedly on the wane in these days when so much entertaining reading matter is so easily accessible.

Personally, Milton felt that he wrote from a direct inspiration; but the source of his popularity and the secret of the virility of his great poem is his delightful use of imagery and the indescribable charm of his versification. It is the continuous and delightful music of his lines, never monotonous, ever fresh, that delights every one who can read with ear properly attuned. The epic has twelve books, from which it is difficult to make satisfactory ex-



tracts, not only because of the multitude of quotable passages, but also because of the intimate relationships which exist between the parts. Nor does it seem worth while to give an epitome of the several books, though a bare outline of the course of the epic may be needed for comparison with corresponding works in other languages.

Satan and his angels, lying on the burning lake, confer of their miserable fall, when the former comforts his followers with the hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them of a new world and a new creature to be created. It is proposed to attempt to recover heaven, and to search for proof of the prophecy concerning another world peopled by creatures equal or not much inferior to themselves. Satan undertakes the journey and obtains a sight of the new world.

God sees him flying toward this world and points him out to His Son, foretelling the success of Satan in perverting mankind, yet declares His own purpose of grace and final redemption. Man has offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead and therefore must die, unless some one be found to answer for his offense. This the Son of God freely offers to do, and the Father accepts. Meanwhile, Satan has reached the earth, found the Garden of Eden, and has begun upon the bold enterprise which he has undertaken against both God and man. Then follows the detection by the angel Gabriel of Satan while he is tempting Eve, as

yet only in her dreams, and God sends Raphael to admonish Adam of his danger. Adam and Eve are entertained in Paradise by the story of Satan, his fall, and the effect upon the human race. Raphael, at the request of Adam, also tells why the earth was first created and what observances were held in celebration. Adam, anxious to detain Raphael, asks him many questions, and finally relates to him what he can remember since his own creation—his being placed in Paradise, his meeting and marriage with Eve, and all the great events of his brief existence. After renewing the admonition, Raphael departs and leaves our first parents again alone.

In the meantime, Satan, having compassed the earth, returns as a mist by night and again enters into the serpent. Eve desires of Adam to separate their work that they may continue it apart, and after some persuasion Adam yields. This gives the serpent the opportunity of speaking to her alone, and by his specious wiles he takes her to the Tree of Knowledge and induces her to eat of the fruit thereof. Adam knows that Eve is lost, for he realizes the certainty of the punishment for disobedience, but, bound up in his love for her, he eats also of the fruit, and, discovering their nakedness and realizing their fall, the twain fall into contention.

When man's transgression becomes known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise and return to heaven, but are pardoned, as God de-

clares the entrance of Satan could not have been prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors and the latter descends, gives sentence, and re-ascends. Sin and Death, who up till this time have sat within the gates of hell, learn of the success of Satan in the new world, and, having resolved to follow him to earth, meet him on his return. When he boasts of his success against man, he receives instead of applause a general hiss by all his audience, who, like himself, have been suddenly transformed into serpents in pursuance of the threat made in Paradise. When the vision of the Tree of Knowledge appears before them and they reach out to taste its fruit, they find their mouths filled only with dust and ashes.

God foretells the final victory of His Son, but Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, bemoans his fate. Eve tries to comfort him by advising rebellion against the injustice of God, but he, fearing the curse that God has placed against his offspring, exhorts her to seek peace by repentance and supplication. Their prayers are presented to his Father by the Son of God, and God accepts them, but declares that Adam and Eve must be driven out of Paradise after the future had been revealed to him. Having seen in a vision all that should happen until the time of the flood and having been told what shall come thereafter, Adam learns of the incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, and is so satisfied and comforted by these

facts and promises that he descends the hill with his interpreter, the angel Michael, wakens Eve, and leaves Paradise with the fiery sword waving above its gates.

From the fourth book is taken *Satan's Address to the Sun*:

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king.  
 Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?  
 How due!—yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,  
 I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe;  
 Forgetful what from him I still received;  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged: what burden then?  
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised  
 Ambition! Yet why not?—some other power  
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,

Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations armed.  
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?  
Thou hadst : whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,  
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?  
Be then his love accursed ; since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe :  
Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable !—which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
Oh, then at last relent : is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?  
None left but my submission ; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The Omnipotent. Aye me ! they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of hell.  
With diadem and scepter high advanced,  
The lower still I fall ; only supreme  
In misery : such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain  
By act of grace my former state ; how soon  
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep ;  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear

Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my Punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
 Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell fear;  
 Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;  
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least  
 Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
 As man ere long and this new world shall know.

The Garden of Eden is thus described in  
 Book Four:

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thickest overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access denied; and overhead upgrew  
 Insuperable heighth of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,  
 Shade above shade, a woody theater  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:  
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighboring round.  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
 Appeared, with gay enameled colors mixed;  
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
 When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed  
 That landscape; and of pure, now purer air

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambique, oft at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest; with such delay  
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,  
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

When Adam and Eve come forth after her  
first troublesome dream, they sing the *Morning  
Hymn in Paradise*:

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of light,  
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven;  
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest,  
 With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies;  
 And ye five other wandering Fires, that move  
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
 His praise who out of Darkness called up Light.  
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the World's great Author rise;  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,  
 That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if *I* be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail universal Lord! Be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and, if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

From the same book is taken this description  
 of *Evening in Paradise*:

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;



Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.  
She all night long her amorous descant sung:  
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;  
When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort, the hour  
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set  
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,  
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines  
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labor, to reform  
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.  
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:—  
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey. So God ordains:  
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
 All seasons, and their change; all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on  
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:  
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun  
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
 Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,  
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?”

To whom our general ancestor replied:—  
 “Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,  
 Those have their course to finish round the Earth  
 By morrow evening, and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministering light prepared, they set and rise; .  
 Lest total Darkness should by night regain  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things; which these soft fires  
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the Sun’s more potent ray.  
 These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
 Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,  
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth

Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night. How often, from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
On to their blissful bower. It was a place  
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed  
All things to Man's delightful use. The roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic; under foot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Brodered the ground, more colored than with stone  
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,  
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;  
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower  
More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph  
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
Espoused Eve decked her first nuptial bed,  
And heavenly choirs the hymenaeal sung,  
What day the genial Angel to our sire  
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,  
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods  
Endowed with all their gifts; and, Oh! too like  
In sad event, when, to the unwiser son

Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,  
Both turned, and under open sky adored  
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heaven,  
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry Pole:—"Thou also madest the Night,  
Maker Omnipotent; and thou the Day,  
Which we, in our appointed work employed,  
Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place,  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promised from us two a race  
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

As a final extract we may take the description of the expulsion from Paradise from Books Eleven and Twelve:

He added not; for Adam at the news  
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discovered soon the place of her retire!

"O unexpected stroke; worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!

Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:  
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:  
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes  
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,  
To Michael thus his humble words addressed:

"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named  
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides  
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes; all places else  
Inhospitable appear and desolate,  
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all 'things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries:  
But prayer against his absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,  
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived

His blessed countenance; here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appeared; under this tree  
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice  
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talked:  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of luster from the brook, in memory,  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled  
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.” . . .

Now, too nigh

The Archangel stood, and from the other hill  
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,  
 The cherubim descended; on the ground,  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river o’er the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the laborer’s heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,  
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed  
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapor as the Libyan air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat,  
 In either hand the hastening Angel caught  
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.  
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate  
 With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:  
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon.  
 The world was all before them, where to choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:  
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

*Paradise Regained*, in length less than one quarter that of *Paradise Lost*, is divided into four books. There is in a way so much of similarity between this later poem and the great epic that the latter has never been popular and is now rarely read. Its contents are sufficiently indicated by the title.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL



## CHAPTER XV

### THE AGE OF THE RESTORATION 1660-1702

**F**RENCH INFLUENCE. From the time of Chaucer up to the Restoration of Charles II in 1660 the dominant influence on English literature was Italian, and the debt of English writers to the Italian classics cannot well be overestimated. The accession of Charles, however, marked a great change not only in manners and customs of living but in the very literature of the English race. It was the time when France was reaching the height of its glory under the Grand Monarch. One has but to turn to the age of Louis XIV in French literature and glance at the names of Moliere, Racine, Corneille in the drama; of Fenelon and Bossuet in philosophy and pulpit oratory, and of La Fontaine in *belles lettres* to see how



vital a force the French writers had become. Charles and many of his courtiers had lived in France and had imbibed to a certain extent French taste, which they carried home to their own court.

French influence soon became paramount, and it is said that during the first forty years of the Restoration more French words were incorporated into the English language than during the next century and a half. The introduction of words, however, was but one phase of the new influence. Form of expression became of greater importance, the classic spirit began to prevail and finally came to be the ruling idea, just as it did in France and elsewhere. Nature ceased to be an inspiration, and the riotous spirit of former times was subdued by the bonds of formalism.

The moral effect of the Restoration was immediately evident, and in reaction from Puritan narrowness and harshness literature was tainted by the licentiousness of the new court. No subject was too sacred for obscene jests, virtue was scoffed at, and the drama became so vile that the writers who pandered to the taste of the court have been lost in a well-deserved oblivion. True, Milton composed his greatest poems and Bunyan wrote his finest allegories after Charles II came to the throne, but they were Puritans surviving in an unwholesome and unfriendly age. In spite of them the heart went out of literature, and true feeling ceased to exist. Readers sought enjoy-



*Photo: Ewing Galloway. From Painting*

CHARLES II  
1630-1685



ment in the purely intellectual, while such books as *Hudibras* met with an unwonted popularity.

Out of this mêlée of vice grew, however, a great literature, in which French classicism prevailed for more than eighty years, or to the death of Alexander Pope in 1744. The first forty-two years, to the accession of Queen Anne, is known usually as the Age of the Restoration, and is the subject of this chapter.

II. SAMUEL PEPYS. The most intimate and painstaking account of affairs during the first ten years of the Restoration is the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys (1633–1703), the son of a London tailor. Samuel received a good education at Cambridge, and having entered public life under favorable auspices, rose rapidly, achieved a wide knowledge of naval affairs, and rose to prominence in conducting them. He made the first entry in his *Diary* on the first of January, 1660, and continued to write until the end of May, 1669. Intended solely for his own gratification, it finally found its way into a collection of manuscripts bequeathed to Magdalen College and remained in that institution until it was discovered and made public in part in 1825. The *Diary* is a literary document only because of its influence and human interest, as it was jotted down hastily with no regard to style or even the completion of sentences, but it shows vividly the character of the writer and depicts with great skill an infinity of detail concerning the life of the court,

of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last to bring up [Dymock] the King's champion, all in armor on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims, "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion that would fight with him;" and with these words, the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lord's table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give me four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the twenty-four violins.

About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years; which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavored to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided.

At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, other I did not. Here we stayed upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks,

but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King Street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe Yard, in which at the farther end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another: which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the winecellar to the King) to his home; and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well.

Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Serjt. Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this: he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night in King Street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a fire-brand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

Mr. Pepys records his domestic difficulties as freely as affairs of state:

May 11, 1667.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12. (Lord's day.)—Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwig-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a piece of boeuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and

in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6s.

III. EVELYN. John Evelyn (1620–1706), a gentleman of comfortable fortune, a writer on agricultural subjects and an authority on gardening, has left us a diary, first published in 1818, which has added materially to the historical knowledge of his day and which is extremely interesting in itself. His point of view is always different from that of Pepys, but his observations may be considered equally keen. The subjoined account of the Great Fire in London is somewhat condensed, but is given in the original spelling:

1666. 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames, near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night—if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill—for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward—and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so



astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publick halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Maty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts—for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse—and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three day's consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7th. I went this morning on foot fm Whitehall with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church, St. Paules, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico—for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late king—now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massic Portland stone flew off, even to ye very rooffe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted rooffe falling broken into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines

of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapor continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploing their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now that they had ben

the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Matys proclamation also invited them.

IV. LOCKE AND NEWTON. Some one has remarked that to account for the influence of John Locke upon modern philosophy it would be necessary to write the history of philosophy from his time until the present day. While his work is in some respects antiquated, its powerful influence on subsequent thinkers and the reappearance of his principles in the writings of Addison, Hume and scores of others have established his unquestionable right to leadership among the world's great thinkers. The absolute freedom of the individual in religious thought, which has become established among the rights of mankind, was one of the chief principles for which he argued, and his inquiries into the "limits of human understanding" defined the character of thinking and the extent of our abilities in thought.

Born in 1623, Locke was educated at the Westminster School and at Christ Church, Oxford, in which institution he became a tutor in Greek and philosophy. Dissatisfied with the scholasticism of the leaders in college, he became interested in his own inquiries and began the practice of medicine, but during the summer of 1666 he met Lord Ashley, afterwards the first Earl of Shaftesbury, and later became his confidential secretary. For fifteen years his fortunes were wrapped up in those of his chief, whose rise and fall seriously affected the life of his secretary. While Shaftesbury was in power Locke rose to prominence, but in 1675, when the Earl lost his influence, Locke was compelled to find refuge in Paris, where for four years he devoted himself to study and writing. When Shaftesbury again obtained ascendancy, Locke returned to London, but, although he was not engaged in the political plots of his leader, he was the object of suspicion and in 1683 withdrew to Holland, then the refuge of those not allowed freedom of thought in their own country. Five years later he returned to England and remained there with varying fortunes until the time of his death.

His *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* originated in 1670 at a meeting of friends who were discussing the principles of morality and theology, but the work was not published until 1690. In 1693 he published *Thoughts on Education*, which consisted of extracts from a

series of letters he had written from Holland concerning the education of his son. It is still a work of study and reference in educational circles. *The Reasonableness of Christianity* and *Toleration* are among the most noted of his other works. In 1704 he became conscious of increasing weakness and recognized his approaching end. As he said, "The dissolution of the cottage is not far off," and in the autumn of that year he died peacefully in the arms of Lady Masham, who had been a daughter to him for many years.

This is not the place for extended extracts from his writings, but the following paragraph from his *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* will give an idea of the learned prose of that epoch:

To those who are willing to get rid of this great hindrance of knowledge—for to such only I write—to those who would shake off this great and dangerous impostor Prejudice, who dresses up falsehood in the likeness of truth, and so dexterously hoodwinks men's minds, as to keep them in the dark, with a belief that they are more in the light than any that do not see with their eyes, I shall offer this one mark whereby prejudice may be known. He that is strongly of any opinion, must suppose—unless he be self-condemned—that his persuasion is built upon good grounds, and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forces him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclinations or fancy, that make him so confident and positive in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion, if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prej-

udice governs him? And it is not evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof? If his opinion be settled upon a firm foundation, if the arguments that support it, and have obtained his assent, be clear, good, and convincing, why should he be shy to have it tried whether they be proof or not? He whose assent goes beyond his evidence, owes this excess of his adherence only to prejudice, and does, in effect, own it when he refuses to hear what is offered against it; declaring thereby, that it is not evidence he seeks, but the quiet enjoyment of the opinion he is fond of, with a forward condemnation of all that may stand in opposition to it, unheard and unexamined.

The greatest English scientist, and without doubt one of the world's greatest natural philosophers, was Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727), the posthumous son of a farmer. Having finished his schooling at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was in 1672 elected Fellow of the Royal Society because of studies which resulted in the invention of the binomial theorem and other methods of computation that have since become basic in mathematics. In 1666 he evolved the law of universal gravitation, and from that time on he published a series of discoveries and principles in mathematics and astronomy which revolutionized both sciences and made him the greatest authority in the world. Outside of mathematics, however, he had wide interests, both in theological subjects and the ancient prophecies. In 1703 he became president of the Royal Society and



was annually reëlected until the year of his death. In 1705 he was knighted by Queen Anne, and through the later years of his life he enjoyed the friendship of the wise men not only of England but throughout Europe. While no account of English literature would be complete without the mention of Sir Isaac Newton, his writings are so technical and his greatest discoveries and inventions so familiar that it would be unwise to include any account of them in a work of this character.

V. JOHN DRYDEN. The representative literary figure of the age of the Restoration is John Dryden, who perhaps may be ranked next below the great poets, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. It was largely the fault of the age in which he lived that Dryden was not greater than he was, for he was seriously affected by the low ideals that encircled him, and found himself continually catering to the unwholesome tastes of his compeers. "I confess," he said, "my chief endeavors are to delight the age in which I live. If the humor of this be for low comedy, small accidents and raillery, I will force my genius to obey it." At times, however, his genius revolted from these low standards, and his lyric muse reached heights attained by few. His dramas, numerous as they are and popular in their time, have sunk into deserved forgetfulness, but his didactic satires are still recognized as among the best in the language, and his prose criticism is in many respects fully up to modern standards.

John Dryden, born in 1631, was descended on both sides from old-established English families whose leanings were against the monarchy and toward Puritanism. John himself, after attending village schools, was enrolled at Westminster, then in charge of the famous Doctor Busby. Later he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and as early as 1649 produced a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, an effort which secured publication, although its crudities and commonplaceness were no credit even to a young man. In college he was rebellious and so severely punished that he held a lifelong grudge against his *alma mater*. The first evidence of talent as a versifier was manifested in his *Heroic Stanzas* on the death of Oliver Cromwell, but only a year later, with a complete change of front, we find him writing *Astraea Redux* "on the happy restoration and return of his sacred majesty, Charles II." Once again in the course of his life there was a complete revolution in his ideas, for, though of Puritan descent and later on quite satisfied with the Church of England, he abandoned it, entered the Church of Rome, and remained in that faith till his death.

For many years Dryden's life was that of a quiet literary man, though in those strenuous days he could not well escape being thrown into politics, particularly after his marriage to Lady Elizabeth Howard, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, who appears to have been of no assistance to her husband and was

undoubtedly not an intellectual companion for him. He became obnoxious to Rochester, and that shameless nobleman in 1680 hired a band of ruffians to beat the poet scandalously with cudgels. From that time on Dryden seems never to have been very prosperous. His revenues failed, he lost his position as poet laureate and found himself at the age of fifty-seven obliged practically to begin his career anew.

As a playwright he had been a success, if popularity is the criterion, and his translation of Vergil had alone brought him upwards of six thousand dollars, a very high price at that time. Within the twelve months following 1680 he published four great didactic satires, of which *Absalom and Achitophel* was the first. *Alexander's Feast*, his noblest ode, was written in 1697, after which his health began to fail. Having neglected his feet in an attack of the gout, he died in April, 1700, after a short but very distressing illness. Two weeks later he was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer.

During his later years he presided over the brilliant gatherings at Will's coffee-house in London, with a grace and ability that prevented any one from questioning his right to pose as the literary dictator of the day. His friend Congreve, the dramatist, has given us the following appreciation of the great poet:

Mr. Dryden had personal qualities to challenge both love and esteem from all who were truly acquainted with

him. He was of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. Such a temperament is the only solid foundation of all moral virtues and sociable endowments. His friendship, when he professed it, went much beyond his professions, though his hereditary income was little more than a bare competency. As his reading had been extensive, so was he very happy in a memory tenacious of everything he read. He was not more possessed of knowledge than communicative of it, but then his communication of it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation; but just such, and went so far, as by the natural turn of the discourse in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer who thought fit to consult him, and felt as ready and patient to admit of the reprehension of others in respect of his own oversight or mistakes. He was of very easy, I may say of very pleasing, access, but somewhat slow, and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others. He had something in his nature that abhorred intrusion into any society whatever: indeed, it is to be regretted that he was rather blamable in the other extreme; for by that means he was personally less known, and consequently his character will become liable to misapprehension and misrepresentation. To the best of my knowledge and observation, he was, of all men that ever I knew, one of the most modest and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches either to his superiors or his equals.

VI. DRYDEN'S DRAMAS. The dramas of Dryden, which consist of both tragedies and comedies, were most of them written upon classic models, and particularly the tragedies show the influence of Corneille and other French writers. Later Dryden became convinced that

the naturalness and vividness of Shakespeare were more to be desired, but found himself unable to produce anything comparable to the masterpieces of his great model. He was too formal in manner and lacked sufficient imagination to give vivid pictures or enunciate great truths, but his dialogue is lively and many of his characters are well drawn; were his plays not so offensive to modern taste, many of them would still be read with pleasure. In his later years he is said to have regretted that he allowed himself to be swayed by the corrupt taste of the English court. In *All for Love*, one of his best dramas, he re-tells the story of Antony and Cleopatra from a very different standpoint from that taken by Shakespeare, and a comparison of the two dramas shows the marked inferiority of the later writer.

VII. DRYDEN'S LONGER POEMS. *Absalom and Achitophel* is written in the style of a Scriptural narrative. The names of personages and incidents in their lives as related in the Bible are applied to those contemporaries which Dryden chose. Absalom is the Duke of Monmouth; Achitophel, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Locke's friend; Zimri is the Duke of Buckingham. This varied, finely versified and really beautiful satire met with instantaneous success and placed Dryden at the head of contemporary poets. The character of Lord Shaftesbury is depicted as follows:

Of these the false Achitophel was first;  
A name to all succeeding ages curst:

For close designs and crooked counsels fit,  
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,  
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place,  
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:  
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.  
 A daring pilot in extremity;  
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,  
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.  
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;  
 Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,  
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?  
 Punish a body which he could not please;  
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?  
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,  
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;  
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,  
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.  
 In friendship false, implacable in hate;  
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state:  
 To compass this, the triple bond he broke,  
 The pillars of the public safety shook,  
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:  
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,  
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.  
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,  
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes;  
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,  
 Where none can sin against the people's will!  
 Where crowds can wink, and no offense be known,  
 Since in another's guilt they find their own!  
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;  
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.  
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin  
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,  
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,

Swift of despatch, and easy of access.  
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown  
With virtues only proper to the gown,  
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed  
From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed,  
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,  
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.  
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.  
Achitophel, grown weary to possess  
A lawful fame and lazy happiness  
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,  
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

Thomas Shadwell, a rival dramatist and bitter personal enemy, attacked Dryden and drew from him the vigorous satire *MacFlecknoe*, in which Shadwell is represented as the son of Flecknoe, a very dull poet who had died at an advanced age several years before. Scott says that Dryden's antagonists "came on with infinite zeal and fury, discharged their ill-aimed blows on every side and exhausted their strength in violent and ineffectual rage; but the keen and trenchant blade of Dryden never makes a thrust in vain, and never strikes but at a vulnerable point."

The following extract from *MacFlecknoe* gives something of the manner of Dryden's defense:

All human things are subject to decay  
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.  
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young  
Was called to empire and had governed long,  
In prose and verse was owned without dispute  
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.

This aged prince, now flourishing in peace  
 And blest with issue of a large increase,  
 Worn out with business, did at length debate  
 To settle the succession of the state;  
 And pondering which of all his sons was fit  
 To reign and wage immortal war with wit,  
 Cried, " 'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he  
 Should only rule who most resembles me.  
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,  
 Mature in dullness from his tender years;  
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he  
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.  
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,  
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.  
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
 Strike through and make a lucid interval;  
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,  
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.  
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye  
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,  
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain  
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.  
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,  
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.

*Religio Laici* (1682) shows Dryden engaged in religious controversy, and now on the side of the Church of England. The theory of the poet is to give the layman's somewhat skeptical idea of religion. The solemn and majestic opening of the poem is as follows:

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars  
 To lonely, weary, wandering travelers,  
 Is Reason to the soul; and as on high  
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
 Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray  
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
 But guide us upward to a better day,



And as those nightly tapers disappear,  
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;  
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;  
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Only five years later Dryden published *The Hind and the Panther*, a satirical allegory in defense of the Roman Catholic Church, to which by that time he had given his allegiance. His conversion coincided with the accession of James II, and the poet's enemies were not slow to accuse him of insincerity, but thereafter, as we have said, his allegiance to his new faith remained unchanged. In the poem, the pure white hind represents the Church of Rome, while the spotted panther is the Church of England, and the bears, hares, boars, etc., represent the Independents, Quakers, Anabaptists and others. He thus describes the two leading animals:

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,  
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.  
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,  
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds  
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,  
And doomed to death, though fated not to die. . .

The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,  
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;  
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,  
She were too good to be a beast of prey!  
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,  
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?  
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she  
Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.

Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;  
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.  
 Unkind already, and estranged in part,  
 The Wolf begins to show her wandering heart.  
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,  
 She half commits who sins but in her will.  
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,  
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,  
 Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,  
 Who just dropped half way down, nor lower fell;  
 So poised, so gently she descends from high,  
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.

VIII. DRYDEN'S LYRICS. Dryden's poetry is thoroughly English in character, and is filled with a fiery energy which even his great disciple Pope was unable to achieve. Quite lacking in pathos, with little creative imagination, he found his greatest success in magnificent declamation, in argument and in satire. Yet, some of his lyrics are filled with wonderful life and force and are written in musical lines. At least one poem, an ode in honor of St. Cecilia's Day, is one of the greatest of that kind in the language. St. Cecilia, who is the patroness of music, is commonly depicted holding a harp or at an organ, and Dryden assumes her to be the inventor of the latter instrument. At London during this period public festivals were held in her honor, and poets vied in producing songs for the occasion. Dryden's ode, commonly known as *Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Music*, was written in 1697, and is easily the best of all. Of the composition of this splendid effort, made less than four

years before the author's death, the following account is given:

Mr. St. John, afterward Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, "I have been up all night," replied the old bard. "My musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St. Cecilia. I have been so struck with the subject that occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it; here it is, finished at one sitting," and immediately he showed him this ode, which places British lyric poetry above that of any other nation.

The poem itself follows:

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son:  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne:  
His valiant peers were placed around;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:  
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)  
The lovely Thais—by his side,  
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave  
None but the brave  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above.  
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode.  
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
 A present deity, they shout around;  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:  
 With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.  
 The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:  
 The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpet; beat the drums;  
 Flushed with a purple grace,  
 He shows his honest face:  
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure;  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;  
Fought all his battles o'er again;  
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the  
slain.

The master saw the madness rise;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft pity to infuse:  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate,  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And welt'ring in his blood;  
Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed:

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
Revolving in his alter'd soul  
The various turns of chance below;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

## CHORUS

Revolving in his alter'd soul  
The various turns of chance below;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree:  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
     Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
     Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;  
 Honor, but an empty bubble;  
     Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying;  
     If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, oh, think it worth enjoying.  
     Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
     Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the air with loud applause;  
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.  
     The prince unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gazed on the fair  
     Who caus'd his care,  
     And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
     Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gaz'd on the fair  
     Who caus'd his care,  
     And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
     Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

    Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
     Has raised up his head!

As awaked from the dead,  
And amaz'd he stares around.  
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,  
See the furies arise:  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand!  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain:  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew.  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!  
The princes applaud with a furious joy;  
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

## CHORUS

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
While organs yet were mute;  
Timotheus to his breathing flute,  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,

With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown:  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown:  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down.

Ten years before, Dryden had written a song for the same occasion, but it is of less importance than the one printed above. In his dramas and among the poems and *Fables* published just before his death are some of his finest lyrics. Many of them are well worth quoting, but space forbids their inclusion here. However, we will give as an example the following song from *The Indian Emperor*:

Ah, fading joy! how quickly art thou past!  
 Yet we thy ruin haste.  
 As if the cares of human life were few,  
 We seek out new:  
 And follow fate, that does too fast pursue.

See, how on every bough the birds express,  
 In their sweet notes, their happiness.  
 They all enjoy, and nothing spare;



But on their mother nature lay their care :  
Why then should man, the lord of all below,  
Such troubles choose to know,  
As none of all his subjects undergo ?  
Hark, hark, the waters—fall, fall, fall,  
And with a murmuring sound  
Dash, dash, upon the ground,  
To gentle slumbers call.

IX. DRYDEN'S PROSE. It is commonly said that Dryden established a new standard in prose, for he wrote with ease, plainly and directly. Though his sentences are high-sounding in many instances, they never descend to the bombastic, and appear rather the medium for his own fiery nature than as an exaggeration of a method. The best examples of his work in this direction are the prefaces and dedications of his major works and his critical essays, particularly those upon didactic poetry and art. From the following extract from a passage written upon his own translation of Vergil, readers may judge of the accuracy of our estimate of his style:

What Vergil wrote in the vigor of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavors, overcome all difficulties, and in some measure acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the first place, there-

fore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I labored under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonor to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat—give me leave to say—I have added to both of them in the choice of words and harmony of numbers, which were wanting—especially the last—in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words and sweetness of sound unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer—our English Ennius—for antiquated words, which are never to be revived but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts, but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me; but since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent: for who would give physic to the great when he is uncalled—to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

X. COLONIAL LITERATURE IN AMERICA. Assuming a knowledge of the history of the American colonies on the part of the reader, it is only necessary to call attention to the status of literature therein. While Virginia and the

Southern colonies were settled by the gentry and upper-class Englishmen, and large baronial estates were common, in the Northern colonies the Puritan element held sway, and the inhabitants were largely of the middle classes of England. However, they were so far separated geographically that there could be no unity of any sort in the early days, and it was not until after the Revolution that there was much intercommunication. While schools and colleges flourished in both sections, those of the North received the more enthusiastic public support and were of greater importance. Life in the colonies was a strenuous existence, and while forests were being felled, towns being builded, and struggles with the Indians were everywhere prevalent, there was little or no time to cultivate the arts or to indulge in literature as a vocation. In fact, it may be safely said that before the Revolution there was no real literature in America. Even then the matchless plays of Shakespeare were new to the English, and among the colonists they were practically unknown.

In the colonies, however, numberless essays, sermons and some histories were written, as well as a little verse, but none of the latter is still read. Anne Bradstreet, who has been called the first professional poet of America, produced some lines of which Richardson says, "They are not so bad as they might have been, and occasionally proffer a good thought or a decent line." *The Day of Doom*, by Rev.

Michael Wigglesworth, was the most popular poem of that day. The awful Calvinistic doctrine that unelect infants will be eternally damned was vividly expounded, but the sincerity with which it was written and the truthfulness which the stern old Puritans saw in its horrifying pictures were the only things that justified its temporary success.

Harvard College was founded in 1636 for the express purpose of preserving the Puritan form of religion. The sufferings of the Pilgrims and their successors, the distance of the colonies from the mother country, and the infrequent communication of one with the other conspired to preserve in America the religious ideas of its founders long after they had been modified or suppressed in England. Accordingly, the literature of the Northern colonies during this epoch was largely tinged with Puritan thought. Increase Mather, the president of the new college, and his son, Cotton Mather, endeavored to keep up the priestly character of their institution, but were unable to quell the rebellious spirit in those individuals who through opposition had found their way to the new country. Both wrote extensively, the son in particular, and his great work, *The Magnalia*, is controversial. It was intended to be an ecclesiastical history of New England, but its theme really is the favors that God had shown the Pilgrims through the three generations that had lived in Massachusetts. It is filled with superstitious and inaccurate detail

and is crude in its structure, but there are interesting biographies and narratives for those who can separate them from the great mass of waste material.

To carry this hasty view a little farther than the limits of the present chapter, we may mention Jonathan Edwards, a theologian who more than any other exerted an influence upon American thought. His great argument against the freedom of the will was accepted as unanswerable by his school in its day, and even now it is asserted if his premises are granted his conclusions follow inevitably. Original sin, total depravity, election and eternal punishment are the themes which he expounds and which constituted the moral background of the New England colonists.

Benjamin Franklin, who belongs to pre-Revolutionary times, was intellectually so much in advance of his age that we defer a consideration of his writings to a subsequent chapter.



JONATHAN EDWARDS, FROM AN OLD PRINT



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE

**C**HARACTERISTICS. The Age of the Restoration, treated in the last chapter, we considered as extending from the restoration of Charles II to the accession of Queen Anne. During that time another political revolution had taken place. James II, after trying to rule without Parliament and against the wishes of his people and after using every influence to reëstablish the Catholic religion, was quietly pushed aside, and William and Mary were invited to assume the crown James was incompetent to wear. On the death of William in 1702, Mary's sister Anne, an unlearned, self-willed, ardent Protestant became Queen of England. While these events were transpiring, as we have seen, the drama had enjoyed a brief season of great popularity, but had de-

clined as abruptly. We have mentioned Dryden's activities in that respect, but passed over without mention the immoral and obscene plays of Wycherley, Congreve and their fellows, though many of them were highly meritorious in a dramatic way. Poetry had abandoned nature and had begun to advance toward formalism, which found its greatest exponent in Pope, but prose had already begun to show many characteristics of modern excellence.

The new age, though given the name of Queen Anne, naturally extends beyond the limits of her reign, and from the group of writers, each so excellent in his way, the time is frequently referred to as the Augustan Age, and, in point of fact, it ranks second only to that of Queen Elizabeth. In one notable respect, however, it was markedly different: in the age of Elizabeth one surpassing genius outranked all others, but under Queen Anne there were several writers so nearly equal in power and skill that it is almost impossible to rank them one above another. From another point of view, the age of Queen Anne might well be called the Classical Age, for especially in poetry the dominating spirit was a devotion to form and to manner of expression. French classicism reached its highest influence, and in the poems of Pope found its finest expression. However, it became so purely intellectual and so highly refined that its function as true poetry was lost, and its very refinements were cloying to the taste. If the classical revival was detri-

mental to the progress of poesy, it was, on the other hand, of immeasurable benefit to prose, for the latter had hitherto been marked by roughness and obscurity, except in a few notable instances, but now clearness and elegance mastered the former faults. In other hands mere form might have been more highly considered than sentiment and matter, but there were masterly spirits to guide the new medium, and under the leadership of such geniuses as Swift, Steele and Addison English prose was kept from mere formalism and given excellence and beauty which have never been lost.

In this age was established the first daily newspaper, a pitiable little sheet that struggled along against coffee-house gossip and political pamphleteering. Yet, for the first time in English history literature came to exert a really important influence in governmental affairs. The Puritans had carried a printing press with them in their war with the Cavaliers and from its rude types had fired many an effective broadside against their foes, but it was the Whigs and Tories in the reigns of Anne and the Georges that made literature the tremendous power in politics that it now remains. Scarcely a writer of prominence during the age of Queen Anne kept out of the arena. All the wit of Pope and the ingenuity of Gay were given to the cause they favored. The good-humored laughter of Addison and the spiteful satires of the half-mad Swift were instrumental in changing the opinion of many an individ-



ual. Even Defoe, before he produced his immortal *Robinson Crusoe*, was an ardent writer of Whig pamphlets.

It is such an age, then, that we are to consider, and its characteristics will become sufficiently evident as we study its leading writers, for out of the numbers who contributed their share to the literary growth of England it is possible for us to treat of only those of highest rank, namely: Defoe, for his aid to the English novel; Swift and Steele, for their force and elegance; Addison, the greatest of prose writers of his period; and Pope, the most accomplished of contemporary poets.

II. DANIEL DEFOE. One of the most prolific writers of his age was Daniel Foe, or, as he chose afterwards to call himself, Defoe (1661–1731). For the greater part of his life he was a journalist and writer whose pen was at the service of those who chose to hire him, but in his later years he struck a vein of romance that not only proved profitable, but made him famous forever. His life was full of misfortunes, political entanglements and suffering, but he gloried in many of his difficulties and apparently did not suffer materially from his privations. Besides his essays and pamphlets upon a great variety of subjects, he produced a number of stories of a picaresque character, though none of them until after the appearance of his world-famous *Robinson Crusoe*. This, with his *Journal of the Plague Year*, which professes to have been written by a citizen who



DANIEL DEFOE  
1660-1731



continues all the while in London, constitutes his title to fame. Though Defoe was only seven years of age at the time of the plague, his account is so thoroughly realistic and filled with such an infinite variety of detail that it has all the appearance of truth, and even a severe critic would find it difficult to realize that it was not written by an actual observer. Pathos seems not to have been within the power of Defoe, but his descriptive passages are full of life and energy, and he possessed the happy faculty of giving a reality to his characters that had not been equaled. While we must regard the *Journal* as pure fiction, yet it is on the whole a reasonably accurate account of that distressful period, in which facts are juggled only in order to make a dramatic recital.

From such an account it is difficult to make a selection which will give any adequate idea of the whole, but the following is perhaps as well calculated as any to give the right impression:

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields toward Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point. I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or seawall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also

about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village"—pointing at Poplar—"where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick." Then he, pointing to one house: "There they are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There," says he, "they are all dead—the man and his wife and five children. There," says he, "they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses." "Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?" "Why," says he, "I am a poor desolate man: it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead." "How do you mean then," said I, "that you are not visited?" "Why," says he, "that is my house,"—pointing to a very little low-boarded house—"and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?" "O, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want." And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. "Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now

with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat," says he; "and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?"

"Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor?"—pointing down the river a good way below the town—"and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?"—pointing above the town. "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village," said I,

"is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he, "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I, "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet?"

"No," said he, "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!" Here he stopped, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"O sir," says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!"

"Say'st thou so," said I; "and how much less is my faith than thine!" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting

on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could not refrain from tears.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called "Robert, Robert;" he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds: "God has sent it all; give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

"Well, but," says I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?"

"Yes, yes," says he; "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again: "Rachel, Rachel"—which it seems was her name—"did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all;" and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. "Hark thee, friend," said I, "come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost:" so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.



I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

III. "ROBINSON CRUSOE." Defoe was in his fifty-ninth year when he published *Robinson Crusoe*, the first romance of its kind in English literature and one of the most popular books ever written. Probably no other single volume has been so much in the hands of juvenile readers, and it still, either as originally written or in some of the many forms in which the story has been retold, enjoys a wider popularity than anything we can mention. How the plodding literary hack, who had previously shown no brilliant flights of the imagination, came to think of such a story and to write it in so effective a manner is one of the literary wonders.

A certain Alexander Selkirk (or Selcraig) had been marooned for years on the island of Juan Fernandez, and upon this slight basis Defoe constructed his wonderful tale. The success of the book was instantaneous, and Defoe produced in rapid succession other stories of similar kind, which, appearing almost simultaneously, leads one to think that he had written some of them before the first was published. In other stories Defoe shows

the influence of other writers, particularly of Lesage, but for *Robinson Crusoe* no models could be found in France or Spain. The tale was a great invention, a wonderful and unexpected outburst of British genius, and was hailed as such by continental Europe. To writers all over the world it gave impetus to a new style of romantic fiction interwoven with realism. The French particularly caught the spirit of Defoe's work, and some of the best tales in that language, such, for instance, as *Paul and Virginia*, may be traced directly to it.

In one important respect *Robinson Crusoe* is unlike the novels of Defoe's followers in England, for the latter made abundant use of the love element, which does not appear in the earlier book. In this respect the modern novel has gone far from its precursor, but Defoe did show the influence of circumstance in the development of character, and he used none of the glamour of chivalry, the influence of magic or the other trite instrumentalities which earlier authors had found necessary to make their stories popular. In the end he brings happiness to Crusoe even on a desert island, but he shows that it is the result of natural, every-day incidents affecting a solitary man. The tale is too familiar to bear repetition, but it is perhaps worth while to call attention to one passage at least which is conceived in the spirit of true poetry and possesses an intense dramatic interest. We refer to Crusoe's discovery of a human footprint:

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts, by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great

way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot; that as I live quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtilty of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so, I should

certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope. All that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve, by His power, the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground. And this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that, whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

I then reflected that God, who was not only righteous, but omnipotent, as He had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so He was able to deliver me; that if He did not think fit to do it, 'twas my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to His will; and, on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in Him, pray to Him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of His daily providence.

These thoughts took me up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit, viz., one morning early lying in my bed, and filled with thought about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify Me."

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thought one day, that all this might be a mere chimera of my own; and that this foot

might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might I not come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again, I considered also, that I could by no means tell, for certain, where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if, at last, this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of specters and apparitions, and then are frightened at them more than anybody.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk.

Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock. But to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had lately been most terribly frightened; and so, indeed, I had.

IV. SWIFT. Jonathan Swift, though born in Dublin, was the son of an English family, and resented nothing more strongly than being called an Irishman. Nevertheless, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and spent a large portion of his life in Ireland. His college career was considered discreditable, and

he was finally given his degree as a concession rather than because it was deserved. After the Revolution of 1688 he fled to England, and, having been received by his mother, soon obtained a position as secretary in the family of Sir William Temple. His employer did not appreciate the talents of his young assistant, or the latter concealed them, and in a fit of sudden anger Swift left his relative and employer and returned to Ireland, where he took the orders of priesthood.

It was during this period that he made the acquaintance of "Varina" (Miss Waring), the first of the three women with whom he sustained those mysterious relationships which have puzzled the curious and never have been satisfactorily explained. The quarrel with Temple having been healed, Swift, after an absence of two years, returned to his old employer, and here at Moor Park in the household of Sir William, he met Esther Johnson, the celebrated "Stella" of his writings. It was during this time, too, that he composed two of his greatest satires, though they were not published until 1704, when they appeared anonymously.

The death of Temple left Swift with a small inheritance, but no apparent means for increasing it. About this time he went over to Ireland in a minor clerical capacity, but was soon deprived of even that position. In 1700, however, he was given another appointment, which enabled him to live in Ireland. By this

time his relations with Varina were broken off and he had come closer to Stella, who had arrived at Dublin. She, it seems, always retained the first place in his heart, and there is a tradition, which, however, has not been proved, that he was secretly married to her. In 1704 he published *The Battle of the Books* and *The Tale of a Tub*, the two satires above referred to, and on going to England a year later was received with great enthusiasm by the wits and literary men of London. To them he gave his friendship and was instrumental in procuring their advancement, but succeeded in doing nothing for himself. It was during this period that his famous *Journal to Stella* was begun.

It was not until 1713 that he was appointed to the Deanery of St. Patrick, a disappointing position to one who had so ardently sought a bishopric. However, it is not a matter of surprise that the Church which the unhappy dean ridiculed so vigorously should refuse to place him in a highly important position. To Ireland, then, he retired, and excepting for occasional visits to England, remained there until his death. In spite of his attachment to Stella, he entered into a third affair, this time with "Vanessa" (Miss Hester Vanhomrigh), and the tale of their unfortunate relationship he embodied in his long poem, *Cadenus and Vanessa*. On his return to Dublin the influence of Stella again became supreme, and, having learned through an intercepted letter that



Vanessa had inquired of Stella as to the truthfulness of the report that she had married the dean, he rode to the house where Vanessa lived, entered her room, flung the letter on the table, and rode away without a word. Vanessa failed to recover from the shock, and died shortly afterwards.

The greatest achievement of Swift's genius was the writing of *Gulliver's Travels*, which he published under the pen name of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, as if edited by Richard Sympson. Stella died in 1728, and thereafter Swift's bitterness and cynicism increased. It is doubtful if a literary genius ever lived a more unhappy life than did Dean Swift, whose sufferings, however, were purely mental and brought on by his own peculiar misanthropic disposition. Disappointed and with failing health, his tortured heart increased the maladies of his body, and constant worry over his future hastened the approach of the mental collapse which he always feared. It was related that in quite early manhood, while passing along a road, he observed a tree flourishing below and dead and decaying above. Pointing to the tree, he remarked, "That is the way I shall go—die at the top," and his unhappy prediction proved true, for after 1738 the powers of his intellect declined, and after 1740 he lived in deep dejection, broken only by fits of violent insanity. For the last four years his life was that of an imbecile, unable to speak or intelligently to make known his wants. A more piti-

ful figure of a great genius is not to be found in English history.

Swift is regarded as one of the greatest of English writers, though his style is not so refined nor so vivid as that of others of the same epoch. Born before Steele, Addison and Pope, he survived them all but Addison, so his writings were naturally brought into competition with theirs, though from his long absences and his own melancholy disposition he rarely mingled with them, even in his frequent visits to London. Nevertheless, he possessed the most masculine intellect of his age and was the most earnest and deepest thinker of his time. His great power as a satirical writer brought him fame and earned him a position among the most noted, even during his life, but his own passionate moodiness and the fierceness of his libelous invective kept away many who might otherwise have been his friends. Prejudiced, self-willed and perverse, his earnestness does not always have the ring of truth. Yet his humor and his jests seem to spring directly from his heart and be as much a part of the man himself as the most savage of his invective.

Lord Jeffrey says Swift's great talent lay in "the copiousness, the steadiness, the perseverance and the dexterity with which abuse and ridicule are showered upon the adversary." The dean never hesitated to use any material at his hand, and his coarseness and vulgarity are at times almost beyond belief. Yet withal, it is disgusting coarseness, not

licentiousness. Lord Jeffrey sums up his genius as follows:

In humor and in irony, and in the talent of debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with all the world in thinking the dean of St. Patrick's without a rival. His humor, though sufficiently marked and peculiar, is not to be easily defined. The nearest description we can give of it would make it consist in expressing sentiments the most absurd and ridiculous, the most shocking and atrocious, or sometimes the most energetic and original, in a sort of composed, calm, and unconscious way, as if they were plain, undeniable, commonplace truths, which no person could dispute, or expect to gain credit by announcing, and in maintaining them always in the gravest and most familiar language, with a consistency which somewhat palliates their extravagance, and a kind of perverted ingenuity which seems to give pledge for their sincerity. The secret, in short, seems to consist in employing the language of humble good sense, and simple, undoubting conviction, to express in their honest nakedness sentiments which it is usually thought necessary to disguise under a thousand pretenses, or truths which are usually introduced with a thousand apologies.

V. SWIFT'S POETRY. Swift is now known almost entirely through his prose, but some of his poetry is exceedingly good—nearly perfect in the sense of careful and accurate execution—but he seems to have been lacking in pure poetic fervor and merely to have expressed his intellectual conclusions in poetic form. To picture the frivolities of his age and to turn upon them his satirical wit may be considered his highest ambition, yet at times he includes descriptive passages full of truth and humor, as, for instance, the following description of a city in a shower:

Careful observers may fortell the hour  
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.  
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er  
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.  
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink  
Strike your offended sense with double stink.  
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;  
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.  
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,  
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage:  
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;  
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,  
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,  
That swilled more liquor than it could contain,  
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.  
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,  
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;  
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean  
Flirts on you from her mop—but not so clean;  
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop  
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.  
Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,  
But aided by the wind, fought still for life,  
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,  
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.  
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,  
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?  
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain  
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.  
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,  
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.  
The Templar spruce, while every spout's a broach,  
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.  
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,  
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.  
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,

Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.  
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,  
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.  
Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,  
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;  
And ever and anon with frightful din  
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.  
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,  
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed—  
Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,  
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through—  
Laocoön struck the outside with his spear,  
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,  
And bear their trophies with them as they go:  
Filths of all hues and odors seem to tell  
What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.  
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,  
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,  
And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,  
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn Bridge.  
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,  
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,  
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

The best example of Swift's peculiar poetic characteristics may be found in his verses *On the Death of Doctor Swift*, written when he was sixty-four years old. Familiar and commonplace in general, there are, however, some touches of pathos, while humor and satire run through it all. The idea appears to have been suggested to Swift upon reading the maxim that in the adversity of our best friends we find something that does not displease us. The following extract is a speech which he puts into the mouths of his special friends:

"See, how the dean begins to break!  
 Poor gentleman! he droops apace!  
 You plainly find it in his face.  
 That old vertigo in his head  
 Will never leave him, till he's dead.  
 Besides, his memory decays:  
 He recollects not what he says;  
 He cannot call his friends to mind;  
 Forgets the place where last he dined;  
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;  
 He told them fifty times before.  
 How does he fancy we can sit  
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?  
 But he takes up with younger folks,  
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.  
 Faith, he must make his stories shorter,  
 Or change his comrades once a quarter:  
 In half the time he talks them round,  
 There must another set be found.  
 "For poetry, he's past his prime;  
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme:  
 His fire is out, his wit decayed,  
 His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.  
 I'd have him throw away his pen—  
 But there's no talking to some men."

And then their tenderness appears  
 By adding largely to my years:  
 "He's older than he would be reckoned,  
 And well remembers Charles the Second.  
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine;  
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.  
 His stomach, too, begins to fail;  
 Last year we thought him strong and hale;  
 But now he's quite another thing;  
 I wish he may hold out till spring."  
 They hug themselves and reason thus:  
 "It is not yet so bad with us."

In such a case they talk in tropes,  
 And by their fears express their hopes.

Some great misfortune to portend  
No enemy can match a friend.

It is a long poem, in much the same vein throughout. As a matter of fact, the dean willed his fortune to build an asylum for the insane, an idea which must have been in his mind at the time he wrote the verses, for he concludes as follows:

“What writings has he left behind?”  
“I hear they’re of a different kind:  
A few in verse; but most in prose:  
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:  
All scribbled in the worst of times,  
To palliate his friend Oxford’s crimes;  
To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,  
As never favoring the Pretender:  
Or libels yet concealed from sight,  
Against the court, to show his spite:  
Perhaps his Travels, part the third;  
A lie at every second word—  
Offensive to a loyal ear:—

But—not one sermon, you may swear.”

“He knew a hundred pleasant stories,  
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;  
Was cheerful to his dying day,  
And friends would let him have his way.  
As for his works in verse or prose,  
I own myself no judge of those.  
Nor can I tell what critics thought ’em;  
But this I know, all people bought ’em;  
As with a moral view designed,  
To please, and to reform mankind:  
And, if he often missed his aim,  
The world must own it to their shame,  
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.  
He gave the little wealth he had  
To build a house for fools and mad;

To show, by one satiric touch,  
No nation wanted it so much.  
That kingdom he hath left his debtor ;  
I wish it soon may have a better :  
And since you dread no further lashes,  
Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

VI. SWIFT'S PROSE. If one sought for the chief characteristic of Swift's prose, he might find it in its power; but he was extremely versatile, a shrewd observer, a clever satirist and very skillful in giving to fiction the appearance of fact. The first work which drew public attention to the young writer was *The Battle of the Books*. In France the question had been raised whether the modern writers were as great as those of ancient times, and when the dispute spread to England Swift took sides with the majority, and in the battle wittily proved to the satisfaction of his friends that the ancients were indeed far superior to modern writers. One of the best passages is the apologue of the spider and the bee:

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough; but, by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain the



materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

*The Tale of a Tub*, which followed very soon after, created a great sensation in England and established Swift at once as one of its leading writers; but this success, gratifying as it must have been, was doubtless fatal to the priest's ambitions, as we have previously intimated. *The Tale of a Tub* is superior in every way to the *Battle*, and nowhere is his biting wit more freely displayed. The object of the powerful satire is to ridicule the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians with a view of exalting the High Church of England. He begins his story by telling of a man who had three sons: Peter (the Church of Rome), Martin (the Church of

England), and Jack (the Presbyterians, or Protestant dissenters generally), who was sometimes called Knocking Jack [John Knox]. As the father approached his death, he called his sons to him and explained that he had nothing to leave them but a good coat for each (Christian religion). These coats, he explained, would last as long as the sons lived and would grow to fit their bodies always, but the boys were strictly cautioned neither to add to nor diminish a single thread from the garments. After a time the youths grew tired of the plainness of their coats, and, misinterpreting their father's will (the Bible), they began to make such alterations as suited their purposes until finally the garments became unrecognizable from ornamentation, and the will was locked up and disregarded. The absurdities and the ludicrous ideas called up by Swift in continuing this tale created great amusement, but were instrumental in convincing people that he was dealing profanely with sacred things and really making a covert attack upon Christianity. In fact, he made all three brothers so ridiculous that no sect was willing to own him, and Queen Anne became so prejudiced against him that she always stood in the way of his preferment.

The *Journal to Stella* was not intended to be printed, but it finally saw the light and is one of the most readable of his works, though, like most of them, fouled by many coarse things. The last thing at night and the first

thing in the morning Swift sat down and described for Stella all the petty details of his daily life and tells them in a fascinating manner, despite the blemishes.

*The Modest Proposal*, which is an absurd plan for preventing the poor in Ireland from being burdensome and making them beneficial, was highly shocking to the minds of sensitive people. The author gravely asserts that, having no children of his own and therefore being unable to profit in any way from his plan, it seems wise, laudable and in all respects proper to take the children of the poor in Ireland and sell them for food, for he has been assured that a young child of a year is most delicious, nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled. His grave calculations as to the quantity of food to be obtained in this manner and the manner of serving it are carried out with the utmost gravity, but even the ingenuity of the thing is not sufficient to destroy its hideous suggestiveness.

His greatest prose work, however, is *Gulliver's Travels*, which, because of its varied popularity and high rank in literature, is deserving of a section by itself.

VII. "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS." The tale was published anonymously in 1726, but the dean's secretive habits were not able in this instance to conceal the authorship; soon every one knew that the wonderful book which had suddenly achieved so great popularity was written by

the great dean of St. Patrick. Lemuel Gulliver is represented as a British sailor, who had been educated as a physician, but whose wandering habits led him back to the sea, where he made many voyages and returned to give an account of his adventures. Four wonderful voyages he made to marvelous countries, where the inhabitants differed in startling ways from ourselves, but whose manners and customs were similar enough to give opportunity for Swift’s inimitable satire, which in this instance was so skillfully managed that no one could successfully combat it.

Gulliver’s first voyage is to the country of Lilliput, whose inhabitants are about six inches high and where everything else is dwarfed in proportion. In the second voyage he visits the Brobdingnagians, whose inhabitants are huge creatures some sixty feet in height, and here everything else is increased to a proportionate size. The third, to Laputa, the flying island, was perhaps the least popular of the voyages, because its ridicule of the proceedings of the Royal Society was not generally understood. Fourth and last was the voyage to the Houyhnhnms, the weird land in which the ruling beings are horses, possessing all the intellectual and moral traits of mankind, while the men are degenerate and disgusting beasts known as *yahoos*. The satire, which in the first voyage is mild and pleasing, becomes toward the end of the travels little more than bitter invective, and in many respects a disgusting screed

against mankind. It is as though the author already began to show symptoms of the eclipse of his intellect.

The purpose of the voyage to Lilliput was to ridicule the policy of the English court during the reign of George I, where differences of opinion were trifling and yet the occasion of bitter dissensions, as in the court of Lilliput were the differences between the *High-heels* and the *Low-heels*. There the heir-apparent wore one shoe with a high heel and one shoe with a low heel, as the Prince of Wales alternately favored one party and then another in his kingdom. The religious controversies in England were typified by the insignificant quarrels of the *Big-endians* and the *Little-endians*. The voyage to Brobdingnag satirizes the Whigs and approves the Tories. Throughout the work Swift shows in the manners and customs and governments of the different countries the weakness of his King, Prince, the court, and mankind in general.

The political value of the satire has long since been lost, and much of it is unintelligible to the modern reader. Whatever value now lies in *Gulliver's Travels* is in the perfection of its English and the charmingly fanciful tale which remains in the story of the first two voyages, when relieved of coarse passages and local allusions. Thus edited, the book is delightful to children and interesting to older people, and as such is becoming increasingly familiar through studies in the schools. Here,

however, we cannot more than allude to this phase of the *Travels*, and must content ourselves with one extract, which is valuable chiefly as showing Swift’s inimitable style and the skill and force of his satire. The selection we take is from the third voyage, and is a description of the famous University of Lagado, located on Laputa, the flying island:

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms. The first man I saw was of a meager aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more than he should be able to supply the governor’s gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method of building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

In another department, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labor. The method is this: In an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest. Then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing. It is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock in the town-house by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind. I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my readers with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided. The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical mechanical operations; but the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knows how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labor, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the

frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with papers pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed around the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labor; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections. He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.



I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honor entire, without a rival.

In the school of political projectors, I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favorites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild, impossible chimeras that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, "that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

VIII. "THE TATLER" AND "THE SPECTATOR." In April, 1709, appeared the first number of *The Tatler*, a paper unique in literature and marking the beginning of a new era in journalism. Familiar as the name is to us and important as the publication seems, we are surprised when we think that in less than two years the paper was extinct and that the more renowned *Spectator* lasted but little longer, the

two publications covering about three years and eight months only. Yet that was time enough to create the English essay and to establish it as one of the most perfect forms of the literature. For a long time the credit for the greater part of the essays in both publications was given to Addison, but we now know that Sir Richard Steele (1672–1729) originated the former and probably the latter publication, and that he contributed about two hundred thirty out of the two hundred seventy-one essays to the former. *The Tatler* was supposed to be the lucubrations of one Isaac Bickerstaff, a name which Steele borrowed from Swift, who had already written under that cognomen.

The *Weekly News*, by Nathaniel Butter, published first in 1622, is commonly spoken of as the first English newspaper, but this fugitive sheet had very little in common with our modern journals. *The Intelligencer* (1663) and the *Daily Courant* (1702) preceded *The Tatler*, but they contained nothing of literature, which forms so large a part of the modern newspaper. In the first number of *The Tatler* there was not only social gossip, news of the day and miscellaneous entertaining things, but also poetry and articles of an instructive and literary kind. For five numbers no one suspected the author, but at last Addison, recognizing a remark he had made to Steele, charged him with the editorship, and the two then became associated in its publication. As time went on, the proportionate quantity of literature in-

creased until eventually *The Tatler*, and more especially *The Spectator*, contained little else.

*The Spectator* appeared daily and consisted of a complete essay dealing with some topic of public concern and with a few unobtrusive advertisements, but nothing else of importance. With one or two intermissions it was published regularly until six hundred thirty-five numbers had appeared. Sir Richard Steele contributed many of the essays, and other writers a few, but the great importance of *The Spectator* lies in the fact that it was through this medium that Addison gave to the world his choicest essays. A human interest was given them by the appearance from time to time of personages whose characters were developed with all the skill of a modern novelist, and to-day Sir Roger de Coverley and others are among our choicest characters in fiction. *The Spectator* was immensely popular as it appeared at the breakfast table of the wealthy, and equally so among the wits and scholars who frequented the coffee-houses, where they discussed from time to time the topics raised by the new periodical. Addison or Steele originated the idea of a fictitious *Spectator Club*, whose members should gather and converse upon a great variety of topics. There was a Captain Sentry, who stood for the army; Will Honeycomb, who gave the laws for the social world; Sir Andrew Freeport, representing commercial interests; but the choicest of all was Sir Roger de Coverley, who appears in

about forty numbers and was manifestly Addison's favorite. It is thought that Steele drew the first outline for Sir Roger, as it appears in the second paper :

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy ; and his being confined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him “youngster.” But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half ; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty ; keeps a good house in both town and country ; a great lover of mankind ; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his serv-

ants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

One of Steele's finest essays is that on *Memories*, which appeared in *The Tatler*, number 181, Tuesday, June 6, 1710:

And now the rising day renews the year,  
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.

There are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modeling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the *Manes* of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the rea-

sons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at that time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth.

Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life. The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me, in a flood of tears, “Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him

under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off

by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honor. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! Oh, Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler! I still behold the smiling earth—A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale, on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such an heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we



had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

When, however, it was decided that *The Spectator* should be discontinued, Addison, who had developed and finished the character of Sir Roger, remarked to Steele, "By Heavens, I will kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him," and so we have the essay on Sir Roger's death.

IX. ADDISON. The leading literary figure of the age of Queen Anne was Joseph Addison (1672-1719), a brilliant essayist, a poet of considerable power and a statesman of high repute. He received his education at Oxford, there distinguished himself by his skill with Latin verse, and at the same time procured for himself the friendship and interest of Dryden. Other friends came to his support, and he was given a pension for travel and study, which, however, was taken from him on the death of William III. For a time he lived in poverty in London, but was then given a commission to celebrate the victory of Blenheim in a poem, and *The Campaign*, which resulted from this commission, was so successful that he secured political preferment almost immediately. From 1709 to 1712 he was engaged with Steele on *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, as we have stated in the previous section. *Cato*, a tragedy produced by him in 1713, enjoyed an amazing success and placed him at the zenith of his fame. Of his other writings we have no particular occasion to speak, though he produced

many of importance and influence at the time. In 1716 he married the dowager Countess of Warwick and was appointed Secretary of State. On the grounds of ill health he resigned from this position a year later, but it is probable that he found himself entirely unfitted to discharge the duties of the office. Soon after, his health began to fail, and in 1719 he died, after an unhappy married life.

The rank of Addison as poet and dramatist has changed a great deal in later years; now he is known almost entirely for his brilliant essays, and so completely has he absorbed the fame of the other contributors to the magazine that *Mr. Spectator* is now Mr. Addison, the world over. Personally he was popular and admired, graceful and easy in manners and speech and for many years the leading figure among the coffee-house wits of London. The most frequently quoted essays of Addison are those relating to *Sir Roger de Coverley*, though there are others almost equally as good, from a literary point of view. We cannot resist, however, quoting the essay which tells of a Sunday at *Sir Roger's*:

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with

one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer-Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and, indeed, outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer, and some-

times stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. The authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, does, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise be-

tween the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Entertaining essays could easily be found to fill the remainder of this volume, but we must content ourselves with two of differing types. The first of these is *The Man of the Town*:

My friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth; for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education, and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had not he broke windows, knocked down constables, and disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the studying of mankind; and terms this knowledge of the town, the knowledge of the world. Will ingenuously

confesses, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men overnight; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons Will shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club, however, has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will often insults us with the knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was last week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town; but, very unluckily, several of the words were wrong spelt. Will laughed this off at first as well as he could, but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the templar, he told us, with a little passion, that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentleman, and not like a scholar: upon this Will had recourse to his old topic of showing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride, and ignorance of pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession, and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning

beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court? He will tell you the names of the principal favorites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre. When he has gone thus far, he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further conversation. What are these but rank pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant, who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgments and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Everything he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapped up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the gazette you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants, which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner.

The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endowed with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like traveling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Lastly, the whimsical and gently satirical *Fan Exercise*:

I do not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

“Mr. Spectator:—Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young women in the Exercise of the Fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practiced at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:

Handle your Fans,  
Unfurl your Fans,  
Discharge your Fans,  
Ground your Fans,  
Recover your Fans,  
Flutter your Fans.



By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of one half year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

“But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their Fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

“The next motion is that of Unfurling the Fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month’s practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of Cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

“Upon my giving the word to Discharge their Fans, they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can now Discharge a Fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise

invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

“When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command in course is to Ground their Fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside, in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a fallen pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose) may be learnt in two days’ time as well as in a twelve-month.

“When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out Recover your Fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

“The Fluttering of the Fan is the last, and, indeed, the master-piece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching of this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce Flutter your Fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

“There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the Flutter of a Fan: there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady,

I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you, that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled, *The Passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honor it with your presence. "I am," etc.

"P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

"N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense."

X. POPE. The great commanding literary figure of the age of Queen Anne was Alexander Pope (1688-1744), who for more than thirty years reigned supreme, after fighting his way to the top in the bitterest of contests with his fellow writers, but once well established, no one questioned his right to the position or the principles for which he stood. His career was a curious and a wonderful one, unique in literature. Born deformed, of parents already past the usual age, always sickly, and even in maturity so small that he could not use an ordinary chair at table, Pope forced his sickly body to answer his requirements and overcame the ridicule that was showered upon him. It is almost incredible that so puny a body could

hold so glowing an intellect. Pope's early schooling was limited and his education was sadly defective, but everybody regarded him as a precocious child, and he began writing at a very early age. The *Ode to Solitude*, written when he was but twelve, shows his unusual skill:

Happy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade.  
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years glide soft away  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease  
Together mixed; sweet recreation,  
And innocence which most does please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;  
Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

In spite of all his handicaps he made many influential friends, who willingly forgave him his weakness and eccentricities, bore with his astonishing habits of dress and enjoyed the brilliance of his wit and the skill with which

he used it. The gay dramatist Wicherley, nearly fifty years older than the boy poet, introduced him to the coffee-house, and here the circle of his friends soon included the greatest men of his time. Addison and Pope were warm friends until they quarreled; John Gay, whom Pope described as—

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,  
In wit a man, simplicity a child,

was one of the nearest and best of his friends; while Dean Swift and Lord Bolingbroke were almost equally attracted to him.

Pope's moral character was almost as deformed as his body. He seemed to prefer falsehood to truth, and dissimulation became more familiar to him than frankness. Wherever he went he wished to be the chief figure, and if he were not, he became jealous as a petted child and refused to be comforted. He dressed with ridiculous smartness, and the little sword he carried was a familiar sight at all gatherings. Nevertheless, every one tolerated him, for it is easy to forgive much to a man who was so weak that he was unable to stand without being bandaged and so helpless that he could not dress himself alone, yet made himself the "prince of lyric poets, unrivaled in satire, ethics and polished versification" and "put poetry into a bondage from which it was not freed for one hundred years."

Pope began with an ardent study of the classics. At seventeen he had read practically

all of them in their original tongues and had broken down his health so completely that he was compelled to leave all reading aside for some months. With this basis in the classics, when he became acquainted with Dryden's work he immediately accepted that poet's ideas and followed him devotedly, asserting frequently his debt to his master. However great Pope may have been and whatever the debt that English poetry owes him, he is, none the less, responsible for a classic and formal bondage that was hard to shake off and that continued to hold sway over English poetry for many years.

His literary life divides itself into three periods: First, an experimental period, in which he tried his hand at many kinds of poetry and produced the *Essay on Criticism* and the mock heroic poem, the *Rape of the Lock*; second, a period of drudgery, in which he translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and established for himself an independent fortune; and lastly, the period he devoted to his great moral and satirical works. Chief among these are the *Dunciad*, a savage satire in which he vehemently attacks every literary man who has incurred his ill will by any offense to his unbearable pride and arrogance, and the *Essay on Man*, a philosophical poem whose purpose it is "to vindicate the ways of God to men."

Our best modern poetry is so human and natural, so full of fine sentiment and high ideals, and at the same time in its structure

and choice of words so free from the old classical trammels that Pope's poetry does not appeal to us except perhaps as an example of pure style, of intellectual acumen and wonderful brilliance in expression. There are few, if any, English writers who have produced more quotable sentences, and his rhyming couplet is so frequently complete in thought that it is easily kept alive in the mind. Swift said of this peculiarity:

In Pope I cannot read a line,  
But with a sigh I wish it mine,  
When he can in one couplet fix  
More sense than I can do in six.

Such couplets as the following have become parts of the circulating medium of modern thought:

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Know then this truth—enough for man to know—  
Virtue alone is happiness below.

XI. THE POEMS OF POPE. In 1711 Pope published anonymously his *Essay on Criticism*, which Addison read with great pleasure

and which opened the way to a friendship between the two men. Pope had written the poetic essay two years previously, when he was but twenty-one, but according to his custom had kept it for revision. Its conciseness renders it obscure in some places, and many words are used in vague or variable sense, yet, in spite of these faults, it is a remarkable production based upon sound principles, though following closely the ideas of the French writers. Even at twenty-one Pope's writings were full of happy phrases that fix themselves at once in the mind of the reader. "To err is human; to forgive, divine," and "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" are merely two examples of the many phrases that are almost household expressions with us. The publication of this essay brought Pope at once into the arena, and from that time on he was bitterly attacked by the majority of contemporary writers. Many of them descended to personalities, like Dennis, who in allusion to Pope's deformity, savagely said: "He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems—the life of half a day." Though seriously affected by the bitterness and unfairness of the attacks upon him, he remained silent for a period of years, but in the end he took a terrible revenge.



The *Rape of the Lock*, published in 1712, is considered the most brilliant mock heroic poem ever written. The subject is trifling enough, and the wonder is that Pope could make so much of so insignificant an incident. Lord Petre, one of the gallants at the court of Queen Anne, playfully cut off a lock of hair from the head of Miss Arabella Fermor, one of the maids of honor. Naturally the lady resented such freedom, and the friendship between the families was broken. Pope devised his humorous epic in order to put the two houses in good humor and effect a reconciliation between them. A second edition of the poem was much amplified and improved by the introduction of gnomes, nymphs, salamanders and other beings that added to the humor and delicate irony of the plot. The unfortunate lock of hair is thus described:

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind  
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck  
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.  
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
With hairy springes we the birds betray;  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;  
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The description of Belinda's toilet:

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,  
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.  
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic pow'rs.  
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;  
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,  
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.  
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here  
The various off'rings of the world appear;  
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.  
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.  
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.  
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;  
The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;  
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,  
These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown:  
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

For some years Pope was engaged upon his translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and during this time paid little attention to what foes said of him. As soon, however, as that work was off his hands he turned his attention to the critics who had attacked his previous writing, and proceeded to demolish them in the *Dunciad*, the most elaborate satire in English. Pope himself tells us of the reception which met the first edition of the work: "On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of

authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason were all employed to hinder the coming out of the *Dunciad*; on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger, so out it came."

The poem accomplished its intended effect—Pope was vindicated, and his enemies were overthrown. One, in fact, remarked that since the publication of the *Dunciad* he was unable to sell any of his productions and was near the verge of starvation. Those who were not so badly stricken by the fierce invective nor so completely disarmed by Pope's powerful attacks, had at least learned to respect and fear the author who now took his place unquestioned at the head of the poets and wits of that brilliant age. Effective as the satire then was, its reading now gives little pleasure to any one, but there are many elegant passages, such as, for instance, that which shows the eclipse of learning and morality under the reign of dullness:

She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold  
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!  
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,  
And all its varying rainbows die away.  
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,  
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.  
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,  
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;

As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed,  
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;  
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,  
Art after art goes out, and all is night;  
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,  
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!  
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,  
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.  
Physic of Metaphysic begs defense,  
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!  
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!  
In vain, they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.  
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,  
And unawares Morality expires.  
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;  
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.  
Lo, thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;  
Light dies before thy uncreating word:  
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,  
And universal darkness buries all.

Pope composed other long poems of considerable merit besides the one great poem for which he is best known, namely, his *Essay on Man*. This is in four epistles, the first published anonymously in 1733 and the second about three months after, while the third and fourth parts came near the end of the year. At the time it was written the philosophy of the poem caught the public sentiment, but to-day one hears little of that, and people read the work solely for the poetry. Two passages will be sufficient for our purpose:

O Happiness! our being's end and aim,  
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;  
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise!  
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,  
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,  
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?  
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?  
Where grows!—where grows it not? If vain our toil,  
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:  
Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere;  
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;  
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
And, fled from monarchs, *St. John!* dwells with thee.  
Ask of the learned the way! The learned are blind;  
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;  
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;  
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;  
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;  
Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;  
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,  
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
All but the page prescribed, the present state;  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,  
Or who could suffer being here below?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
Oh, blindness to the future, kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall—  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

What future bliss He gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
Man never is, but always to be, blessed.  
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.  
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;  
Yet simple nature to his soul hath given  
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler Heaven—  
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;  
To be content his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire,  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Many of Pope's minor poems are excellent, and not a few are still popular. Among these may be mentioned *The Dying Christian to His Soul*:

Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame;  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—  
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away.  
What is this absorbs me quite—  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring;  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!  
O Grave, where is thy victory?  
O Death, where is thy sting?

*The Universal Prayer*, a frequently quoted and much admired poem, is a clever exposition and one that might have a much higher position in literature if its emotional power equaled the skill in which it is fashioned; but it seems so cold, so artificial, that its sentiments find little response in our souls. However, from the poem, which follows, the reader may judge for himself:

Father of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that Thou art good  
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away;

For God is paid when man receives:  
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quickened by Thy breath;  
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all being raise,  
All nature's incense rise!





## CHAPTER XVII

### THE TRANSITION TO THE MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD POETS

**I**NTRODUCTION. The death of Pope in 1744 took place about the middle of the reign of George II, to which point the age of Queen Anne in literary parlance extends. George I, big, inert, unable to speak English, and fond of quiet, was content to allow Parliament and Horace Walpole to rule his kingdom, if he were allowed to eat and sleep in peace. From this grew the system of Cabinet rule, which still holds in England, and an increase in both civil and religious liberty throughout the realm. George II was in many respects like his father, though of a more dictatorial disposition, but, fortunately for England, he allowed his wife, Caroline, who was largely under the influence of Walpole, to restrain him.

The writers of the age of Queen Anne were curiously associated and formed in themselves a half-aristocratic group, whose friendly meetings were enlivened by sparkling wit as they laid down the laws for literary England. With the death of Pope these things came to an end. No more were the wits gathered in the coffee-houses, and English literature was no longer under the control of a self-instituted group of writers. Addison and Pope had achieved the distinction of writing perfect English and had carried classicism to heights of perfection not reached by their French models. Before the age of Queen Anne, English was not regarded on the continent as a literary language, but at the death of Pope it was recognized everywhere as a perfect medium for every phase of human feeling. Unfortunately, slavery to the classics was complete, and it was slavery to classics which had been transmitted through French, so that much of the stimulating property of the ancient literatures was lost. It was inevitable that the followers of Addison and Pope, who possessed only a small part of their genius, should be unable to keep life in their writings and that they should degenerate into dry formalism. It is true that at Pope's death there had already appeared indications of the great change that was coming over literature, for many writers of less distinction were beginning to go to nature in search of their models and to find in her the inspiration which true literature demands.

But the writers who took up the burden and guided England through the transition period from the classicism of Queen Anne to the finished product of the modern period were a scattered, independent lot of workers who often had no acquaintance one with another. How these solitary figures, such as Gray and Collins, who never met, and Fielding and Richardson, who hated each other at a distance, could ever show such similarity in their writings or proceed so uniformly toward the higher goal is not easily understood. By this time, of course, learning had become more general, the national spirit had grown, and England was becoming less insular and more imperial. The love of literature had spread as widely as British government, and writers everywhere began to use the language freely. It was a great revival, not unlike that of the Renaissance in Italy, and it proceeded from similar causes. No one group of men could direct the policy or control the acts of so widely scattered a group of writers, and the wonder consists merely in the fact that nearly all seemed to be working for a common aim. Accordingly, in this brief epoch, which lasted less than forty years, we shall meet many more writers than we found in the longer age of Queen Anne, and we shall see them achieving distinction in all departments of literature.

II. MINOR POETS. The period we are considering produced a few great poems that have retained their popularity to the present time,

a great number that are meritorious in themselves but have ceased to be of interest, and a still larger number that possess merit but are interesting principally because of the steady development which they show in the spirit of English poesy. For so long a time had that spirit been under the shackles of Pope and his school that it was only timidly and slowly at first she shook off foreign trammels and came back to the brilliancy, freedom, naturalness and grace that marked her in the days of Chaucer and Shakespeare, but she did progress and that rapidly, under the tutelage of a number of brilliant men, no one of whom can take first rank in our literature but all of whom will be remembered by some readers who care for their peculiar excellencies.

James Thomson (1700–1748), who has been almost forgotten, was nevertheless full of freshness and energy and deserves a better fate, for in his *Seasons* and in some of his plays his genius as a versifier is plainly apparent. All we will care to read from his long poem, probably, is the extract which follows:

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds  
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky  
Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands  
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,  
Shines out afresh; and through the lightened air  
A higher luster and a clearer calm,  
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign  
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
Of flocks thick nibbling through the clovered vale.  
And shall the hymn be marred by thankless man,  
Most favored; who, with voice articulate  
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?  
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
That hushed the thunder, and serenest the sky,  
Extinguished feel that spark the tempest waked,  
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Cheered by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands  
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid  
To meditate the blue profound below;  
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek  
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,  
At each short breathing by his lip repelled,  
With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;  
While, from his polished sides, a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.

Edward Young's *Night Thoughts* appeared during 1742-1744 and created a vivid impression upon the people of that day because of its moral sublimity, but the sonorous blank verse is tiresome and the form and sentiment too artificial to be enduring. Young hoped to produce a great and lasting work, but failed, perhaps because of his obsequious search for patronage and the affectations which made him tiresome even to his friends. Still, he was able to gain the friendship of Voltaire and to compose upon

that great Frenchman's name an epigram of lasting interest: "You are so witty, profligate and keen, at once we think you Milton, Death and Sin."

Among the minor poets of this age the name of Thomas Gray (1716-1771) will stand pre-eminent for the continued popularity of his famous *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, which is probably as widely known and as much quoted as any poem in the language.

After leaving college, in which Gray was unhappy, he toured Europe with Horace Walpole, spending considerable time in Paris, going into the Alps in November, an adventure which affected him profoundly. The death of Gray's father left the young man without fortune, and he began to write. On the death of his friend West he went down to Stoke Pogis, where one of his uncles lived, and there he wrote some of his best-known poems and at least began the famous elegy. On the death of his uncle, Gray's mother came to Stoke Pogis, which was thereafter the family home until the poet's death, an event occurring from suppressed gout at Pembroke College, from which his body was taken to Stoke Pogis and buried in the country churchyard he had made forever famous. Small, plump and very shy, he was too delicately constituted for the age in which he lived, and his tottering, ridiculous walk, for instance, was the subject of frequent and painful ridicule.

His *Elegy* is so well known that it does not seem wise to reproduce it here, but instead, to give his *Progress of Poesy*, written in imitation of the odes of the Greek poet Pindar :

## I.

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :  
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :  
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares,  
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
Has curbed the fury of his car,  
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the sceptered hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king  
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :  
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Tempered to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day  
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures ;

Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet:  
To brisk notes in cadence beating  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare:  
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.  
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

## II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,  
Labor, and penury, the racks of pain,  
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,  
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!  
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
And justify the laws of Jove.  
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?  
Night, and all her sickly dews,  
Her specters wan, and birds of boding cry,  
He gives to range the dreary sky:  
Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom  
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
In loose numbers widely sweet  
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.  
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
Glory pursue, and generous shame,  
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,



Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Maeander's amber waves  
In lingering labyrinths creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?  
Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathed around:  
Every shade and hallowed fountain  
Murmured deep a solemn sound:  
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour  
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,  
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

## III.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.  
This pencil take (she said) whose colors clear  
Richly paint the vernal year:  
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!  
This can unlock the gates of joy;  
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,  
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:  
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,  
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,

Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But ah! 'tis heard no more—  
O lyre divine, what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban Eagle bear  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Thro' the azure deep of air:  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray  
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

William Collins (1721–1759) is famous for some beautiful lyrics, from among which we quote his delightful *Ode to Evening*:

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
    Like thy own solemn springs,  
    Thy springs, and dying gales.

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
    With brede ethereal wove,  
    O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat  
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;  
    Or where the beetle winds  
    His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :  
Now teach me, maid composed,  
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale  
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant hours, and elves  
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with sedge  
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive pleasures sweet  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,  
Or upland fallows gray  
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
That from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve !  
While summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves;  
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
    Affrights thy shrinking train,  
    And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,  
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,  
    Thy gentlest influence own,  
    And hymn thy favorite name!

The most ambitious poem of William Shenstone (1714–1763) was *The Schoolmistress*, in which eighteenth-century sentimentality reached its height.

James MacPherson (1736–1796) printed anonymously in 1762 an epic in six books called *Fingal*, which he professed to have translated from Ossian, and to this day no one can tell how much of his writings were collected from Gaelic originals and how much he wrote wholly himself. The following quotation from *Fingal* will give some idea of its style:

Son of the chief of generous steeds! high-bounding  
king of spears. Strong arm in every perilous toil. Hard  
heart that never yields. Chief of the pointed arms of  
death. Cut down the foe; let no white sail bound round  
dark Inistore. Be thine arm like thunder. Thine eyes  
like fire, thy heart of solid rock. Whirl round thy sword  
as a meteor at night, and lift thy shield like the flame of  
death. Son of the chief of generous steeds, cut down the  
foe; destroy.—The hero's heart beat high. But Swaran  
came with battle. He cleft the shield of Gaul in twain;  
and the sons of the desert fled.

Now Fingal arose in his might, and thrice he reared  
his voice. Cromla answered around, and the sons of the  
desert stood still.—They bent their red faces to earth,

ashamed at the presence of Fingal. He came like a cloud of rain in the days of the sun, when slow it rolls on the hill, and fields expect the shower. Swaran beheld the terrible king of Morven, and stopped in the midst of his course. Dark he leaned on his spear, rolling his red eyes around. Silent and tall he seemed as an oak on the banks of Lubar, which had its branches blasted of old by the lightning of heaven.—It bends over the stream, and the gray moss whistles in the wind: so stood the king. His thousands pour around the hero, and the darkness of battle gathers on the hill.

MacPherson appears to have loved mystery for itself, and an obscurity hangs over the events of his life no less dark than that which surrounds the source of his poetry. While he was well known and influential both at home and abroad, yet, like so many others of his age, he is practically forgotten.

Another wonder of that curious age was Thomas Chatterton (1752–1770), who was born at Bristol, the son of a schoolmaster in indigent circumstances. Until the child was eight, he is said to have been very dull, but after he entered school at Bristol his faculties awakened, he began to read everything that came in his way, showed talent in drawing, and exhibited an inclination to poetry. At the age of twelve he composed and wrote on an old parchment in obsolete spelling a poem called *Elinoure and Juga*. With this juvenile effort he deceived the master of his school, and his success emboldened him to write and circulate a number of papers which he pretended to have found among the manuscripts of St. Mary



OLIVER GOLDSMITH  
1728-1774



Redcliff. Antiquaries accepted the forgeries with elation, and during the year 1768, when the poet was not yet sixteen, he sent them broadcast. A few found their way to Horace Walpole, who showed them to Gray, who instantly pronounced them forgeries. Shamed and embittered by his detection, the youth went to London and tried to obtain work, but he was so unsuccessful that, finding himself on the verge of starvation, he drank arsenic and died before he had finished his eighteenth year. He was one of the greatest geniuses for his age that the world has seen.

III. OLIVER GOLDSMITH. We are considering Oliver Goldsmith among the poets of his age, but with equal propriety he might be called a leader of the novelists and of dramatists, for he enjoys the unique distinction of having written a charming novel, a beautiful poem and a successful drama. Into each one of these he wove some of the incidents and experiences of his life, some trait of the people whom he knew, and thus brought his work near to the hearts of the people. He was born in 1728 at Pallas, Ireland, one of a family of nine children of a poor Irish clergyman. From the beginning Goldsmith knew what want and privation mean, and was compelled to struggle for all that he obtained. Dull, stupid, and shy in boyhood, with a squat, broad figure, undefined features and pock-marked face, there was little about him to attract strangers, and he made his way with difficulty. He managed,



however, to take his degree at Trinity College, and then for the next three years professed to be studying law, while in reality he was writing verses, playing the flute and making merry in every way.

Suddenly changing his ideas, he set out on a tour of the continent "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt on his back and a flute in his hand." His careless, happy-go-lucky disposition kept him always in trouble, while he blundered in nearly everything he undertook. Jests and practical jokes without number were played at his expense, and it is remarkable how he bore the ridicule, not always good-natured, that was showered upon him. In conversation his ideas wandered, and his thoughts were apparently without logical connection. To add to his awkward and annoying manners, when he had the means he dressed in the most glaring colors and ridiculous extremes of fashion. In his brief intervals of prosperity he spent his money like a king, heedless of its rapid exhaustion, and when in debt, as he was most of the time, he resorted to any occupation that would bring in a little money. Even late in life he earned his living with the simplest and barest kind of hack work. But he was a jolly, whole-souled fellow, full of drollery, and when he could gather a group of fun-loving friends about him he romped and played almost childishly.

And friends were plentiful, particularly after he became famous, and they clung faith-

fully to him. Thackeray says, "To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man!" and again in another place he adds: "Think of him, reckless, thoughtless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he chanted it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar; his benevolent spirit seems still to shine on us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor." His liberality won him many friends. Even at Trinity College, where he was working as a sizar and as a distinguishing mark of his labors was compelled to wear a uniform, he was so much distressed by the sufferings of a widow and children that he parted with his bedding and most of his own clothing, and one morning when his schoolmates entered his room they found him immersed to the neck in the feathers of the bed-tick.

His friends, however, were not solely among the poorer classes, for he was intimate with Johnson and Reynolds, was a member of the famous Literary Club and the companion of many of the London scholars and wits.

It was his poem, *The Traveler*, which established his position among writers, but *The Deserted Village* is the one by which he is best known and is the most refined of his writ-

ings. Two of his comedies, *The Good-Natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, still live, and in occasional revivals give pleasure to modern audiences. His masterpiece, however, is *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a wonderful novel of simple home life.

Toward the end of his life, although his friends and fame were increasing, his debts grew apace, and he became morose and despondent in contemplation of them. Then, in April, 1774, he died, and Dr. Johnson wrote: "He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to grow heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of the opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?" Not only were the poor and miserable, whom he had so often befriended, plunged into grief at his death, but it is said that Edmund Burke, his college-mate and lifelong friend, wept when he heard the news. Washington Irving says:

There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as Oliver Goldsmith. The fascinating ease and simplicity of his style; the benevolence that beams through every page; the whimsical yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the mellow, unforced humor blended so happily with good feeling and good sense throughout his writings win their way irresistibly to the affections and carry the author with them. While writers of greater pretensions and more sounding names are suffered to lie upon our shelves, the works of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle

with our minds; they sweeten our tempers and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world; and in so doing they make up happier and better men.

IV. GOLDSMITH'S POETRY. *The Traveler* is a descriptive and philosophical poem in which the author represents himself sitting upon snow-clad heights looking down upon a hundred realms. He views the whole with delight, but sighs to think that the quantity of human happiness is so small, yet hopes to find some spot where unalloyed happiness exists. Representatives of every country bring forward their claims, but the amount of happiness found in each is about the same, whether they come from Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland, England or elsewhere.

While less comprehensive in design and in some respects less philosophical, *The Deserted Village* contains so much of human interest and depicts English rural life in such true and homelike colors that few poems in the language have been more popular. It has been supposed that the village of Lissoy, over which Goldsmith's brother was for many years the rector, is the Auburn of the poem, but probably the poet did not have the same village in mind all the time, and drew his incidents from wide experience. As Macaulay has pointed out, there is a certain incongruity in giving us an English village in its prosperity and an Irish village of a different period for the contrast. Following is the poem:

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made !  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed ;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round :  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown  
By holding out to tire each other down ;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed ;  
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green :

One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;  
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;  
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :  
His best companion, innocence and health,  
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered ; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain :  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;  
And every want to luxury allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,  
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these  
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !  
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;  
Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state,  
To turn imploring famine from the gate ;  
But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;  
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way ;  
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below;  
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
For all the blooming flush of life is fled.  
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
She, wretched matron—forced in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;  
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,



He chid their wanderings, but relieved ~~their~~ pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty, prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay—  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge.  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlor splendors of that festive place;  
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;  
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all  
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;  
Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear;  
The host himself no longer shall be found  
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be pressed,  
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple blessings of the lowly train,  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,

With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey  
The rich man's power increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting Folly hails them from the shore;  
Boards even beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around.  
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,  
That leaves our useful products still the same.  
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space, that many poor supplied;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken cloth  
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;  
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage green;  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies.  
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all  
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;  
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,  
When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress;  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed:  
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,

But verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;  
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed  
He drives his flocks to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.  
If to the city sped—what waits him there?  
To see profusion that he must not share;  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;  
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,  
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe;  
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There, the pale artist plies the sickly trade;  
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;  
Sure these denote one universal joy!  
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes  
Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies.  
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;  
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—  
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn! thine the loveliest train,  
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
Far different there from all that charmed before,  
The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing;  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
And savage men more murderous still than they;  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,  
That called them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last—  
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main—  
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.

The good old sire the first prepared to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,  
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:  
At every draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;  
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round,

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness are there,  
And piety with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;  
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for lonest fame:  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;  
Thou guide, by which the noble arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!  
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

V. GOLDSMITH'S DRAMAS. *She Stoops to Conquer* was brought out with great success at Covent Garden Theater, in 1773. It is said to have been founded on an amusing incident in his boyhood. At sixteen, being on his way home from school and having a guinea in his pocket, he traveled with the air of a lord. At a little village he inquired in what he conceived to be a magnificent manner for the best inn in the place, and a local wag, seeing the opportunity for a joke, pointed out the home of the wealthiest man in the vicinity. Goldsmith rode up,



gave orders for the care of his horse, and strode into the parlor, making himself entirely at home. The family, seeing the mistake under which the young man was laboring, humored him to the utmost, and when, having ordered his meal, he invited them to sit with him, they accepted with delight, and the young prodigal treated them to a bottle of wine of extra quality. When he retired he gave orders for his breakfast in the morning, but before he left the house he discovered the blunder he had made and retreated in great mortification. Even if the incident never happened as related, it was quite characteristic of Goldsmith and does form the basis of the plot in the drama.

The secret of the popularity of Goldsmith's comedies is to be found in their simplicity and naturalness, which appealed to the taste of the day, satiated as it was with the genteel and sentimental dramas that had preceded them. Other writers had ridiculed the stilted and ridiculous plays that then occupied the stage, but Goldsmith drove out the cruder productions by substituting something better, and the continuous flow of wit and drollery, the amusing situations and lively characters permitted the attention of no one to flag after he had entered the theater. Compared with other plays of the age, Goldsmith's are wholesomely funny.

VI. "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD." *The Vicar of Wakefield*, it appears, was written as early

as 1762, although it was not published until four years later, and not until after the “grim humor of Smollett, the *risqué* realism of Fielding, the loitering of Sterne and the moralizing of Richardson” had left the public mind stunned, wearied and ready to accept the quiet simplicity of this chronicle of a country clergyman’s life. The tale brought a new series of characters into English fiction and fixed them permanently—simple people full of all the foibles and eccentricities of country life, but withal warm-hearted, honest and true, the kind of people that make up the bulk of England’s populace. *The Vicar of Wakefield* is a prose idyl which has been more popular outside of England perhaps than within, and it is doubtful if any other English novel has ever received the foreign praise that has been accorded it. The critic will not rank Goldsmith among the great novelists, because *The Vicar* has serious faults, especially in the inaccuracy, improbability and at times utter impossibility of what are set forward as natural events in ordinary life. Yet, it was a book which it is said Charles Dickens took to bed with him and which Goethe read and re-read until its influence became apparent in his writings. It is difficult to convey the charm of the *Vicar* by means of extracts, yet numbers can be found that are excellent in themselves. The story is that of a country clergyman’s peaceful home, its ruin and final restoration. The following tells us of the last happy night spent by the

little family and the tragic news of the daughter's flight:

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future: busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost. "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family: what is your opinion of matters and things in general?"—"My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well: and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cider-press and brewing-tubs for nothing."—"That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits into the bargain."—"He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses; "and I think he goes through it very prettily."—"Does he so?" cried I; "then let us have it: where's little Dick? let him up with it boldly."—"My brother Dick," cried Bill, my youngest, "is just gone out with sister Livy: but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose, *The Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*?" "The elegy, child, by all means," said I; "I never heard that yet: and Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that without an enlivening glass I am sure this will overcome me; and Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little."

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song,  
And if you find it wond'rous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say  
That still a godly race he ran,  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wond'ring neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied:  
The man recovered of the bite—  
The dog it was that died.

“A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an elegy  
that may truly be called tragical. Come, my children,  
here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop!”

"With all my heart," cried my wife: "and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song: it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story."—"However that be," cried I, "the most vulgar ballad of them all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza—productions that we at once detest and praise.—Put the glass to your brother, Moses.—The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses, "in sublimer compositions: but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mold: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can."

"And very good advice, too," cried I; "and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there: for as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting."

"Yes, Sir," returned Moses, "and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe,—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year; but our English wives are salable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his mother; "Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives."—"And for wives to manage their husbands,"

interrupted I. “It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the Continent would come over to take pattern with ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life; and, Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fireside, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live, they will be our support and our pleasure here: and when we die, they will transmit our honor untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song: let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? that little cherub’s voice is always sweetest in the concert.” Just as I spoke Dick came running in. “O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!”—“Gone, child!”—“Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her: and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, ‘Oh, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone!’”—“Now, then,” cried I, “my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And oh, may Heaven’s everlasting fury light upon him and his!—thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to Heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!”—“Father,” cried my son, “is this your fortitude?”—“Fortitude, child? yes, he shall see I have fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I’ll pursue the traitor—while he is on earth I’ll pursue him. Old as I am, he

shall find I can sting him yet. The villain, the perfidious villain!" I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. "My dearest, dearest husband!" cried she, "the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us."—"Indeed, Sir," resumed my son, after a pause, "your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy: you should not have cursed him, villain as he is."—"I did not curse him, child, did I?"—"Indeed, Sir, you did; you cursed him twice."

"Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did! And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies: Blessed be His holy name for all the good He hath given, and for all that He hath taken away. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child! to undo my darling!—May confusion seize—Heaven forgive me! what am I about to say!—You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming: till this vile moment all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died! But she is gone, the honor of our family contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off: perhaps he forced her away? If he forced her, she may yet be innocent."—"Ah, no, sir," cried the child; "he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast."—"She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, "to use us thus. She never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, thus to bring your gray hairs to the grave; and I must shortly follow."

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. “Never,” cried she, “shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.”

“Wife,” said I, “do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgressions, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity, but every other, the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff: I will pursue her, wherever she is; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of iniquity.”

The following shows that “offenses are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom:”

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we traveled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than



we to each other; and that the misfortunes of Nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that, during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world, showed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that, if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached the peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door; all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration. I gave a loud convulsive

outcry, and fell upon the pavement, insensible. This alarmed my son, who had, till this, been asleep; and he, perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter; and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. O misery! “Where,” cried I, “where are my little ones?”—“They are burnt to death in the flames,” said my wife calmly, “and I will die with them.” That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. “Where, where are my children?” cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined!—“Where are my little ones?”—“Here, dear papa, here we are,” cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I got out, the roof sunk in. “Now,” cried I, holding up my children, “now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.” We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames; and, after some time, began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was, therefore, out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbors were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us—spectators of the calamity.

My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbors contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our outhouses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbor and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place: having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one; and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply: but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner which was ever followed

with instant submission, “I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than an hundred acts of justice.”

Some assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbors, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected him in such a manner, as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing; and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister

brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about in a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Volturna, the child with a sudden spring leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

"As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye; her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent; after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded, having met with a repulse, he was obliged

to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general who presided as judge should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed; the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on each, were united.”

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter: but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the color of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt

the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendor, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the 'Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him, if he can," returned I: "but, my son, observe this bed of straw and unsheltering roof; those moldering walls and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. Oh, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendor

of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travelers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travelers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travelers that are going into exile.”

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had further to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me: for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of the family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus once more the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

The next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter at my request joined her voice to the concert on the trees above us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. “Do, my pretty Olivia,” cried she, “let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father.” She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me:



When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I vow, my dear Sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it?"

"Go," cried I, "thou art a wretch, a poor, pitiful wretch, and every way a liar: but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, Sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this!—And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honor for their portion!"

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you

shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her.”

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.—“Avoid my sight, thou reptile!” cried I, “nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone.”

“I find,” cried he, “you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expenses lately previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent; it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse.”

“Mr. Thornhill,” replied I, “hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once woe-fully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honor, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease,

and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me."—Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference, which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort, like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.



LAND'S END



## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE TRANSITION TO THE MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD (CONTINUED)

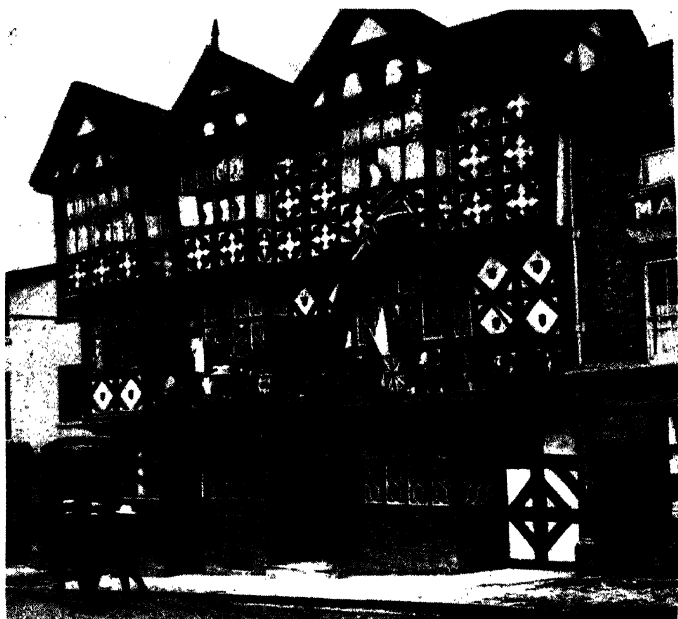
#### NOVELISTS

**I**NTRODUCTORY. During the middle of the eighteenth century there was an unequaled outburst of fiction, led by five great writers, whose names are usually associated in the minds of readers but whose work was independent though contemporaneous. It required but a quarter of a century to bring the English novel from infancy to full maturity, and each of the five contributed to the growth his own peculiar trait. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne and Goldsmith are not easily accounted for in any respect, but when we consider the five as writing practically at the same time in the same general department of literature and all succeeding in fascinating their readers, we must consider it one of the most remarkable

facts in history. Of Goldsmith and his *Vicar of Wakefield* we have spoken at length in the preceding chapter; it remains for us now to consider the other four and the peculiarities of their individual work.

The theater had ceased to be a great public entertainment, and people were looking for something to take its place. Not any great plays were appearing. The poets satisfied to a certain extent the craving for amusement by their satires and humorous tales, but there was room for a different type of literature. Moreover, the middle classes had grown into power and prominence, had become wealthy and influential and were tired of reading about the titled and aristocratic families of England. They wanted something more in harmony with their own lives—something middle class, and therefore interesting.

II. RICHARDSON. Samuel Richardson was born in 1689 in Derbyshire, but went to London and after serving an apprenticeship to a printer set up business on his own account in 1719. For twenty years he lived a quiet, unassuming life, making some friends and prospering in his business. He was small and fat, shy in the presence of his superiors, but always with his eyes on the ladies, and from the extent of his acquaintance with them he learned to understand their characteristics thoroughly. It was altogether a prosperous and decorous life that Richardson lived, marrying twice and having twelve children, all but one of whom,



FEATHERS HOTEL  
LUDLOW, ENGLAND

A GOOD EXAMPLE OF AN OLD ENGLISH INN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. IN LUDLOW MILTON WROTE "COMUS."



however, died early, these untimely deaths almost wrecking the health of the fond father. In fact, he had always suffered from dizziness and sudden attacks that were premonitions of the apoplexy that finally ended his life in 1761.

Richardson had written a great deal, and was particularly well-known among his friends for his excellent letters. Accordingly, some publishers suggested to him the composition of a series of familiar letters which should be published as a guide to people who wished to learn the art of correspondence. Richardson undertook the task, and found it broadening in his hands. He conceived the idea of *Pamela* and told the story of that young lady through these letters. The first part of the story, which leads up to her marriage, was wonderfully popular, but Richardson did not immediately continue the tale; when the second part appeared it was considered less satisfactory, and never attained a great sale. *Pamela*, however, stands as the first important English novel of manners, and to Richardson is often given the title of "the father of the English novel," not meaning thereby that he was the first to write one.

*Pamela* was followed about seven years later by *Clarissa*, a work much superior in every way to *Pamela*, and its success before the public was extraordinary. Later on Richardson undertook a more complicated study of life in *Sir Charles Grandison*, which raised him to the



height of his fame and apparently satisfied himself, for he ceased to write and settled down contentedly among his many admiring friends.

III. RICHARDSON'S NOVELS. In *Pamela* the author's object was apparently two-fold. He wished to show that female virtue might pursue its way safely through the severest trials, and that by a virtuous affection a libertine's life might be reformed. Pamela, a beautiful girl, intelligent beyond her years and position, the daughter of a poor English farmer, is placed at service in the house of a lady, where she is exposed to the ardent solicitations of the brother of her mistress, who subsequently becomes her master. The tale is told by the letters of Pamela to her parents and with a skill that keeps up the reader's interest throughout pages of wanderings—for Richardson loved to write, and his works are all unnecessarily long, but somehow there is a charm about what he says that makes the reader forgive him all these excursions. In the end the passion of her master turns to real love, and he offers his hand. Pamela gratefully accepts the honor; they are married, and the last part of the novel gives an account of their married life. Goldoni wrote two comedies on her experiences.

After Pamela's troubles, temptations and sufferings are over and as the future looks bright before her, her father comes in great agitation, for he has just heard of some of

the terrible trials of his daughter. Writing to her mother, she tells of the interview:

*About four o'clock.*—My master just came up to me, and said, "If you should see Mr. Williams below, do you think, Pamela, you should not be surprised?"—"No, Sir," said I, "I hope not. Why should I?"—"Expect," said he, "a stranger, then, when you come down to us in the parlor; for the ladies are preparing themselves for the card-table, and they insist upon your company."—"You have a mind, Sir," said I, "to try all my courage."—"Why," said he, "does it want courage to see him?"—"No, Sir," said I, "not at all. But I was grievously abashed to see all those strange ladies and gentlemen; and now to see Mr. Williams before them, as some of them refused his application for me, when I wanted to get away, it will a little shock me to see them smile, in recollecting what has passed of that kind."—"Well," said he, "guard your heart against surprises, though you shall see, when you come down, a man that I ~~can~~ allow you to love dearly, though hardly preferably to me."

This surprises me much. I am afraid he begins to be jealous of me. What will become of me (for he looked very seriously) if any turn should happen now?—My heart aches! I know not what's the matter. But I will go down as brisk as I can, that nothing may be imputed to me. Yet I wish this Mr. Williams had not been there now, when they are all there; because of their flocks at him and me. Otherwise I should be glad to see the poor gentleman; for indeed I think him a good man, and he has suffered for my sake.

So I am sent for down to cards. I'll go; but wish I may continue their good opinions of me; for I shall be very awkward. My master, by his serious question, and bidding me guard my heart against surprises, though I should see, when I came down, a man he can allow me to love dearly, though hardly better than himself, has quite alarmed me, and made me sad!—I hope he loves

me!—But whether he does or not, I am in for it now, over head and ears, I doubt, and can't help loving him; 'tis a folly to deny it. I can't love any man preferably to him. I shall soon know what he means.

Now, my dear mother, I must write to *you*. Well might my good master say so mysteriously about guarding my heart against surprises. I never was so surprised; and never could see a man I loved so dearly! Oh, it was my dear, dear father, not Mr. Williams, who was below ready to receive and bless your daughter. Both my master and he enjoined me to write how the whole matter was, and my thoughts on this joyful occasion.

I will take the matter from the beginning that Providence directed his feet here, to this time, as I have had it from Mrs. Jewkes, my master, my father, the ladies, and my own heart and conduct, as far as I know of both; because they command it, and you will be pleased with my relation; and, as you know how I came by the connection, will make one uniform relation of it.

It seems my dear father and you were so uneasy to know the truth of the story from Thomas, that, fearing I was betrayed and undone, he got leave of absence; and set out the day after Thomas was there; on Friday morning he got to the neighboring town; and there he heard that the gentry in the neighborhood were at my master's, at a great entertainment. He put on a clean shirt and neck-cloth he had in his pocket, at an alehouse there, and got shaved; and, after he had ate some bread and cheese, and drank a can of ale, he set out for my master's house, with a heavy heart, in fear of being brow-beaten. He had, it seems, asked at the alehouse what family the squire had down here, in hopes to hear something of me; they said, a housekeeper, two maids, and, at present, two coachmen, two grooms, a footman, and a helper. Was that all? he said. They told him, there was a young creature there, who *was*, or *was to be*, his mistress, or somewhat of that nature; but had been his mother's waiting-maid. This, he said, grieved his heart, and confirmed his fears.

So he went on, and about three in the afternoon reached the gate; and, ringing there, Sir Simon's coachman came, when he asked for the housekeeper; though, from what I had written, in his heart he could not abide her. She sent for him, little thanking who he was, and asked him, in the hall, what was his business with her.—"Only, Madam," said he, "whether I cannot speak one word with the squire?"—"No, friend," said she, "he is engaged with several gentlemen and ladies." Said he,—“I have business with his honor of greater consequence to me than either life or death;” and tears stood in his eyes.

At which she went into the great parlor, where my master was talking very pleasantly with the ladies; and she said—"Sir, here is a good old man, who wants to see you on business of life and death, he says, and is very earnest."—"Aye," said he, "who can that be?—Let him stay in the little hall, and I'll soon come to him." They all stared; and Sir Simon said, "No more nor less, I dare say, my good friend, but a bastard child."—"If it is," said Lady Jones, "bring it in to us."—"I will," said he.

Mrs. Jewkes says, my master was much surprised when he saw who it was; and she much more, when my dear father said, "Good God! give me patience! but, great as you are, Sir, I must ask for my child!" and burst out into tears—(Oh, what trouble have I given you both!)—My master said, taking him by the hand, "Don't be uneasy, Goodman Andrews: your daughter is in the way to be happy!" This alarmed my dear father, and he said, "What! then, is she dying!" And, trembling, could scarce stand. My master made him sit down by him, and said, "No, God be praised, she is very well: pray be comforted; I cannot bear to see you thus apprehensive; but she has written you a letter, to assure you that she has reason to be well satisfied and happy."

"Ah, Sir!" said he, "you told me once she was in London, waiting on a bishop's lady, but she was then a severe prisoner here."—"That's all over now, Goodman Andrews," said my master: "the times are altered:

for now the sweet girl has taken me prisoner: and, in a few days, I shall put on the most agreeable fetters that ever man wore."

"O, Sir," said he, "you are too pleasant for my griefs. My heart's almost broken. But may I not see my poor child?"—"You shall presently," said he; "for she is coming down to us: and since you won't believe *me*, I hope you will *her*."

"I will ask you, good Sir," said he, "but one question, that I may know how to look upon her when I see her. Is she honest? Is she virtuous?"—"As the new-born babe, Mr. Andrews," said my good master; "and, in twelve days' time, I hope, will be my wife."

"O flatter me not, good your honor," said he, "it cannot be! it cannot be!—I fear you have deluded her with strange hopes; and would make me believe impossibilities!"—"Mrs. Jewkes," said he, "do you tell my dear Pamela's good father, when I go out, all you know of me, and your mistress that is to be. Make much of him, set out what you have, and make him drink a glass of what he likes best. If this be wine," added he, "fill me up a bumper."

She did so; and he took my father by the hand, and said, "Believe me, good man, and be easy; for I can't bear to see you tortured in this cruel suspense: your dear daughter is the beloved of my soul. I am glad you are come; for you'll see us all in the same story. Here's your dame's health; and God bless you both for being the happy means of procuring for me so great a blessing!" So he drank a bumper to this most obliging health.

"What do I hear? It cannot surely be," said my father. "And your honor is too good, I hope, to mock a poor old man. This ugly story, Sir, of the bishop runs in my head.—But you say I shall see my dear child—and see her honest. If not, poor as I am, I would not own her."

My master bid Mrs. Jewkes not let me know yet that my father was come; and went to the company, and said, "I have been agreeably surprised: here is honest

old Goodman Andrews come full of grief to see his daughter: he fears she is seduced; and tells me, good honest man, that, poor as he is, he will not own her if she be not virtuous."—"Oh," said they all with one voice almost, "Dear Sir! shall we not see the good old man you have so praised for his plain good sense and honest heart?"—"If," said he, "I thought Pamela would not be too much affected with the surprise, I would make you all witness to their first interview, for never did daughter love a father, or father a daughter, as they two do one another." Miss Darnford, and all the ladies and gentlemen, begged it might be so. But was not this very cruel? For well might they think I should not support myself in such an agreeable surprise.

He said kindly—"I only fear, that the dear girl may be too much affected."—"Oh," said Lady Darnford, "we'll all help to keep up her spirits." Says he, "I'll go up and prepare her; but won't tell her of it." So he came up to me, as I have said, and amused me about Mr. Williams, to half prepare me for some surprise; though that could not have been anything to this; and he left me, as I said, in that suspense, at his mysterious words, saying, he would send to me, when they were going to cards.

My master went from me to my father, and asked if he had eaten anything. "No," said Mrs. Jewkes, "the good man's heart's so full, he cannot eat, nor do anything, till he has seen his dear daughter."—"That shall soon be," said my master. "I will have you come in with me; for she is going to sit down with my guests, to a game at quadrille! and I will send for her down."—"O, Sir," said my father, "don't, don't let me; I am not fit to appear before your guests; let me see my daughter by myself, I beseech you." Said he, "They all know your honest character, Goodman Andrews, and long to see you, for Pamela's sake."

He took my father by the hand, and led him in, against his will, to the company. They were all very good. My master kindly said, "Ladies and gentlemen,

I present to you one of the honestest men in England, my good Pamela's father." Mr. Peters went to him, and took him by the hand, and said, "We are all glad to see you, Sir; you are the happiest man in the world, in a daughter whom we never saw before to-day but cannot enough admire."

Said my master, "This gentleman, Goodman Andrews, is the minister of the parish; but not young enough for Mr. Williams." This airy expression, my poor father said, made him fear that all was a jest. Sir Simon also took him by the hand and said, "Aye, you have a sweet daughter, Honesty; we are all in love with her." And the ladies came and said very fine things: Lady Darnford particularly, that he might think himself the happiest man in England, in such a daughter. "If and please you, Madam," said he, "she be but virtuous, 'tis all in all: for all the rest is accident. But I doubt his honor *has been too much upon the jest with me.*"—"No," said Mrs. Peters, "we are all witnesses that he intends very honorably by her."—"It's some comfort," said he, and wiped his eyes, "that such good ladies say so—But I wish I could see her."

They would have had him sit down by them, but he would only sit behind the door in the corner of the room, so that, entering, one could not see him; because the door opened against him, and almost hid him. The ladies all sat down; and my master said, "Desire Mrs. Jewkes to step up, and tell Miss Andrews the ladies wait for her." So down I came.

Miss Darnford rose, and met me at the door, and said, "Well, Miss Andrews, we long for your company." I did not see my dear father; and it seems his heart was too full to speak; and he got up, and sat down, three or four times successively, unable to come to me, or to say anything. The ladies looked that way; but I would not, supposing it was Mr. Williams. They made me sit down between Lady Darnford and Lady Jones; and asked me what I would play at. I said, "At what your ladyships please." I wondered to see them smile, and

look upon me, and to that corner of the room; but I was afraid of looking, for fear of seeing Mr. Williams; though my face was that way too, and the table before me.

Said my master, "Did you send your letter away to the posthouse, my good girl, for your father?"—"To be sure, Sir," said I, "I did not forget that: I took the liberty to desire Mr. Thomas to carry it."—"What," said he, "I wonder will the good old couple say to it?"—"O Sir," said I, "your goodness will be a cordial to their dear honest hearts!" At that, my dear father, not able to contain himself, nor yet to stir from the place, gushed out into a flood of tears, which he, good soul, had been struggling with, it seems; and cried out, "Oh, my dear child!"

I knew the voice, and lifting up my eyes, saw my father. I gave a spring, and overturned the table, without regard to the company, and threw myself at his feet: "O my father! my father!" said I; "can it be? Is it you? Yes, it is!—O bless your happy"—daughter! I would have said, and down I sunk.

My master seemed concerned. "I feared," said he, "that the surprise would be too much for her spirits;" and all the ladies ran to me, and made me drink a glass of water; and I found myself encircled in the arms of my dearest father. "Oh, tell me," said I, "everything. How long have you been here?—When did you come? How does my honored mother?" And half a dozen questions more, before he could answer one.

They permitted me to retire with my father; then I poured forth all my vows, and thanksgivings to God, for this additional blessing; and confirmed all my master's goodness to his scarce-believing amazement. We kneeled together, blessing God, and one another, for several ecstatic minutes; and my master coming in soon after, my dear father said, "O Sir, what a change is this! May God reward and bless you, both in this world and the next."

"May God bless us all!" said he; "but how does my sweet girl? I have been in pain for you.—I am sorry I did not apprise you beforehand."—"O Sir," said I, "it



was you ; and all you do must be good. But this was a blessing so unexpected !”

“Well,” said he, “you have given pain to all the company. They will be glad to see you when you can ; for you have spoiled all their diversion ; and still painfully delighted them. Mr. Andrews,” added he, “do you make this house your own ; and the longer you stay, the more welcome you’ll be.—After you have a little composed yourself, my dear girl, step in to us again. I am glad to see you so well already.” And so he left us.

“See you, my dear father,” said I, “what goodness there is in this once naughty master ? O pray for him ! and for me that I may deserve it !”

“How long has this happy change been wrought, my dear child ?”—“O,” said I, “several days ! I have written down everything ; and you’ll see, from the depth of misery, what God has done for me.”

“Blessed be his name !” said he ; “but, do you say, he will marry you ? Can such a brave gentleman make a lady of the child of such a poor man as I ? O the Divine goodness ! How will your poor dear mother support these happy tidings ? I will set out to-morrow, to acquaint her with them ; for I am but half happy, till the dear good woman shares them with me !—To be sure, my child, we ought to go into some far country, to hide ourselves, that we may not disgrace you by our poverty.”

“O my dear father,” said I, “now you are unkind for the first time. Your poverty has been my glory, and my riches. I ever thought it an honor, rather than a disgrace, because you were always so honest, that your child might well boast of such a parentage !”

*Clarissa Harlowe* is the greatest of Richardson’s novels and the one upon which his reputation rests to-day. It is the story, also in letters, of a young lady, who, in order to avoid marriage with a man whom she does not love but who was favored by her parents, casts her-

self on the protection of a lover, who abuses most scandalously the confidence she reposed in him. By trickery he accomplishes his purpose without the consent of Clarissa, who rejects his offer of marriage when it is finally made, and, retiring to a solitary place, dies overwhelmed with grief and shame. Richardson is regarded as very skillful in preserving the dignity of virtue in all circumstances and showing that in every situation it is triumphant. Clarissa is a model of female excellence, but Lovelace is so thoroughly heartless a villain, so cold-blooded and calculating that he appears almost inhuman and impossible. The following brief extract is from *Clarissa*:

I am just returned from attending the afflicted parents in an effort they made to see the corpse of their beloved child. They had requested my company, and that of the good Mrs. Norton. A last leave, the Mother said, she *must* take.

An *effort*, however, it was, and no more. The moment they came in sight of the coffin, before the lid could be put aside: "O my dear," said the Father, retreating, "I cannot, I find I cannot, bear it! Had I—Had I—Had I never been hard-hearted!" Then turning round to his Lady, he had but just time to catch her in his arms, and prevent her sinking on the floor. "O my dearest life!" said he, "this is too much! too much indeed! Let us, let us retire." Mrs. Norton, who (attracted by the awful receptacle) had but just left the good lady, hastened to her. "Dear, dear woman!" cried the unhappy parent, flinging her arms about her neck; "bear me, bear me, hence! O my child, my child! My own Clarissa Harlowe! Thou pride of my life so lately! Never, never more must I behold thee!"

I supported the unhappy father, Mrs. Norton the sinking mother, into the next parlor. She threw herself on a settee there, he into an elbow-chair by her; the good woman at her feet, her arms clasped round her waist. The two mothers, as I may call them, of my beloved cousin, thus tenderly engaged. What a variety of distress in these woeful scenes!

In *Sir Charles Grandison* he attempts, still in letters, to depict as perfect a male character as he had shown a female character in *Clarissa*. In all Richardson's novels, then, he is serious, and attempts to teach a great lesson. While the frankness of opinion in some of the passages may be offensive to modern readers, it is not out of keeping with the customs and manners of the times, and if one can enjoy the verbosity which finds its extreme in *Sir Charles*, Richardson will still prove entertaining reading.

IV. FIELDING. Very different from Richardson was Henry Fielding (1707-1754), the eldest of the five children of Lieutenant Fielding, a member of a good family of Dorsetshire. Parts of Fielding's history are rather shadowy. We learn that as a boy he was at Eton, and that by the time he was twenty-one he was in London trying to earn his living by writing plays. In that occupation he was not particularly successful, though for years he made a living, and when in 1737 a licensing act put an end to the writing of plays he seems not to have regretted the change that became necessary.

His early life was wayward, and his wild dissipations brought to him a reputation that later years of respectability were not able to hide. Though it is probable that some of his performances have been much exaggerated, and while some allowance should be made for him on account of the times in which he lived, yet it is doubtless true that Fielding, even after his marriage, was of a highly reckless and irresponsible disposition. In 1735 he married a lady to whom he had long been devoted and who seems to have held his affection throughout her life, though after four years he married a second time. This time he selected his first wife's maid, remarking that she was an estimable creature, as well able to look after him and his children as any one. During this period Fielding's life is again shadowy, and it is difficult to say where he lived or how he spent his time until 1742, when we find him publishing *Joseph Andrews*, a humorous parody of Richardson's *Pamela*. Irritated by Richardson's anger, Fielding continued to satirize the moral work of his opponent in private, though he appeared satisfied with what he had accomplished in his novel. Its success was so great that he immediately published a collection of his *Miscellanies*, that contained the romance *Jonathan Wild*, which had probably been written some years before *Joseph Andrews*. In 1749 he published his greatest novel, *The History of Tom Jones*, and two years later his *Amelia*.

After this Fielding attempted to return to journalism, but with little success. Most of his time was occupied in his efforts to execute his duties in a thankless office to which he had been appointed, and we find him writing and talking on reforms which brought him little in the way of reward. Besides, his health was failing and he should have taken greater care of himself, but he became so much interested in attempting to break up a gang of cut-throats who were infesting London that he remained there until he was practically worn out. Following a miserable winter, he was in June, 1754, sent by his doctors to Lisbon, but after a few months' residence he died and was buried in the English cemetery at that place. His *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* was published after his death. From it we make the following brief extract:

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making as will appear no great way, a kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water; an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern and many bitter oaths. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favor of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less indeed at the captain's extreme tenderness than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for if puss had had nine thousand instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes, for, having stript himself of his jacket, breeches,

and shirt, he leapt boldly into the water, and to my great astonishment in a few minutes returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth.

V. FIELDING'S NOVELS. The mawkishness of *Pamela*, the moralizing and the long and tedious delineations of motive and action wearied Fielding, and he wrote, as we have said, *Joseph Andrews*, a novel which not only ridiculed *Pamela* effectively, but which created for mankind one or two characters of renown. Parson Adams is a great accomplishment, embodying the idea that the most lovable of human beings is the one who is so serenely innocent and simple that he cannot see the trickery and meanness of his neighbors. Beginning solely with the idea of ridiculing Richardson, it appears as though Fielding had become so much attached to the characters he created that he continued his tale from the very love of it.

The following discourse by Parson Adams is too characteristic to omit:

The parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or perhaps one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slip-slop, and of making her eldest son an exciseman by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him it be-

hoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in others folks' affairs; that he had always preached a submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behavior in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did; and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her because she was handsome, but handsome women are often no better than they should be; that God made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no: for all which reasons she concluded she should oblige the lady and stop the future publication of the banns.

But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the consequence it might have on his worldly interest. He endeavored to answer her as well as he could; to which she had just finished her reply (for she had always the last word everywhere but at church) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eaten nor drunk that morning than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision: and then ran nimbly to the tap and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house.

Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny; he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a license, saying he could easily borrow the money.

The parson answered that he had already given his sentiments concerning a license, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. "Joseph," says he, "I wish this haste does not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these causes I will examine both. Of each of these, therefore, in their turn; and first, for the first of these; namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you that if in your purposed marriage with this young woman you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you; nay, perhaps if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon gratis, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse, 'Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her.' The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can be said to be consecrated to honor. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If therefore this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to; namely, fear: it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is



able not only to defeat the designs of our enemies but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here, that we cannot quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child; and have set your affections so absolutely on this young woman, that if God required her at your hands I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be taken from him by providence, he may be able peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it."

At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room, and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavor to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses, both in private and public,—for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace: but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice.

"Child, child," said he, "do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age,—the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me! It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learned: poor child! it is of no farther use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the Church; such parts and such goodness, never met in one so young." "And the handsomest lad too," says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. "My poor Dicky, shall I never see thee more?" cries the parson. "Yes, surely," says Joseph, "and in a better place, you will meet again, never to part more."

I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, "Where is my little darling?" and was sallying out, when to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son, in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running toward him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from I believe no very good principle, to relate ill news; and seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor peddler who had relieved his father before from a less distress.

The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the peddler, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? Not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his

wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honor. No, reader; he felt the ebullition, the overflowings, of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation; and of which if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavor to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus:—"No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions if thou dost expect happiness." The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer: he interrupted the parson, saying it was easier to give advice than to take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered.

"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it does not become green heads to advise gray hairs. Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate."

"Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally." "Yes, but such love is foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams; "it savors too much of the flesh." "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to dote on her to distraction!" "Indeed, but it is," says Adams; "every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do: but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion." "I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavors," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure." "You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.

“Indeed,” says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, “you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrine as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry, come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife has a right to insist on her husband’s loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who does not. Does he not promise to love her, and comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practice, for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that’s the truth on’t; and why you should endeavor to put such wicked nonsense into this young man’s head, I cannot devise. Don’t hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too.”

Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse.

*The History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild, the Great* is a powerful satire that in part would do credit to Swift. Fielding looks deep down into the heart of a criminal and analyzes his character with wonderful truth and feeling.

*The History of Tom Jones* was popular from the first, and is one of the great novels of the age, though its pages are soiled by passages of coarseness which it seems might well have been omitted. Richardson’s forte was the serious novel; Fielding’s, the comic, and many of the

scenes in *Tom Jones* are full of a humor that has never grown stale.

The following rather amusing incident is from the second book of *Tom Jones*; it gives a good idea of Fielding's intimate and half-humorous style:

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out. While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book before the gunpowder-treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, that here were candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelve-month.

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, it is?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other.

Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay: go along with you: Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness!—Whatever happens, it is good enough for you.—Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases.—Oh! here he is again.—No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush! dear sir, don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine, then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered

in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case?—But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again.—Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are.” Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, “Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?”

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king’s countenance. “Well,” said he, “how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king’s face, that he had ever committed a murder?” He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction, than that “he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.”

Partridge sat in a fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, “There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what’s his name, squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me! what’s become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.” “Indeed, you saw right,” answered Jones. “Well, well,” cries Partridge, “I know it is only a play: and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person.—There, there—Ay, no wonder you are in such a passion, shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I would serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings.—Ay, go about your business, I hate the sight of you.”

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, if she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; "though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, that it was one of the most famous burial-places about town. "No wonder then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe."—Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man, on any account.—He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus boris sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I



had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other.—Anybody may see he is an actor.”

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions, and waked several time in great horrors, crying out, “Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.”

*Amelia* was written, it would seem, to show Fielding’s conception of a really good woman, and in it are to be found his most matured sentiment, for he had won and lost the wife he loved and was speaking from the depths of his heart. Although without the vivacity and brightness of his preceding novels, there are readers who rank *Amelia* as his best, largely because of the touching and sympathetic power of its true sentiment. At any rate, it shows us that the great humorist was essentially simple in his affections and tender-hearted toward mankind. Perhaps the following scene will illustrate this side of Fielding’s genius:

“The doctor, madam,” continued Booth, “spent his evening at Mrs. Harris’s house, where I sat with him whilst he smoked his pillow-pipe, as the phrase is. Amelia was retired above half an hour to her chamber before I went to see her. At my entrance I found her on her knees, a posture in which I never disturbed her. In a few minutes she arose, came to me, and embracing me, said she had been praying for resolution to support the cruelest moments she had ever undergone, or could possibly undergo. I reminded her how much more bitter a farewell would be on a death-bed, when we never could meet, in this world at least, again. I then endeavored to lessen all those objects which alarmed her most, and particularly the danger I was to encounter, upon which head I seemed a little to comfort her; but the probable length of my absence, and the certain length of my voyage, were circumstances which no oratory of mine could even palliate. ‘Oh heavens!’ said she, bursting into tears; ‘can I bear to think that hundreds, thousands, for aught I know, of miles or leagues—that lands and seas—are between us? What is the prospect from that mount in our garden, where I have sat so many happy hours with my Billy? what is the distance between that and the farthest hill which we see from thence, compared to the distance which will be between us? You cannot wonder at this idea: you must remember, my Billy, at this place this very thought came formerly into my foreboding mind. I then begged you to leave the army—why would you not comply? Did I not tell you then, that the smallest cottage we could survey from the mount would be with you a paradise to me? It would be so still. Why can’t my Billy think so? Am I so much his superior in love? Where is the dishonor, Billy? or, if there be any, will it reach our ears in our little hut? Are glory and fame, and not his Amelia, the happiness of my husband? Go, then, purchase them at my expense! You will pay a few sighs, perhaps a few tears, at parting, and then new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor Amelia from your bosom; but what assistance shall

I have in my affliction? Not that any change of scene could drive you one moment from my remembrance; yet here every object I behold will place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before my eyes. This is the bed in which you have reposed; that is the chair in which you sat; upon these boards you have stood; these books you have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of flowers without viewing your favorites, nay, those which you have planted with your own hands? Can I see one beauty from our beloved mount which you have not pointed out to me?' Thus she went on; the woman, madam, you see, still prevailing."—"Since you mention it," says Miss Matthews, with a smile, "I own the same observation occurred to me. It is too natural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. Booth."—"You shall hear," he cried: "at last, the thoughts of her present condition suggested themselves. 'But if,' said she, 'my situation even in health will be so intolerable, how shall I, in the danger and agonies of childbirth, support your absence!' Here she stopped, and looking on me with all the tenderness imaginable, cried out:—'And am I then such a wretch as to wish for your presence at such a season? Ought I not to rejoice that you are out of the hearing of my cries or the knowledge of my pains? If I die, will you not have escaped the horrors of a parting ten thousand times more dreadful than this? Go, go, my Billy; the very circumstance which made me most dread your departure has perfectly reconciled me to it. I perceive clearly now that I was only wishing to support my own weakness with your strength, and to relieve my own pains at the price of yours. Believe me, my love, I am ashamed of myself.' I caught her in my arms with raptures not to be expressed in words, calling her my heroine (sure none ever better deserved that name); after which we remained some time speechless, and locked in each other's embraces."

"I am convinced," said Miss Matthews with a sigh, "there are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds."

“At length the fatal morning came. I endeavored to hide every pang in my heart, and to wear the utmost gayety in my countenance. Amelia acted the same part. In these assumed characters we met the family at breakfast; at their breakfast, I mean,—for we were both full already. The doctor had spent above an hour that morning in discourse with Mrs. Harris, and had in some measure reconciled her to my departure. He now made use of every art to relieve the poor distressed Amelia; not by inveighing against the folly of grief, or by seriously advising her not to grieve; both which were sufficiently performed by Miss Betty. The doctor, on the contrary, had recourse to every means which might cast a veil over the idea of grief and raise comfortable images in my angel’s mind. He endeavored to lessen the supposed length of my absence, by discoursing on matters which were more distant in time. He said he intended next year to rebuild a part of his parsonage house; ‘and you, captain,’ says he, ‘shall lay the corner-stone, I promise you;’ with many other instances of the like nature, which produced, I believe, some good effect on us both.

“Amelia spoke but little; indeed, more tears than words dropped from her; however, she seemed resolved to bear her affliction with resignation: but when the dreadful news arrived that the horses were ready, and I, having taken my leave of all the rest, at last approached her, she was unable to support the conflict with nature any longer; and clinging round my neck, she cried, ‘Farewell—farewell forever! for I shall never, never see you more!’ At which words the blood entirely forsook her lovely cheeks, and she became a lifeless corpse in my arms.

“Amelia continued so long motionless, that the doctor, as well as Mrs. Harris, began to be under the most terrible apprehensions, so they informed me afterwards: for at that time I was incapable of making any observation. I had indeed very little more use of my senses than the dear creature whom I supported. At length, however,

we were all delivered from our fears, and life again visited the loveliest mansion that human nature ever afforded it.

"I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had happened, and Amelia continued yet so weak and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to leave her that day; which resolution she was no sooner acquainted with than she fell on her knees, crying, 'Good Heaven! I thank thee for this reprieve at least. Oh, that every hour of my future life could be crammed into this dear day!'

"Our good friend the doctor remained with us; he said he had intended to visit a family in some affliction; 'but I don't know,' says he, 'why I should ride a dozen miles after affliction, when we have enough here.' Of all mankind the doctor is the best of comforters. As his excessive good-nature makes him take vast delight in the office, so his great penetration into the human mind, joined to his great experience, renders him the most wonderful proficient in it; and he so well knows when to soothe, when to reason, and when to ridicule, that he never applies any of those arts improperly, which is almost universally the case with the physicians of the mind, and which it requires very great judgment and dexterity to avoid.

"The doctor principally applied himself to ridiculing the dangers of the siege, in which he succeeded so well that he sometimes forced a smile even into the face of Amelia. But what most comforted her were the arguments he used to convince her of the probability of my speedy, if not immediate, return. He said the general opinion was that the place would be taken before our arrival there; in which case we should have nothing more to do than to make the best of our way home again.

"Amelia was so lulled by these arts that she passed the day much better than I expected. Though the doctor could not make pride strong enough to conquer love, yet he exalted the former to make some stand against the latter; insomuch that my poor Amelia, I believe, more

than once flattered herself, to speak the language of the world, that her reason had gained an entire victory over her passion; till love brought up a reinforcement, if I may use that term, of tender ideas, and bore down all before him.

“In the evening the doctor and I passed another half-hour together, when he proposed to me to endeavor to leave Amelia asleep in the morning, and promised me to be at hand when she awaked, and to support her with all the assistance in his power; he added that nothing was more foolish than for friends to take leave of each other. ‘It is true indeed,’ says he, ‘in the common acquaintance and friendship of the world, this is a very harmless ceremony; but between two persons who really love each other, the Church of Rome never invented a penance half so severe as this which we absurdly impose on ourselves.’

“I greatly approved the doctor’s proposal, thanked him, and promised if possible to put it in execution. He then shook me by the hand and heartily wished me well, saying in his blunt way, ‘Well, boy, I hope to see thee crowned with laurels at thy return; one comfort I have at least, that stone walls and a sea will prevent thee from running away.’

“When I had left the doctor I repaired to my Amelia, whom I found in her chamber, employed in a very different manner from what she had been the preceding night: she was busy in packing up some trinkets in a casket, which she desired me to carry with me. This casket was her own work, and she had just fastened it as I came to her.

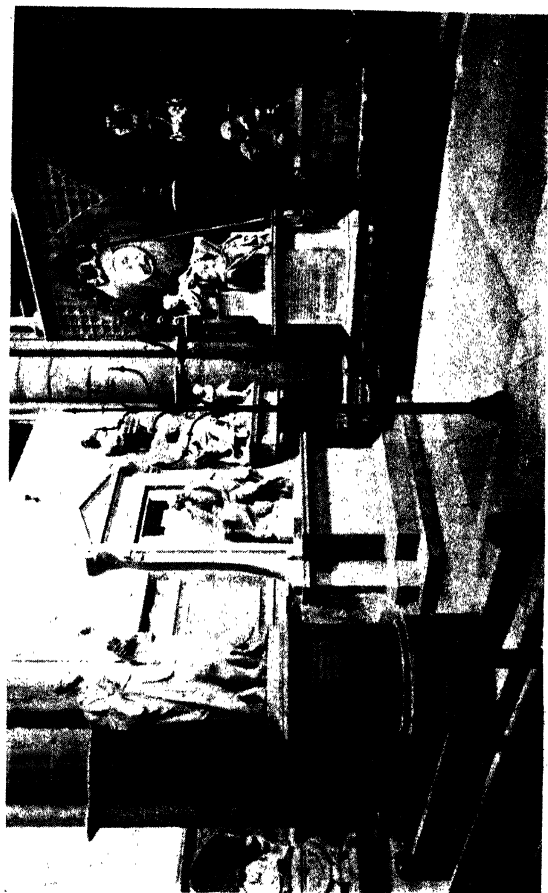
“Her eyes very plainly discovered what had passed while she was engaged in her work; however, her countenance was now serene, and she spoke at least with some cheerfulness; but after some time, ‘You must take care of this casket, Billy,’ said she; ‘you must, indeed, Billy, for’—her passion almost choked her till a flood of tears gave her relief, and then she proceeded—‘for I shall be the happiest woman that ever was born when I see it

again.' I told her, with the blessing of God, that day would soon come. 'Soon?' answered she, 'no, Billy, not soon; a week is an age; but yet the happy day may come. It shall, it must, it will! Yes, Billy, we shall meet never to part again—even in this world, I hope.' Pardon my weakness, Miss Matthews, but upon my soul I cannot help it," cried he, wiping his eyes.

"Well, I wonder at your patience, and I will try it no longer. Amelia, tired out with so long a struggle between a variety of passions, and having not closed her eyes during three successive nights, towards the morning fell into a profound sleep, in which sleep I left her; and having dressed myself with all the expedition imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse, which I had over-night ordered to be ready, and galloped away from that house where all my treasure was deposited.

"Thus, madam, I have in obedience to your commands run through a scene, which if it has been tiresome to you, you must yet acquit me of having obtruded upon you. This I am convinced of, that no one is capable of tasting such a scene who has not a heart full of tenderness, and perhaps not even then, unless he has been in the same situation."

VI. STERNE. The father of Laurence Sterne (1713–1768) was an ensign in one of the Irish regiments, in active service most of the time during Sterne's connection with it. It was stationed principally in Ireland, yet it was moved about from place to place, and at one time, at least, was as far away as Gibraltar. Here, in fact, the ensign fought a duel "about a goose" and was pinioned to the wall by his opponent's sword. Having requested his assailant to wipe the plaster from the sword before he drew it back, and having recovered



POETS' CORNER  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY





rapidly from the wound, the elder Sterne nevertheless found his health destroyed, and, having been ordered to Jamaica, died there in March, 1731. At this time Laurence was nearly eighteen and had since his ninth year been living with a cousin, who had practically adopted him. The first years of his life were spent in the camps and under varied experiences which could not but leave their mark on the sensitive character of a child. In 1733 Laurence was sent to Cambridge, from which he received his master's degree seven years later, but of his life there we know practically nothing.

When he left Cambridge another relative took him up, and after studying Laurence was ordained priest and given a profitable living eight miles from York. About this time he fell in love with and married Elizabeth Lumley, a young lady of a wealthy Yorkshire family. Two children were born to them, but only one survived; she was a great favorite with her parents, but unluckily was the Lydia to whom principally Sterne's evil reputation is now due, as she had the bad taste to publish letters and papers which were highly derogatory to her father. Perhaps Sterne deserved nothing better, for his life was a succession of intrigues of one kind and another with a variety of women, and his coarseness and vulgarity often found utterance in his works.

It was 1760 before Sterne came into public notice, and then it occurred so suddenly that

even he was astonished at his unmeasured popularity. When he brought *Tristram Shandy* up to London it had previously been published in York, and many of the *literati* of the great city were acquainted with it. They received Sterne literally with open arms, and he soon found himself the center of admiring friends from the upper classes. Such adulation was sufficient to have turned the head of a wiser man. At yearly intervals he published other volumes of *Tristram Shandy* until the ninth had appeared, and in the meantime he had alternated with them the *Sermons of Yorick*, and in 1766 had published *The Sentimental Journey*. His visit to London in 1767 lasted until May and was marked by his flirtation with "Eliza" Draper, the young wife of an Indian official, who was at home for her health. This affair added nothing to Sterne's credit with the best of his English friends, and when he returned home to Coxwold it made him quite ill. Here his wife and daughter joined him after a long separation, but the reconciliation was merely temporary. In February of the next year he went to London with what we have of his *Sentimental Journey*, and there at cheap lodgings, in the presence only of a hired nurse and a footman who had been sent to inquire about him, he passed away, and it was said that even his sleeve buttons were stolen before his scantily attended funeral.

VII. THE NOVELS OF STERNE. The checkered and ill-favored career of Sterne gave little

evidence of his power as a writer, and it is astonishing that a person of such character, apparently by himself should have gained the astonishing facility, grace and beauty that constitute his style. Of course, his character shows in his writings, and there are passages in *Tristram Shandy* that are coarse and repulsive. Moreover, Sterne was a plagiarist, and a willful one at that, but although some of his best stories and anecdotes have been stolen from other writers, he has given to each such a delightfully appropriate new dress or has changed it in such an attractive way that any reader is inclined to forgive the theft. The humor of Sterne is purely original, his style no less so, and we know of no other writer who could have drawn such characters as Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim. His touch is as sure and delicate as that of a surgeon's knife, and his pictures are finished with most perfect detail and with the highest polish. No writer uses purer or more idiomatic English, and none has been able to round out and finish his characters with greater perfection. Nevertheless, we call *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey* novels simply because we have no better name for them; neither bears any close relation to a modern novel, with carefully thought-out plot, unity of action and proper balance and proportion. *The Sentimental Journey* is really but an expansion of one part of *Tristram Shandy*, which reached its ninth and last part but was never concluded. Both

novels are a series of vivid little pictures bearing some relation one to another, drawn with most charming fidelity to nature and with irresistibly humorous touches. More delightful reading it is difficult to find.

It is impossible, of course, to give by means of extracts the careful delineation of Uncle Toby or the other characters in *Tristram Shandy*, and anything that we may quote could show, perhaps, only one side of one of the characters. What we have selected shows *Uncle Toby and his Hobby-horse*, but to know and love him one must read much more:

When a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion,—or, in other words, when his hobby-horse grows headstrong,—farewell cool reason and fair discretion!

My uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much—he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of,—it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.—The succession of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution;—and so, without consulting farther with an soul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice,—he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.—So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his

books of fortification, his instruments, etc., and by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other,—my Uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise of this sudden demigration was as follows:

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, etc., about him—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers;—and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavoring to catch the snuffers in falling,—he thrust Monsieur Blondell off the table, and Count de Pagan o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing these evils by himself,—he rung his bell for his man Trim;—"Trim," quoth my uncle Toby, "prithee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some better contrivance, Trim.—Can'st not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?"—"Yes, an' please your Honor," replied Trim, making a bow; "but I hope your Honor will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where,—as your Honor takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T."

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company,—his real name was James Butler,—but having got the nick-name of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of

Namur;—and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge.—For Corporal Trim (for so, for the future, I shall call him), by four years' occasional attention to his Master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his Master's plans, etc., exclusive and besides what he gain HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body-servant, *Non Hobby Horsical per se*;—had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chambermaid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character,—and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise,—or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of “your Honor,” with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,—you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man;—and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant,—but as an humble friend,—he could not bear to stop his mouth.—Such was Corporal Trim.

“If I durst presume,” continued Trim, “to give your Honor my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter.”—“Thou art welcome, Trim,” quoth my uncle Toby—“speak,—speak what thou thinkest upon the subject,

man, without fear." "Why then," replied Trim (not hanging his ears and scratching his head like a country lout, but stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division)—"I think," quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings,—"I think," quoth Corporal Trim, "with humble submission to your Honor's better judgment,—that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and horn-works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honor and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with. As summer is coming on," continued Trim, "your Honor might sit out of doors, and give me the nography—("Call it ichnography," quoth my uncle.)—of the town or citadel, your Honor was pleased to sit down before,—and I will be shot by your Honor upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honor's mind"—"I dare say thou would'st, Trim," quoth my uncle.—"For if your Honor," continued the Corporal, "could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles ("That I could do very well," quoth my uncle.) I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honor could tell me the proper depth and breadth ("I can to a hair's breadth, Trim," replied my uncle.) I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter-scarp."—"Very right, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby:—"and when I had sloped them to your mind,—an' please your Honor, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods,—and as your Honor knows they should be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too."—"The best engineers call them gazons, Trim," said my uncle Toby.—"Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter," replied Trim; "your Honor knows they are ten



times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.”——“I know they are, Trim, in some respects,” quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head, “for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon, right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it which might fill the fossé (as was the case at St. Nicolas’s gate), and facilitate the passage over it.”

“Your Honor understands these matters,” replied Corporal Trim, “better than any officer in his Majesty’s service;——but would your Honor please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honor’s directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world’s riding twenty miles to go and see it.”

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on;—but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty,—or of anger,—it was a blush of joy;—he was fired with Corporal Trim’s project and description.——“Trim!” said my uncle Toby, “thou hast said enough.”——“We might begin the campaign,” continued Trim, “on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—” “Trim,” quoth my uncle Toby, “say no more.”——“Your Honor,” continued Trim, “might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would——” “——Say no more, Trim,” quoth my uncle Toby.”——“Besides, your Honor would get not only pleasure and good pastime,—but good air, and good exercise, and good health,—and your Honor’s wound would be well in a month.”——“Thou hast said enough, Trim”——quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket)——“I like thy project mightily.”——“And if your Honor pleases, I’ll this moment go and buy a pioneer’s spade to take down with us, and I’ll bespeak a shovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of——” “——Say no more, Trim,” quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thrusting a guinea into Trim’s hand,—“Trim,” said my

uncle Toby, "say no more;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant."

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper,——to no purpose:—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—"Trim," quoth my uncle Toby, "get me to bed."—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination,—my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes. The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him;—so that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for;—so that as Trim uttered the words, "A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with,—this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy;—which was the physical cause of making him change color, or at least of heightening his blush, to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy this self-same thing in private;—I say in private; for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thick-set flowering shrubs:—so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure pre-conceived in my uncle Toby's mind.—Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,——or private soever it might seem,—to think, dear uncle Toby. of enjoying a thing which took

up a whole rood and a half of ground,—and not have it known!

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter,—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,—may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitasis and working-up of this drama. At present the scene must drop,—and change for the parlor fire-side.

As an example of humor and sentiment combined, we offer the following little incident of *The Poor Ass*, likewise from *Tristram Shandy*:

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two forefeet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, etc.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, etc., for pretty near the same reason; they act

by rote, as the others speak of it, and equally make me silent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both——(and for my dog he would speak if he could)——yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation——I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the *proposition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations in his beds of justice——and those utter'd——there's an end of the dialogue——

But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

"Come, *Honesty!*" said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate, "art thou for coming in, or going out?"

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street——

"Well," replied I, "we'll wait a minute for thy driver:"

He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way——

"I understand thee perfectly," answered I; "If thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death. Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent."

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavoriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again. "God help thee, Jack!" said I, "thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labor,—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages——'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others. And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot (for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon." In saying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon——

than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in my face—"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may"—"If I do," said I, "I'll be d——d."

The word was but one-half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andoüillets'—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

VIII. SMOLLETT. The last of the four great writers of fiction who made the middle of the eighteenth century remarkable in England was Tobias George Smollett (1721–1771). He excelled in power of drawing character, in the roughness and savagery of incidents and in the cleverness with which he managed the narrations, one incident following upon another so rapidly as to leave no opportunity for interest to flag. His father was a Scotch ne'er-do-well, who occupied a little house on the estate of his father, a man of character and importance. The young Tobias received rather a meager education, but evidently studied some Latin and Greek, and was finally apprenticed to a physician in Edinburgh. At the same time he may have attended the high school and university, and we know that for a short time he was a ship surgeon in the navy. Here, however, he became disgusted with the inefficiency of the fleet, and, leaving it, settled down as a

surgeon in London and made that city his home for the remainder of his life.

From an early period he cultivated literature; his first efforts were received with no favor, and it was not until 1748 that the publication of *Roderick Random* attracted the attention of the public and *Peregrine Pickle* and *Ferdinand, Count Fathom* added to his reputation. Besides writing these novels, he produced a dull but in some respects satisfactory history of England and a variety of essays that long since have been forgotten. In 1763 his only daughter died, and Smollett, with his wife, left England to travel on the continent. By this time his own health was precarious, and in 1769 he was sent south by his physicians, and near Leghorn established his home for his final years. Here in peace and contentment he wrote *Humphrey Clinker*, as Scott says, "the last, and, like music sweetest in the close, the most pleasing of Smollett's books." In September, 1771, the year of the publication of *Humphrey Clinker*, Smollett died, in the fiftieth year of his age, and was buried at Leghorn in a cemetery overlooking the sea.

Of his personal history we have very little account, but while he was an honest man, a good friend and a patriot, he seems to have been wholly lacking in attractive qualities, and his harshness and surliness brought him the antagonism of many who might have been his friends. Toward his enemies he was extremely hostile and bitter, particularly if they were

successful. The following estimate of Smollett's work is taken from Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Comic Writers*; it should be interesting not only in the account it gives of the great novelist, but also as a specimen of the writing of the inimitable Hazlitt, whom many consider to have been the finest of English critics. He was writing about forty years after the death of Smollett:

Smollett's first novel, *Roderick Random*, which is also his best, appeared about the same time as Fielding's *Tom Jones*; and yet it has a much more modern air with it: but this may be accounted for, from the circumstance that Smollett was quite a young man at the time, whereas Fielding's manner must have been formed long before. The style of *Roderick Random* is more easy and flowing than that of *Tom Jones*; the incidents follow one another more rapidly (though, it must be confessed, they never come in such a throng, or are brought out with the same dramatic effect); the humor is broader, and as effectual; and there is very nearly, if not quite, an equal interest excited by the story. What then is it that gives the superiority to Fielding? It is the superior insight into the springs of human character, and the constant development of that character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humor often arises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance; as, from Roderick Random's carrotty locks, which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap's ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those in *Gil Blas*, might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits the ridiculous accidents and reverses to which human life is liable, not "the stuff" of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick,

or penetrates beyond the surface; and, therefore, he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us: we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators of a highly amusing scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event. We read *Roderick Random* as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes have ceased to exist: but we regard *Tom Jones* as a real history; because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest—*intus et in cute*. Smollett excels most as the lively caricaturist: Fielding as the exact painter and profound metaphysician. I am far from maintaining that this account applies uniformly to the productions of these two writers; but I think that, as far as they essentially differ, what I have stated is the general distinction between them. *Roderick Random* is the purest of Smollett's novels: I mean in point of style and description. Most of the incidents and characters are supposed to have been taken from the events of his own life; and are, therefore, truer to nature. There is a rude conception of generosity in some of his characters, of which Fielding seems to have been incapable, his amiable persons being merely good-natured. It is owing to this that Strap is superior to Partridge; as there is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in some of the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew, which is beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing. The whole of the scene on ship-board is a most admirable and striking picture, and, I imagine, very little if at all exaggerated, though the interest it excites is of a very unpleasant kind, because the irritation and resistance to petty oppression can be of no avail. The picture of the little profligate French friar, who was Roderick's traveling companion, and of whom he always kept to the windward, is one of Smollett's most masterly



sketches.—*Peregrine Pickle* is no great favorite of mine, and *Launcelot Greaves* was not worthy of the author.

*Humphrey Clinker* and *Count Fathom* are both equally admirable in their way. Perhaps the former is the most pleasant gossiping novel that ever was written; that which gives the most pleasure with the least effort to the reader. It is quite as amusing as going the journey could have been; and we have just as good an idea of what happened on the road, as if we had been of the party. *Humphrey Clinker* himself is exquisite; and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins, not much behind him. Matthew Bramble, though not altogether original, is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in *The Rivals*. But *Lismahago* is the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity, when he finds his fortune mellowing in the wintry smiles of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. This is the best preserved, and most severe of all Smollett's characters. The resemblance to *Don Quixote* is only just enough to make it interesting to the critical reader, without giving offense to anybody else. The indecency and filth in this novel, are what must be allowed to all Smollett's writings.—The subject and characters in *Count Fathom* are, in general, exceedingly disgusting: the story is also spun out to a degree of tediousness in the serious and sentimental parts; but there is more power of writing occasionally shown in it than in any of his works. I need only to refer to the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on his landing in England; to the robber scene in the forest, which has never been surpassed; to the Parisian swindler who personates a raw English country squire (Western is tame in the comparison); and to the story of the seduction in the west of England. It would be difficult to point out, in any author, passages written with more force and mastery than these.

Like all of Richardson's novels, the story of *Humphrey Clinker* is told in a series of letters

written by Matthew Bramble, an eccentric old gentleman traveling for his health; his sister Tabby; a nephew; a niece, Winifred Jenkins; a servant, and Humphrey Clinker, who is picked up on the way. They are addressed to various friends of the writers, and fit into one another with admirable cunning. The journey is full of incidents, told with such a wealth of detail that one could get little more by making the journey himself. All the characters are well drawn, and they develop interestingly under the eye of the reader: Aunt Tabby looking everywhere for a husband; the niece troubled by lovers, but devoted solely to one who appears at first hopelessly below her; the indifferent, rather cynical nephew; Humphrey Clinker, servant, preacher and man of character; and perhaps more amusing than any other, the old Scotch soldier, Lismahago, whose entrance into the story is told as follows by the nephew, writing to his college friend at Oxford:

A tall, meager figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while my aunt and Liddy stood at a window in the dining-room. He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Bradensburgs, now totally deprived of their metal; and he had holster-caps and housing of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavored to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume; but the ostler neglecting to hold the stirrup when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth

unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, displayed a headpiece of various colors, patched and plastered in a woeful condition. The ladies, at the window above shrieked with affright, on the supposition that the stranger had received some notable damage in his fall: but the greatest injury he had sustained arose from the dishonor of his descent, aggravated by the disgrace of exposing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door laughed aloud, in the belief that the lieutenant had got either a scald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and, snatching one of his pistols, threatened to put the ostler to death, when another squall from the women checked his resentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kissed the butt-end of his pistol, which he replaced; adjusted his wig in great confusion, and led his horse into the stable. By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the strange figure that presented itself to my view. He would have measured above six feet in height, had he stood upright; but he stooped very much; was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of his legs, which were cased in black spatterdashes. As for his thighs, they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper; his face was at least half a yard in length, brown and shriveled, with projecting cheek-bones, little gray eyes on the greenish hue, a large hook-nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high narrow forehead well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the style of its rider; a resurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterward learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only present he had ever received in his life.

Having seen this favorite steed properly accommodated in the stable, he sent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permission to thank them in person for the marks of concern they had shown at his disaster in the court-yard. As the squire said they could not de-

cently decline his visit, he was shown upstairs, and paid his respects in the Scotch dialect, with much formality. "Laddies," said he, "perhaps ye may be scandaleezed at the appearance my heed made when it was uncovered by accident; but I can assure you the condition you saw it in, is neither the effects of disease nor drunkenness; but an honest scar received in the service of my country." He then gave us to understand, that, having been wounded at Ticonderoga in America, a party of Indians rifled him, scalped him, broke his skull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead in the field of battle; but that being afterwards found with signs of life, he had been cured in the French hospital, though the loss of substance could not be repaired; so that the skull was left naked in several places, and these he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion. We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran. Even Tabby's heart was melted. But our pity was warmed with indignation when we learned that, in the course of two sanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, "I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service. The injustice you have met with is so flagrant—" "I must crave your pardon, sir," cried the other, interrupting him; "I complain of no injustice. I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority."—"But in such a length of time," resumed the squire, "you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head."—"Nevertheless," said he, "I have no cause to murmur. They bought their preferment with their money. I had no money to carry to market; that was my misfortune; but nobody was to blame."—"What, no friend to advance a sum of money?" said Mr. Bramble.—"Perhaps I might have borrowed money

for the purchase of a company," answered the other; "but that loan must have been refunded: and I did not choose to incumber myself with a debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten shillings a day."—"So you have spent the best part of your life," cried Mr. Bramble, "your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a day; a consideration—" "Sir," replied the Scot, with great warmth, "you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paltry consideration. I am a gentleman; and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honorable ambition inspires. If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate. I owe no man a farthing: I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton-chop, and a truss of straw; and when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expense of my burial."

My uncle assured him he had no intention to give him the least offense, by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest. The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that this moderation was all affected; for, whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction. In short, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and disputatious. He has had the benefit of a school education, seems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to speak several different languages; but he is so addicted to wrangling, that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions. Whether his address and qualifications are really of that stamp which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden

is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is she has begun to practice upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favored us with his company to supper.

It was our fortune to feed upon him the best part of three days, and I do not doubt that he will start again in our way before we shall have finished our northern excursion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved so tempestuous, that we did not choose to proceed on our journey; and my uncle persuaded him to stay till the weather cleared up, giving him at the same time a general invitation to our mess. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget of shrewd observations, but he brings them forth in such an ungracious manner, as would be extremely disgusting, if it was not marked with that characteristic oddity which never fails to attract the attention. He and Mr. Bramble discoursed, and even disputed on different subjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law, and metaphysics; and sometimes they were warmed into such altercation, as seemed to threaten an abrupt dissolution of their society; but Mr. Bramble set a guard over his own irascibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his guest; and when, in spite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the same proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha, chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, Sir," said the lieutenant, "is your name Matthias?" You must know it is one of our uncle's foibles to be ashamed of his name Matthew, because it is Puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much that he answered: "No, by G—d!" in a very abrupt tone of displeasure. The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply; and, bristling up, "If I had known," said he, "that you did not care to tell your name, I should not have asked the question. The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias; perhaps it may be Methuselah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamoros, or—."—"No," cried my uncle, laughing,

“it is neither of those, lieutenant; my name is Matthew Bramble, at your service. The truth is, I have a foolish pique at the name of Matthew, because it savors of those canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell’s time, christened all their children by names taken from the Scripture.”—  
“A foolish pique, indeed,” cried Mrs. Tabby; “and even sinful to fall out with your name because it is taken from Holy Writ. I would have you to know, you was called after great uncle Matthew ap Madoc Meredith, esquire, of Llanwysthin, in Montgomeryshire, justice of the quorum, and crusty ruteleorum, a gentleman of great worth and property, descended in a straight line, by the female side, from Llewellyn, Prince of Wales.”

This genealogical anecdote seemed to make some impression upon the North Briton, who bowed very low to the descendants of Llewellyn, and observed that he himself had the honor of a Scriptural nomination. The lady expressing a desire of knowing his address, he said, he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago; and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper, ascribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation derived from his great-grandfather, who had been one of the original Covenanters; but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called. He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self-denial, *Sed genus et provavos, et quae non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*, which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his mode ty, in waiving the merit of his ancestry, adding, that it was the less necessary to him, as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glue herself to his favor with the grossest adulation. She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valor, probity, learning, and politeness. She even descended to encomiums on his

own personal address, his gallantry, good sense, and erudition. She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin, Governor Griffith. She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr. Lismahago answered with a sort of Jesuitical reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and Ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hopes of reaching some English settlement, but mistaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them, as an adopted son, to a venerable sachem, who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other according to the custom of the country; . . . it was determined, therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that Ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the daughter of the sachem should be given to Lieutenant Lismahago in marriage.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing, as his death-song, the drimendoo, in concert with Mr. Lismahago, who was present at the solemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh, which they parted from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a sharp knife, scooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the socket. The pain of this operation was so exquisite, that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and one of the warriors, stealing behind him, gave him the *coup-de-grace* with a hatchet.

Lismahago's bride, the squaw Squinkinacoosta, distinguished herself on this occasion. She showed a great superiority of genius in the tortures which she contrived



and executed with her own hands. She vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, she was not so intoxicated but that she was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring sachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The lieutenant had lived very happily with this accomplished squaw for two years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unspeakable grief, she had died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time, Mr. Lismahago was elected sachem, acknowledged first warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanastaogarora, which signifies "nimble as a weasel;" but all these advantages and honors he was obliged to resign, in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the outlines of Mr. Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha "did seriously incline her ear;" indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor "for the dangers he had past."

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast of Mrs. Tabby; . . . and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast; but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage-dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or bodice, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or Minionnette: she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used rouge, and had her hair dressed in the

Parisian fashion. The lieutenant would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever; he said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificent in Europe; and that they are too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

These observations served only to inflame her desire of knowing the particulars about which she had inquired; and, with all his evasion, he could not help discovering the following circumstances: that this princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen; that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of ornaments she had great plenty. Her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone; one eyelid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead, as far as the tip of the nose; a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils; there was a blue stone set in the chin; her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks; her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum; her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads; she wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven grass, elegantly painted with various colors; about her neck was hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle; and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odor.

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs. Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the lieutenant's connections. She wished indeed, the squaw

had been better provided with linen; but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments; she made no doubt, therefore, that Madam Squinkinacoosta was a young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good Christian at bottom. Then she asked whether his consort had been High-church or Low-church, Presbyterian or Anabaptist, or had been favored with any glimmering of the new light of the Gospel. When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the Christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment; and Humphrey Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After some pause, "In the name of God, Lieutenant Lismahago," cried she, "what religion do they profess?"—"As to religion, madam," answered the lieutenant, "it is among those Indians a matter of great simplicity; they never heard of any 'alliance between church and state.' They, in general, worship two contending principles; one the Fountain of all good, the other the source of evil. The common people there, as in other countries, run into the absurdities of superstition; but sensible men pay adoration to a Supreme Being, who created and sustains the universe."—"O! what pity," exclaimed the pious Tabby, "that some holy man has not been inspired to go and convert these poor heathens!"

The lieutenant told her, that while he resided among them, two French missionaries arrived, in order to convert them to the Catholic religion; but when they talked of mysteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles which they believed upon hearsay; when they taught, that the Supreme Creator of heaven and earth had allowed his only Son, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be insulted, flagellated, and even executed as a malefactor; when they pretended to create God himself, to swallow, digest, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were shocked at the impiety of their pre-

sumption. They were examined by the assembly of sachems, who desired them to prove the divinity of their mission by some miracle. They answered, that it was not in their power. "If you were really sent by Heaven for our conversion," said one of the sachems, "you would certainly have some supernatural endowments, at least you would have the gift of tongues, in order to explain your doctrine to the different nations among which you are employed; but you are so ignorant of our language, that you cannot express yourselves even on the most trifling subjects."

In a word, the assembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even suspected them of being spies; they ordered them a bag of Indian corn apiece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers; but the missionaries, having more zeal than discretion, refused to quit the vineyard. They persisted in saying mass, in preaching, baptizing, and squabbling with the conjurers or priests of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confusion. Then the assembly proceeded to try them as impious impostors, who represented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleasure; they were, therefore, convicted of blasphemy and sedition, and condemned to the stake, where they died singing *Salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom which they had thus obtained.

In the course of this conversation, Lieutenant Lismahago dropped some hints by which it appeared he himself was a freethinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of Saint Athanasius. He dwelt much upon the words, "reason, philosophy, and contradiction in terms;" he bid defiance to the eternity of hell fire; and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the soul, as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time she began to look upon Lismahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity. In short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made toward his affections;

and although there was something repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities. Perhaps he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days. An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals. He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation. He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grass, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacoosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

IX. CONCLUSION. Up to the present time it might be said that England had made to the world no great original literary gift, but with the creation of the English novel she established a new form and a new principle in literature, both of which were quickly adopted by other nations and made the standards of similar tales in almost every language. It is quite safe to say that the novel which to-day is perhaps the most influential kind of literature was created and started on its career by the great writers of the middle eighteenth century.

We have already spoken of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* as a great novel appearing at the same time, but it should be remembered that Goldsmith's *forte* was not in novel writing and that he produced his book after the popularity of the method had been well established by Richardson and Fielding. To the same epoch, moreover, should be accorded some other

isolated novels which in their way have given great pleasure to many readers. We allude to the *Rasselas* by Dr. Johnson, of which we shall say more in the next chapter, and to *Peter Wilkins*, the quaintly beautiful story of Robert Paltock, who dreams a beautiful dream of a winged Indian race and tells it in a way which delighted such literary critics as Southey, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt and others. Practically forgotten though it may be at present to the general public, it would undoubtedly achieve a measure of its old-time popularity if public attention could be called to it. Besides those, the romance of *John Buncl*, by Thomas Amory, and the romantic extravaganza, *The Castle of Otranto*, by Horace Walpole, also deserve at least the courtesy of a passing word.



IN THE NORTH AMBULATORY AT ABBEYDORE



## CHAPTER XIX

### THE TRANSITION TO THE MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD (CONTINUED)

#### MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS

**P**ERCY'S "RELIQUES." It seems left for this treatise on middle eighteenth-century literature to include a chapter on writers of a great variety of talents, or marked difference in rank, and of a wide range of subjects, closing finally with a study of Dr. Johnson, the greatest single figure of the epoch. Among the books that attracted a great deal of attention during this time, but which showed no particular originality—merely indefatigable spirit and painstaking care—was the *Reliques of English Poetry*, by Thomas Percy (1729–1811), a collection which has since been immensely popular among all lovers of old-time poetry, although at the time of its publication

it was severely criticized even by the great Dr. Johnson himself. Scott perhaps has given it the most enthusiastic praise, for he says in his autobiography: "Every time I could scrape a few shillings together, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm." We have already had occasion to draw upon this remarkable collection of old ballads and poems.

II. HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY. Philosophy and religion were the subject of deep study and clear exposition during this epoch, and the names of Hume, Butler, Robertson and Gibbon are still household words. David Hume (1711-1776) was educated for the bar, but gave up his ambition on account of ill health. Having visited France to recuperate, he became interested in natural philosophy, published a treatise on human nature and, subsequently, the *Philosophical Essay on Human Understanding*, a famous inquiry concerning the principles of morals, which shocked the orthodox by its skeptical tendencies but has always been highly regarded among philosophical writers. His *History of England*, distinguished by ease and clearness of style, but intensely partisan in spirit, was compiled after inadequate research, and thus is no longer considered an authority.

William Robertson (1721-1793), a Scottish historian, wrote also a history of America and a history of Charles V, which, however highly



valued by good contemporary judges, have since been rendered obsolete by more complete discoveries.

Joseph Butler (1692–1754) was a highly intellectual divine from Oxford, who devoted many years to the preparation of his great work, *The Analogy of Religion*, which from the solidity and gravity of its arguments forced itself upon the attention of thinking persons generally and made it an authority not to be disregarded even at the present day. It is said that Butler's appearance was highly venerable, his manners impressive to all who met him and that he had a remarkable gift for making devoted friends. However, of his quiet, studious and saintly life we have comparatively few incidents. The following passage from the *Analogy* may be interesting to the general reader:

If there are any persons who never set themselves heartily and in earnest to be informed in religion; if there are any who secretly wish it may not prove true, and are less attentive to evidence than to difficulties, and more to objections than to what is said in answer to them; these persons will scarce be thought in a likely way of seeing the evidence of religion, though it were most certainly true and capable of being ever so fully proved. If any accustom themselves to consider this subject usually in the way of mirth and sport; if they attend to forms and representations and inadequate manners of expression, instead of the real things intended by them (for signs often can be no more than inadequately expressive of the things signified), or if they substitute human errors in the room of divine truth; why may not all or any of these things hinder some men from seeing that evidence which really is seen by others;

as a like turn of mind with respect to matters of common speculation and practice does, we find by experience, hinder them from attaining that knowledge and right understanding in matters of common speculation and practice, which more fair and attentive minds attain to? And the effect will be the same, whether their neglect of seriously considering the evidence of religion, and their indirect behavior with regard to it, proceed from mere carelessness or from the grosser vices, or whether it be owing to this, that forms and figurative manners of expression as well as errors administer occasions of ridicule, when the things intended and the truth itself would not. Men may indulge a ludicrous turn so far as to lose all sense of conduct and prudence in worldly affairs, and even, as it seems, to impair their faculty of reason. And in general, levity, carelessness, passion, and prejudice, do hinder us from being rightly informed with respect to common things; and they may, in like manner, and perhaps in some further providential manner, with respect to moral and religious subjects, hinder evidence from being laid before us, and from being seen when it is.

III. GIBBON. Edward Gibbon (1737–1794) is the most celebrated of English historians, and has been regarded as one of the greatest authorities upon the history of classic lands. In fact, his reputation still rests upon that remarkable work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the first volume of which appeared in 1776. Gibbon was an extremely delicate boy, brought up tenderly by an aunt, who took the place of an invalid mother. The subject of many sicknesses during boyhood, he was unable to attend school regularly, but passed many hours of his time in his grandfather's library at Putney, where he developed an en-

thusiasm for reading that filled in the long lapses of time when his health did not permit him to attend school or even to receive instruction from a tutor. He appears to have had a natural taste for history, and he early developed the habit of reading upon one topic until he had wholly exhausted his authorities. Unconsciously he gained the very preparation necessary for so extensive and minute a work as the *Decline and Fall*. There are no particularly interesting incidents in the quiet literary life of the great historian, and we need only record that his prejudice against Christianity, or at least his indifference to it, has not only marred the interest of his history, but led him to show a tendency that is thought by some to have interfered seriously with the value of his labors. The subjoined description of the fall of Constantinople is an excellent example of his vivid style:

After a siege of forty days, the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack; the fortifications, which had stood for ages against hostile violence, were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon; many breaches were opened; and near the gate of St. Romanus four towers had been leveled with the ground. For the payment of his feeble and mutinous troops, Constantine was compelled to despoil the churches, with the promise of a fourfold restitution; and his sacrilege offered a new reproach to the enemies of the union. A spirit of discord impaired the remnant of the Christian strength; the Genoese and Venetian auxiliaries asserted the pre-eminence of their respective service; and Justiniani and the great Duke, whose ambition was not extinguished by

the common danger, accused each other of treachery and cowardice.

During the siege of Constantinople, the words of peace and capitulation had been sometimes pronounced; and several embassies had passed between the camp and the city. The Greek Emperor was humbled by adversity, and would have yielded to any terms compatible with religion and royalty. The Turkish Sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his soldiers; still more desirous of securing for his own use the Byzantine treasures; and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the *Gabours* the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mahomet might have been satisfied with an annual sum of one hundred thousand ducats; but his ambition grasped the capital of the East; to the Prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people a free toleration or a safe departure; but, after some fruitless treaty, he declared his resolution of finding either a throne or a grave under the walls of Constantinople. A sense of honor and the fear of universal reproach forbade Palaeologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans; and he determined to abide the last extremities of war. Several days were employed by the Sultan in the preparations of the assault; and a respite was granted by his favorite science of astrology, which had fixed on the twenty-ninth of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the twenty-seventh, he issued his final orders; assembled in his presence the military chiefs; and dispersed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty and the motives of the perilous enterprise. Fear is the first principle of a despotic government; and his menaces were expressed in the Oriental style, that the fugitives and deserters, had they the wings of a bird, should not escape from his inexorable justice. The greatest part of his bashaws and Janizaries were the offspring of Christian parents; but the glories of the Turkish name were perpetuated by successive adoption; and, in the gradual change of individuals, the spirit of a legion, a regiment, or an *oda* is kept alive by imitation and dis-

cipline. In this holy warfare, the Moslems were exhorted to purify their minds with prayer, their bodies with seven ablutions; and to abstain from food till the close of the ensuing day. A crowd of dervishes visited the tents, to instill the desire of martyrdom, and the assurance of spending an immortal youth amidst the rivers and gardens of paradise and in the embraces of the black-eyed virgins. Yet Mahomet principally trusted to the efficacy of temporal and visible rewards. A double pay was promised to the victorious troops: "The city and the buildings," said Mahomet, "are mine; but I resign to your valor the captives and the spoil, the treasures of gold and beauty; be rich and be happy. Many are the provinces of my Empire: the intrepid soldier who first ascends the walls of Constantinople shall be rewarded with the government of the fairest and most wealthy; and my gratitude shall accumulate his honors and fortunes above the measure of his own hopes." Such various and potent motives diffused among the Turks a general ardor, regardless of life and impatient for action; the camp re-echoed with the Moslem shouts of "God is God, there is but one God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God;" and the sea and land, from Galata to the seven towers, were illuminated by the blaze of their nocturnal fires.

Far different was the state of the Christians; who, with loud and impotent complaints, deplored the guilt, or the punishment, of their sins. The celestial image of the Virgin had been exposed in solemn procession; but their divine patroness was deaf to their entreaties; they accused the obstinacy of the Emperor for refusing a timely surrender; anticipated the horrors of their fate; and sighed for the repose and security of Turkish servitude. The noblest of the Greeks, and the bravest of the allies, were summoned to the palace, to prepare them, on the evening of the twenty-eighth, for the duties and dangers of the general assault. The last speech of Palaeologus was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire: he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted

to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind. In this world all was comfortless and gloomy; and neither the gospel nor the church have proposed any conspicuous recompense to the heroes who fall in the service of their country. But the example of their Prince and the confinement of a siege had armed these warriors with the courage of despair; and the pathetic scene is described by the feelings of the historian Phranza, who was himself present at this mournful assembly. They wept, they embraced; regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives; and each commander, departing to his station, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The Emperor and some faithful companions entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque; and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations; solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured; and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Caesars.

In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed; but in this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed: the troops, the cannon, and the fascines were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which, in many parts, presented a smooth and level passage to the breach; and his fourscore galleys almost touched, with the prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbor. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined; but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must

inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd, who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onward to the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defense; the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge: their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage; and the voice of the Emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous and invincible. The Sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor; he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and, if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs; and experience has proved that the mechanical

operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman Empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections; the skillful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a necessary though pernicious science. But, in the uniform and odious pictures of a general assault, all is blood, and horror, and confusion; nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea.

The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood, and the exquisite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable Emperor. "Your wound," exclaimed Palaeologus, "is slight; the danger is pressing; your presence is necessary; and whither will you retire?" "I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened to the Turks;" and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act he stained the honors of a military life; and the few days which he survived in Galata, or the isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defense began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Chris-



first who deserved the Sultan's reward was Hassan, the Janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimeter in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward fortification; of the thirty Janizaries, who were emulous of his valor, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit: the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible: the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes, the Emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles who fought round his person sustained, till their last breath, the honorable names of Palaeologus and Cantacuzene: his mournful exclamation was heard, "Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?" and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple; amidst the tumult, he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death, resistance and order were no more; the Greeks fled toward the city; and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall; and, as they advanced into the streets, they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbor. In the first heat of the pursuit, about two thousand Christians were put to the sword; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty; and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have

given quarter, if the valor of the Emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. In was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.

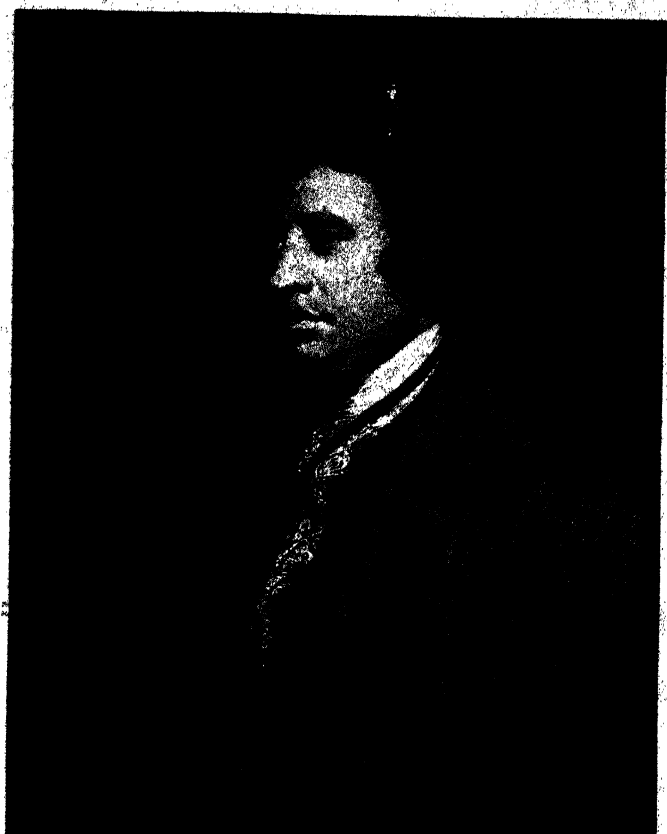
IV. ORATORY. England was now well entered upon her career as a world power. She had obtained Canada and the Mississippi valley, and it was evident that America would be an English-speaking nation. Her explorers had led her navy far into the Pacific, where her possessions already included numerous islands and the great continent of Australia. Moreover, her supremacy in Europe was already becoming apparent, and her great men saw no limit to the play of their ambitions. That these stirring events and the thrilling sight of a great nation in the process of becoming greater should inspire her politicians with eloquence was inevitable, and the modern world has never seen a greater group of orators than Pitt, Fox, Chatham, Sheridan and Burke.

Not only were the greatest of questions brought before Parliament for decision, but the oratory of her members was now transmitted everywhere throughout the kingdom by the press, so that within a few days after the utterance of speeches in London they were the common talk of intelligent men throughout the islands. The great question which con-

fronted them during the latter part of this period was forced upon them in the rebellious attitude of the American colonies. When the Stamp Act was passed, Pitt exclaimed: "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." Even in England, then, America had her friends, who pleaded for her with a hearty, if unavailing, eloquence. Chief among the great speakers of that time was Edmund Burke, concerning whom Fox admiringly said: "I have learned more from him than from all the books I have ever read."

V. EDMUND BURKE. Born in Dublin, Edmund Burke (1729-1797) was one of the fifteen children of an Irish lawyer, who desired this son to follow the same profession. Accordingly, he was carefully educated in preparation for college, and finally was graduated from Trinity, Dublin, in 1748. His college career was remarkable only for its erratic and somewhat tempestuous nature and for the enthusiasm with which he read, absorbed wholly at one time by one study and then entering with equal ardor into some other branch, but never acquiring excellence in anything unless it was Latin.

Upon graduation Burke was sent by his father to London to study law, but at the end of four years, being then about twenty-five years of age, he abandoned the profession and



EDMUND BURKE

1729-1797



resolved to devote himself to literature. This act so exasperated his father that he withdrew his support, and the young man was left entirely upon his own resources. In fact, Burke was never successful in the conduct of his own affairs, and while the keenness of his intellect, the brilliance of his powers of expression and his political prominence brought him a good income, he was so extravagant and he so poorly managed his affairs that he was heavily in debt most of the time, and even consented to accept from admiring friends large sums of money, without expecting to return them. He purchased a large estate, hoping to found an enduring house, but the death of his son destroyed his desire for the peerage, and the pressure of his debts finally drove him from public life. For three years preceding his death he devoted himself faithfully to literary labors, hoping in vain to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Lord Buckingham in his will finally freed Burke's estate and ordered the destruction of all evidences of the latter's indebtedness.

Burke was for several years an assistant to the secretary for Ireland, but it was as member of Parliament from Wendover that he achieved his greatest forensic triumphs. Morley says: "Burke is entitled to our lasting reverence as the first apostle and great upholder of integrity, mercy, and honor in the relation between his countrymen and their humble dependents." And it is in this capacity that we

see him acting. His activity and powerful speech in the impeachment trial of Warren Hastings, February, 1788, carried Great Britain by storm. India and her wrongs were made the subject of the most soul-stirring appeals, and the ruthless tyranny by which she had been crushed was exposed with so furious a zeal and such impassioned invective that the listening multitude, spectators, advocates, judges, and even the great criminal himself, were spellbound in anxiety and terror. It was the greatest triumph of classic oratory known to modern times. Burke failed to secure the conviction of Hastings but he obtained justice for India and established mercy and moderation for the colonists.

There are two of Burke's speeches that are intimately related—the one *On American Taxation* and the one *On Conciliation with America*. Add to these the *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol*, and to quote Mr. John Morley, “It is no exaggeration to say that they compose the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature, for one who approaches the study of public affairs, whether for knowledge or for practice. They are an example without fault of all the qualities which the critic, whether a theorist or an actor, of great political situations should strive by night and by day to possess. . . . If ever, in the fullness of time,—and surely the fates of men and literature cannot have it otherwise,—Burke becomes one of the half-dozen names of established and

universal currency in education and in common books, rising above the waywardness of literary caprice or intellectual fashions, as Shakespeare and Milton and Bacon rise above it, it will be the mastery, the elevation, the wisdom of these far-shining discourses, in which the world will, in an especial degree, recognize the combination of sovereign gifts with beneficent uses."

The importance of the occasion and the far-reaching consequences of the debates in which the two speeches had their origin cannot be over-estimated. The writer quoted above says in another place, "The defeat and subjugation of the colonists would have been followed by the final annihilation of the Opposition in the mother country. The War of Independence was virtually a second English Civil War. The ruin of the American cause would have been also the ruin of the constitutional cause in England; and a patriotic Englishman may revere the memory of Patrick Henry and George Washington as justly as the patriotic American. Burke's attitude in this great contest is that part of his history about the majestic and noble wisdom of which there can be least dispute."

If the great orator did not succeed in averting the war, if a headstrong and violent ministry had so far forced their oppressive measures upon the colonists as to make war inevitable, yet the eloquence of Burke and his noble allies made the war unpopular with



great numbers of the loyal people of Great Britain, paved the way for the final success of American arms, and made possible the ultimate conciliation of the independent nation with Great Britain.

In the first speech Burke endeavored to bring the policy of the government back to its original method of dealing with the colonies, that of leaving them free and independent in the control of their local affairs and merely regulating their commerce. He spoke from the English standpoint and criticized vehemently the vacillating and foolish policy of the ministry. The speech was keen and sarcastic and its prime purpose was to overthrow Lord North and his cabinet. This speech was delivered in 1774.

A little less than a year later, on the twenty-second of March, 1775, the second speech was made. Here his attitude was entirely different. No longer attacking the ministry, he attempted, by showing the condition and future possibilities of the American colonies, to placate their enemies and secure for them such substantial justice as would please and satisfy them and at the same time bring valuable and willing friends to the support of the mother country. Professor Goodrich, of Yale, considers it "the most finished of Burke's speeches," and Fox, twenty years after the speech was delivered, gave it this encomium:

"Let gentlemen read this speech by day, and meditate on it by night; let them peruse it again

and again, study it, imprint it on their minds, impress it on their hearts; they will then learn that *representation* is the sovereign remedy for every evil."

Morley, however, said: "Yet Erskine, who was in the House when this was delivered, said that it drove everybody away, including people who, when they came to read it, read it over and over again, and could hardly think of anything else. Burke's gestures were clumsy; he had sonorous but harsh tones; he never lost a strong Irish accent; and his utterance was often hurried and eager. Apart from these disadvantages of accident, which have been overcome by men infinitely inferior to Burke, it is easy to perceive, from the matter and texture of the speeches that have become English classics, that the very qualities which are excellencies in literature were drawbacks to the spoken discourses."

George III was obsessed with the idea of an absolute monarchy; his mother had instilled this in his mind through all her early teaching, and when finally Lord North was chosen Prime Minister he was but a cloak for George III, who formulated his policy and directed his action. The great body of the English people felt their dignity outraged, and were in constant turmoil and opposition. In some localities members were returned repeatedly in spite of the opposition of the King. Public journalism became an important factor, and publicity eventually brought the House of Commons to

its senses, but when Burke spoke the power of the King was at its height, and it was evident that the plan for conciliation with America would fail.

We are familiar with the condition of things in this country. The influence of the repeal of the Stamp Act was nullified by a declaration that Great Britain still had a right to tax the colonies, but so great was the opposition in America that Parliament decided to repeal all taxes excepting that upon tea, which was retained to establish the principle. The colonists received this law in derision, and in Boston a cargo was destroyed by settlers disguised as Indians, while in other localities it was stored in damp cellars and left to rot in disuse. In response to this the angry monarch closed the port of Boston and sent General Gage to Massachusetts to enforce submission.

In the colonies, meanwhile, oppression had brought a feeling of unity, and in 1774 a general congress convened at Philadelphia. War seemed inevitable, and the colonists prepared to meet the movements of the troops sent against them. Franklin, who had been in England for some time as ambassador, recognized the impossibility of accomplishing anything, and sailed for America on the very day that Burke made his plea for peace. Less than a month later British soldiers had fallen at Lexington and at Concord Bridge.

We have not space for the long and elaborate oration, but the following extract is the strong

plea for magnanimity embodied in the conclusion :

But to clear up my ideas on this subject: a revenue from America transmitted hither—do not delude yourselves—you never can receive it; no, not a shilling. We have experience that from remote countries it is not to be expected. If, when you attempted to extract revenue from Bengal, you were obliged to return in loan what you had taken in imposition, what can you expect from North America? For certainly, if ever there was a country qualified to produce wealth, it is India; or an institution fit for the transmission, it is the East India Company. America has none of these aptitudes. If America gives you taxable objects on which you lay your duties here, and gives you, at the same time, a surplus by a foreign sale of her commodities to pay the duties on these objects which you tax at home, she has performed her part to the British revenue. But with regard to her own internal establishments, she may, I doubt not she will, contribute in moderation. I say in moderation, for she ought not to be permitted to exhaust herself. She ought to be reserved to a war, the weight of which, with the enemies that we are most likely to have, must be considerable in her quarter of the globe. There she may serve you, and serve you essentially.

For that service—for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire—my trust is in her interest in the British Constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonists always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges an-

other, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces toward you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere—it is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain; they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This is the true Act of Navigation which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the Empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the Land Tax Act which raises your revenue? that it is

the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these rulings and master principles which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our station, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our situation and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *Sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious Empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquests—not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now, *quod felix faustumque sit*, lay the first stone of the Temple of Peace; and I move you—

“That the colonies and plantations of Great Britain in North America, consisting of fourteen separate governments, and containing two millions and upwards of free inhabitants, have not had the liberty and privilege of electing and sending any knights and burgesses, or others, to represent them in the High Court of Parliament.”

A more eloquent passage is the following, taken from Burke's great speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts:

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction: and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard

of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice toward this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates



of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. . . . The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea, east and west, emptied and emboweled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation!

VI. "JUNIUS." Between the twenty-first of January, 1769, and the same date three years later appeared in *The Public Advertiser* a series of seventy letters, most of them written under the pseudonym "Junius" and all tending to discredit and overthrow the ministry of the Duke of Grafton. They were written in a vigorous but dignified style, with lengthened periods and a certain pomposity that smacks of Cicero, yet with a splendid and original command of English. After the letters had been running for nearly a year and their scandalous and brilliant attacks had been pointed at nearly every one in the Grafton administration, the whole country was roused to the highest pitch of excitement by a venomous attack upon the King himself, which the mysterious Junius had not hesitated to write nor his publisher to print. Even George III was helpless,

for no one but the author himself knew his identity, and to this day no one is the wiser. At one time or another, to nearly every noted man on the side of the opposition the authorship of these letters has been credited, and during the succeeding centuries opinion generally charged them to Sir Philip Francis, but the most critical study of the letters themselves and of the productions of writers of that epoch has failed utterly to furnish any proof, and Junius was correct when he stated, “I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall die with me.” Junius was both patriotic and courageous, but he favored the taxation of the colonies, was willing to retail private scandal, and was by no means always veracious; his letters did not prove to the advantage of the country, for although the Grafton ministry fell, it was replaced by the tedious and obnoxious rule of Lord North.

The style of so remarkable a literary curiosity as the Junius letters is of interest to every one, and accordingly we subjoin a few extracts. The letters to the dukes of Grafton and Bedford are the most severe. Junius seizes upon the fact that the Duke of Grafton was descended from Charles II, and makes it the basis for the following attack:

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look

back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry had not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I lived and died a hypocrite; Charles II was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gayety, you live like Charles II, without being an amiable companion; and for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.

Upon the Duke of Bedford he casts a world of bitter invective, like the following:

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigor, of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps: "Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn,

scorn and mockery await him : he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable ; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

“In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood ; or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily.” You have twice escaped, my lord ; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene ; you can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger ; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honor. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last ; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

The following is a specimen of his language to the King :

It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has ever attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all the civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, "that the king can do no wrong," is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition, or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth, by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from the government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared—and, I doubt not, a sincere—resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated at-

tachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affection. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

VII. CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. Philip Dormer Stanhope, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), was a prominent courtier and statesman of this epoch, but he is remembered now principally because of a series of letters which he wrote to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, and which the widow of Mr. Stanhope sold to the press on the death of the Earl. The letters were intended to teach this son the art of being agreeable in society and of rising in the world, but the Earl must have been bitterly disappointed in their results, for Philip, the son, was shy and awkward in manners and never accomplished anything that his doting father wished. Though the letters were written in pithy and charming English and contained much excellent advice, the morals they propose are so wholly indefensible that no modern father would dream of placing them unabridged in the hands of his son. As an ex-

ample of their style, read the following comments on good breeding:

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet, which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

VIII. GILBERT WHITE. Few natural histories have become literary classics, yet *The*

*Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* by Gilbert White (1720–1792) occupies a unique place in English literature, a fact which would be very astonishing to the gentle curate and naturalist, who lived almost his entire life in the obscure village of Selborne, in Hampshire, England. Thence he wrote letters devoid of technical description, simple in style, but full of quaint and charming accounts of birds and animals. The two friends to whom these letters were addressed compiled the delightful book which now bears his name and published it in 1789. White's career is remarkable in that he was the first Englishman to approach science with a heartfelt interest and to record sympathetically the result of his observations. Thus he is in a degree the father of field naturalists. In the days of John Burroughs and the other great observers who have made nature attractive to the world at large, it is difficult to realize the originality of the country curate who took the first steps along the path that has since become so popular. Any one with an abiding love for nature will be charmed by the quaintness and simplicity of the author no less than by the genuine love for natural objects that pervades the text. The following letter should be sufficient to create a taste for such delightful simplicity and sympathetic earnestness:

SELBORNE, NOV. 23, 1773.

*To the Honorable Daines Barrington.*

Dear Sir: In obedience to your injunctions I sit down to give you some account of the house martin or martlet;



and, if my monography of this little domestic and familiar bird should happen to meet with your approbation, I may probably soon extend my inquiries to the rest of the British Hirundines—the swallow, the swift, and the bank martin.

A few house martins begin to appear about the 16th of April; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear, the Hirundines in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall without any projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the super-structure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen when they build mud walls (informed at first perhaps by this little bird) raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist; lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method in about ten or twelve days is formed an hemispheric

nest with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm; and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then nothing is more common than for the house sparrow, as soon as the shell is finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labor is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as Nature seldom works in vain, martins will breed on for several years together in the same nest, where it happens to be well sheltered and secure from the injuries of weather. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic-work full of knobs and protuberances on the outside: nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all; but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers; and sometimes by a bed of moss interwoven with wool. In this nest the hen lays from three to five white eggs. . . .

As the young of small birds presently arrive at their *helikia*, or full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads out at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning to night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents; but the feat is done by so quick and almost imperceptible a sleight, that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions before he would be able to perceive it.

As soon as the young are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood: while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering on sunny mornings and evenings round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregations usually begin to take place about the first week in August; and therefore we may concluded that by that time the first flight is pretty well over. The young of this species do not quit their abodes all together, but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest.

These, approaching the eaves of buildings, and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those which breed in a ready-finished house get the start, in hatching, of those that build new, by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labors in the long days before four in the morning: when they fix their materials, they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes in very hot weather, but not so frequently as swallows. It has been observed that martins usually build to the north-east or north-west aspect, that the heat of the sun may not crack and destroy their nests: but instances are also remembered where they bred for many years in vast abundance in a hot stifled inn-yard, against a wall facing to the south.

Birds in general are wise in their choice of situation: but in this neighborhood, every summer, is seen a strong proof to the contrary at a house without eaves in an exposed district where some martins build year by year in the corners of the windows. But, as the corners of these windows (which face to the south-east and south-west) are too shallow, the nests are washed down every hard rain; and yet these birds drudge on to no purpose from summer to summer, without changing their aspect or house. It is a piteous sight to see them laboring when half their nest is washed away, and bringing dirt—"generis lapsis sarcire ruinas." Thus is instinct a most wonderful unequal faculty, in some instances so much above reason, in other respects so far below it! Martins love to frequent towns, especially if there are great lakes and rivers at hand; nay, they even affect the close air of London. And I have not only seen them nesting in the Borough, but even in the Strand and Fleet Street; but then it was obvious from the dinginess of their aspect that their feathers partook of the filth of that sooty at-

mosphere. Martins are by far the least agile of the four species; their wings and tails are short, and therefore they are not capable of such surprising turns and quick and glancing evolutions as the swallow. Accordingly they make use of a placid easy motion in a middle region of the air, seldom mounting to any great height, and never sweeping long together over the surface of the ground or water. They do not wander far for food, but affect sheltered districts, over some lake, or under some hanging wood, or in some hollow vale, especially in windy weather. They breed the latest of all the swallow kind; in 1772 they had nestlings on to October the 21st, and are never without unfledged young as late as Michaelmas.

As the summer declines, the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily, by the constant accession of the second broods; till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the aits of that river where they roost. They retire (the bulk of them, I mean) in vast flocks together, about the beginning of October: but have appeared of late years in considerable flight in this neighborhood, for one day or two, as late as November the 3rd and 6th after they were supposed to have been gone for more than a fortnight. They therefore withdraw with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are very short-lived indeed, or unless they do not return to the district where they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations somehow, and somewhere; for the birds that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.

House martins are distinguished from their congeners by having their legs covered with soft downy feathers down to their toes. They are no songsters; but twitter in a pretty inward soft manner in their nests. During the time of breeding they are often greatly molested with fleas.

IX. SHERIDAN. There was a revival of interest in the drama during this period, and,

as we have seen, Goldsmith contributed to it. Another writer of plays that still live was Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), the son of an actor and of a play-writer and novelist, and the grandson of a noted wit. Though born in Ireland, he was educated in England and soon after his marriage settled in London, where he produced his first comedy, *The Rivals*, at Covent Garden in January, 1775. In our own day this play will be remembered as a medium for the inimitable genius of Joseph Jefferson. In 1776 Sheridan purchased Garrick's share in the Drury Lane Theater, and there his later plays, including the famous *School for Scandal* and *The Critic*, were produced. In 1780 he abandoned his career as dramatist and entered Parliament, where his speeches showed astonishing force and eloquence. Yet, misfortunes came quickly upon him, and his last years were passed in physical suffering and under the apparent neglect or forgetfulness of his friends. After his death, however, he was accorded all the honor that his remarkable career demanded.

Some of Sheridan's characters are as well known as those of any novelist, and an acquaintance with them has always been a delight. Such, for instance, are Sir Anthony Absolute, Bob Acres and Mrs. Malaprop, in *The Rivals*, and Sir Peter and Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*. Quotable scenes are numerous in his plays, but we have room for but one. It is from *The School for Scandal*:

MARIA enters to LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

*Maria.* Oh, there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

*Lady S.* Is that all?

*Joseph Surface.* If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

*Lady S.* Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

*Maria.* Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

*Joseph S.* Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

*Lady S.* Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

*Maria.* For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S.* Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

*Lady S.* Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S.* To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

*Maria.* Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure it is always contempt-

ible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

*Enter SERVANT*

*Servant.* Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

*Lady S.* Beg her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*—Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

*Maria.* Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

*Joseph S.* I'faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell; whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defense.

*Lady S.* Hush!—here she is!

*Enter MRS. CANDOUR*

*Mrs. Candour.* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

*Joseph S.* Just so, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* O Maria! child—What! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

*Maria.* I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

*Mrs. C.* True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

*Maria.* 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

*Mrs. C.* Very true, child: but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Jadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

*Maria.* Such reports are highly scandalous.

*Mrs. C.* So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet, such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

*Maria.* I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

*Mrs. C.* Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

*Joseph S.* The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

*Maria.* 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

*Mrs. C.* To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

*Joseph S.* Ah, Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

*Mrs. C.* I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?



*Joseph S.* I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half of his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

*Joseph S.* Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

*Enter SERVANT*

*Serv.* Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Lady S.* So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

*Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE*

*Crabtree.* Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand.—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite. Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too.—Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

*Sir Benjamin.* O fie, uncle!

*Crab.* Nay, egad! it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now: your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

*Sir B.* Uncle, now—prithee——

*Crab.* I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

*Lady S.* I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

*Sir B.* To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties.

However, I have some love elegies, which, when favored with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

[*Pointing to Maria.*]

*Crab.* 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

*Sir B.* [*To Maria.*] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

*Crab.* But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

*Mrs. C.* What, sir, do you mean the report of——

*Crab.* No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

*Mrs. C.* Impossible!

*Crab.* Ask Sir Benjamin.

*Sir B.* 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

*Crab.* Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

*Lady S.* Why, I have heard something of this before.

*Mrs. C.* It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

*Sir B.* O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

*Mrs. C.* Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

*Sir B.* True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

*Mrs. C.* Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

*Crab.* That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. . . O lud! Mr. Surface, pray, is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

*Joseph S.* Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

*Crab.* He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe. Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

*Joseph S.* Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

*Sir B.* To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

*Crab.* That's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman; no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

*Sir B.* Yet no man lives in greater splendor. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

*Joseph S.* This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

*Maria.* [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable. [*Aloud*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*]

*Mrs. C.* O dear! she changes color very much.

*Lady S.* Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

*Mrs. C.* That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.





